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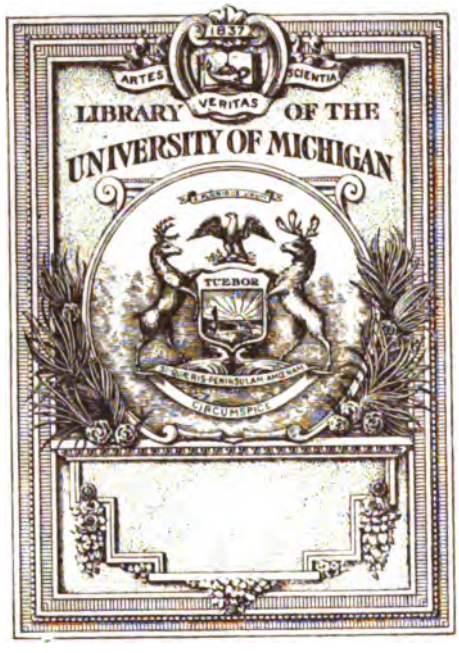

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HENRY HUDSON ENTERING NEW YORK BAY

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Henry Hudson Entering New York Bay

From Original Painting by Edward Moran, N. A.

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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NATION FROM THE EARLIEST DISCOVERIES AND SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME

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COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES

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INTRODUCTION

MORE than a thousand years ago, the Norsemen or Northmen, as some prefer to call them, crossed the mighty Atlantic and landed on these shores. During this long and interesting period, between that time and this, the most stirring and instructive incidents in the history of the World have taken place. Few stories, however, are more entertaining than those of the early discoveries and settlements in America. It is, perhaps, hard for us to-day as we sit in our comfortable homes, in perfect security, fully to realize the terrible hardships and dangers the pioneers underwent. Those were the times when the crack of the Indian's rifle or the war-whoops of the painted savages roused the sleeping settlers to action and checked the preacher in his sermon. The woods were full of fierce animals and the enemies of our forefathers were often those of their own race. Disease and civil wars frequently retarded the progress and sometimes almost sapped the life-blood of the young Colonies.

The thrilling story of the Revolution, its camp-fires, its perils, its wonderful escapes, its terrible struggles, its crushing defeats and its final triumph, fires our imagination and above all arouses our patriotism to the ideal of true citizenship.

Not less wonderful is the story of the subsequent growth of the Colonies, of the many incidents attending the War of 1812, of the Mexican War, and of the tremendous struggle to save the Union. Although strife and war have played a very conspicuous part in the growth of our country, yet we must not forget that we have enjoyed many years of peace and prosperity, and the extraordinary progress we have made during the last hundred years or more has astonished the world and even ourselves. No nation to-day is making history more rapidly than the United States. Especially true is this of the closing years of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth centuries. Our short but decisive war with Spain focussed on us the attention of the civilized world, and started us on that career of wider participation in international affairs which, for good or for evil, we must henceforth pursue. How we shall discharge the obligations we have assumed only time can show; but the sterling qualities of the national character will undoubtedly in the end guide the nation to lofty ends and make it the defender of the weak and the champion of justice among the peoples.

In the broad domain of humanity, in the ever widening fields of invention, discovery, science, art, education and literature, and in fact of all that tends to make the life of a nation truly great, the United States of America stands to-day in the front ranks. This wonderful national and material development of the country should at least inspire us to a more earnest and intelligent study of its wonderful history, which cannot fail to be of the most instructive and profoundly interesting character to every patriotic citizen, especially to the rising generation of our beloved country—the home of Washington and of Lincoln.

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GENERAL PREFACE

BY

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, PH.D., LL.D.,

United States Commissioner of Education.

What the American youth can learn from the history of his own country.

THE American youth finds the beginnings of his national history in the unrest of Europe. This unrest produced the era of discoveries in the New World—the voyages of Columbus and his successors. Previous to the era of discoveries there had been an era of crusades directed against the Saracens for the recovery of Jerusalem. The era of discoveries was a continuation, as it were, of the reactionary movement of the crusades, in the sense that it was a reaction against the hard and fast limits which hemmed in Europe. There should be not only an open road to Jerusalem but an open road to India. This external movement of Europe was accompanied by an internal movement—the revival of classical learning, the study of Greek philosophy, and a new inquiry in religious matters.

Thus the student of American history is led back step by step through the history of the Middle Ages when he seeks the causes of the era of discoveries in which the New World civilization takes its beginning.

In the same manner a study of the era of colonization and the struggle between the chief maritime nations, Spain, France, and England for the possession of the New World, leads into an investigation of the religious tendencies of those nations and of the effect of those tendencies upon political freedom and productive industry at home.

The American youth, by these studies, begins to discern the high destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race as pioneer and arbiter in the policies of western civilization as opposed to European. Local self-government begins everywhere to show itself in the very beginning, although on a small scale, in the colonies of the several nations that take possession of the New World. But it is only the Anglo-Saxon who can found a permanent nation on the idea of local self-government, permitting municipalities and provinces to exercise freedom in managing their affairs in so far as they do not collide with the interests of the whole.

In the study of the history of the United States our youth become acquainted with several stadia of civilization. Civilization begins in tribal life, which is always a more or less pure form of savagery. Its first form of government is patriarchal and not capable of uniting individualities so different as is implied by membership in different tribes. Even in the most advanced civilization there is found in one family a suspicion of any other family that differs from it in customs and modes of doing. Hence there

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is more or less intolerance of the ways of one's neighbors. But in the tribe all are united by the ties of blood and therefore of natural affection stronger than the tendency to that repulsion which is caused by differences of use and wont. The customs of one community assimilate themselves gradually to those of neighboring communities. But differences grow wider and wider with greater distance, and in passing from one section of the country to another one arrives at habits of living and habits of thought which the traveler is quite unable to explain to himself or willingly to adopt for his own. It is easy to see how neighboring tribes of savages live in a state of chronic suspicion of the motives of their tribal neighbors. They are not able to understand their habits of thinking or their habits of acting. They cannot therefore understand and precalculate how another tribe will take any friendly overture which they may make to it. The different tribes are in a state of hostility and feuds, one with another, broken only by occasional truces in the presence of a common danger, as when some powerful chief, like King Philip, unites a whole system of tribes to oppose the encroachments of English colonization, which by its Roman principle of private property in land was gradually narrowing the hunting grounds of the Indian.

The great exception to the state of inter-tribal feuds is found in China, where a great body of doctrine known as Confucianism has been taught from father to son for twenty-five hundred years and a habit of tolerant thinking and of tolerant acting has been brought about by what may be called a national code of etiquette.

In studying the voyages of the early navigators Columbus, Balboa, the Cabots, Magellan, De Soto, John Smith, and others of their class, the student of our history learns various types of early tribal life, the differences of the zones of climate, and the animals and plants and meteorological phenomena peculiar to them. He will get a much more intimate acquaintance, however, with the suspicion and intolerance which necessarily belong to tribal civilization when he comes to study the several colonies that have tribal borderlands about them. It is curious to note that there was so much of narrow intolerance and almost tribal bigotry still attaching to the civilization of Europe that in every case of contact between the colonies and their Indian enviroment the sources of history relating to the epoch of discoveries, and even to the epoch of colonization, are barren as to the information regarding the peculiarities of tribal life. The student of Tylor's "Primitive Culture," armed also with the fruits of anthropological study, is able now by a few observations on a newly discovered tribe, to set forth most of the characteristics of its tribal life and connect them logically with the religious and social ideals in the peculiar form held by the tribe under examination.

Later on in the history of the colonial wars the student is able to study the tribal life when it comes under the influence of the various colonizing nations, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, and the English. The superiority of the French as to toleration and fraternal spirit towards lower races, as compared with the exclusiveness of the Englishman and the hauteur of the Spaniard towards the Indians, becomes an important key to the success of a small population of French colonists against the more powerful English colonists, in the French and Indian War.

Pioneering on the part of a civilized people is an interesting feature in the early

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beginnings of American history and it has furnished materials for the most interesting literature, namely, sociological novels. Robinson Crusoe remains the greatest example. It shows the isolated man and his dependence upon social combination with his fellowmen for the conquest of nature for human uses. The numerous stories of shipwrecked mariners, the biographies of Daniel Boone and the thousands of adventurous spirits that have moved to the edge of the borderland, one and all illustrate for us the elemental principles of sociology—the necessity of numbers of men for the sake of the economic division of labor and the conquest over inorganic nature with its gigantic obstacles to intercommunication and to man's efforts to subjugate the soil for agriculture and the depths of the earth for mineral wealth.

Among the most important lessons of the history of the United States is the struggle between the Spanish, English, and French colonies for supremacy. These colonies brought with them the feuds long cherished between their European fatherlands. The Spanish discoverers and settlers came to the tropical regions and were mostly adventurers in search of gold. They settled about the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean Sea of this hemisphere. The French discoverers and settlers came to the great central plain of North America, entering it on the south through the Mississippi valley and on the northeast through the valley of the St. Lawrence, and at a later period connecting the two extremities, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi valleys, with a line of forts and trading-posts extending from Montreal to New Orleans; they were chiefly hunters and traders with the aborigines.

The English discoverers and settlers came to the Atlantic slope, moved by various motives, chiefly by desire of freedom from oppression of one sort or another. The epochs of English colonial history turn on events that forward the independence of the colonies from Europe and union among themselves. This gives importance to their charters, to the growth of their legislative assemblies, to their leagues for defense, and to their resistance to the attempts of the home government to make them tributary to its support. Their insurrections against the arbitrary power of the royal governors must be studied in this light.

The extension of the English settlements precipitates war with the Spanish settlements on the south, and with the French on the north. Finally the outgrowth pushes into the central plain, and the contest for its possession takes the form of the French and Indian War. This ends with the first attempt of the English colonies from New England to North Carolina to form a temporary union in the interest of the common defense against the most serious danger they had yet encountered.

The student comes at this epoch to discuss the natural strategic points of the country. That is to say, he notes the points which command the natural avenues of transit from one region to another. Such, for instance, are Ticonderoga and Crown Point at the change of navigation from Hudson to Lake Champlain and the lower St. Lawrence valley; Niagara at the change from Ontario to Erie, and Detroit at the passage from Erie to Huron. These places were held by forts and hence were simply and purely strategical points. Later on, when the country becomes settled and cities grow, it is not so easy for the student to master this subject. Originally New York

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was nothing but a strategic point,—the location of a Dutch fort at the entrance of the Long Island sound and of the Hudson River. The growth of New York from then to now has only increased its strategic importance. Philadelphia was a similar position at the head of the deep-water navigation of the Delaware. Pittsburg at the headwater navigation of the Ohio was the gateway to New Orleans and the other French posts on the upper and lower Mississippi and the Ohio and the Missouri, but it was also the road to the French line of forts connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio valley, and Quebec with New Orleans. It was the object of this chain of forts to restrain the English within the Atlantic slope and bar them out of the central plain.

It is at first difficult to understand that the lines of access to a country, especially a new country, are very few, and easily closed by forts at well-selected points. Great cities are situated at the points where all the lines of communication from the minor towns in the country, as well as the so-called trunk lines to other great cities, converge. Hence communication from one secondary place to another lies through the metropolitan city. To go from Worcester or Providence to Lowell it is generally more expeditious to go through Boston; so from Albany to Pittsburg generally it is most convenient to go through New York city.

In studying the Revolutionary War one comes to see how a consciousness of common interests had arisen throughout the English colonies during the French and Indian War, and on the other hand how the great struggles in Europe made it necessary for Great Britain to unite all of her strength, colonial as well as European, in order to sustain and strengthen her constitutional home government, guaranteeing local freedom in so many particulars. Europe was on the eve of the French Revolution. England in the revolution of 1687, which continued the work begun in the epoch from 1643 to 1660, had completed a career of political development not even, at that time, as yet begun by the continental nations, excepting Holland alone. England therefore was not affected by the French Revolution while the entire continent of Europe, including even Russia, was essentially modified. England, therefore, first in Spain and secondly at Waterloo, put a limit to a kind of absolutism into which Napoleon Bonaparte was forced in his attempt to keep France at the head of the revolutionary movement.

The student of the history of the United States finds it interesting to compare the strategies of the Revolution with the strategies of the French and Indian War. The new system of tactics in battle adopted by the colonists in order to contend successfully against the Indians, as it appeared for instance in the development of the skirmishing line, explains such success as the American troops had against the British in the Revolution, except at Saratoga and Yorktown. Lexington was a skirmish fight. Washington had learned its tactics already before the defeat of Braddock in the previous war. But of all the generals, Greene was the most successful in the use of skirmish tactics in battle. Cowpens and Guilford Courthouse were good examples of defeats turned into victory. It is noteworthy that the fighting in column instead of fighting in line was adopted by the genius of Napoleon with success almost miraculous. The skirmish line became more and more important throughout the late Civil War. This form of

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tactics is adapted only to a people of a highly developed individuality and sense of independence.

The assistance given to our colonies by France in our Revolution is another lesson of great significance to our student. Lafayette's brave assistance to Washington and the influence of Washington upon his subsequent career in the French Revolution are instructive and suggestive.

The study of the efforts at forming a national government, first, by the articles of confederation, secondly, by the adoption of the constitution, by all means the most remarkable of fundamental laws modeled on the English constitution—which, though called a constitution, however, is only an unwritten or an uncompiled collection of compromises preserving private and local corporate rights—this is a study such as no other national history offers to its people for their thoughtful consideration.

Its subsequent application, not only to the thirteen colonies but to twice thirteen newly admitted States, brings us to the study of the development of new interpretations and new convictions in regard to the social organization of the people. Especially important is the spectacle of the growth of productive industry, the application of invention to machinery for use in manufactures and finally to commerce and agriculture. Out of this comes a slow development of new ideas opposed to the traditions and spirit of the earlier civilization with its large farms and plantations that were modeled on the English manor governed by its squires, who in the old country in the earlier times had exercised a semi-patriarchal control in their communities—much in the same manner as depicted in Sir Roger de Coverley of the "Spectator."

It requires a deep study of the changes in our social ideals to understand the motives and events of our Civil War.

We leave our student here after the unfolding of so much historic process, although still at the foot of other heights which can be ascended only by mortal struggles, but we hope with increasing success to our chosen form of government whose ideal is of all people, by all people, and for all people.

W. T. Harris

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A PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

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PART I.—DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION.

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CHAPTER I.

THE NORTHMEN IN THE NEW WORLD.

A NORSE SHIP.

A THOUSAND years ago the natives of Norway were the most daring navigators in the world. The sturdy sailors knew so well how to sail their ships that they cruised along the coast from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. Many of them were cruel pirates, who did not hesitate to attack any vessel they saw. They were held for this reason in great dread along all the coasts of Europe. When their swift vessels, with their high decks, long sweeping oars, oddly-carved prows and square sails, and crowded with fierce warriors, were seen coming over the sea, the ships of other nations made haste to get away from them.

The Northmen were not content to cruise along the coasts of Europe, but sailed boldly out on the great ocean which washed their shores. They were often out of sight of land for days at a time. Thus it came about that one of the famous sea-rovers named Naddod, about the year 860, was caught in a violent storm which drove him on the coast of Iceland. He called it Snowland, but did not stay long enough to learn the extent of the new country. Four years later, however, another Northman, driven thither by tempest, sailed around the island and carried such a pleasant account of it to Norway that a colony was sent out to the new country. But it fared ill, and, after a brief experience, the colonists went back to their native country. The leader declared that Iceland, as he named it, was not fit for the habitation of man or animal.

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Ten years later a second colony sailed for Iceland under the lead of Earl Ingolf. This time the settlement took root and flourished, the prosperity lasting for hundreds of years. Gunnbiorn, one of the sturdy settlers, was driven westward by a tempest, until he caught sight of land, which was named after him.

Among these Icelanders was one known as Eric the Red. He became involved in a quarrel, and to escape his enemy he sailed to Gunnbiorn's Rocks, where he made his home. Doubtless you have often wondered why such a bleak, desolate region, where the sun sometimes shines at midnight, came to be called Greenland. It was so named by this Eric the Red, who gave such glowing accounts of its beauty and fertility on a visit to Iceland that he persuaded large numbers to go back with him to the new colony.

I have shown you that it was accident which led to the discovery of Iceland and of Greenland, and the knowledge of the continent further west was brought about by the same means. So far as can be known with certainty, the sons of Eric the Red were the first Europeans who saw the main land of America.

In the year 985, Bjarni, a skillful young navigator, returned to Iceland from one of the voyages he was accustomed to make to Norway. He had scarcely reached the country, when he was told that his father, to whom he was strongly attached, had joined Eric's colony in Greenland. Without waiting to unload his ship, Bjarni set sail for the new colony, his course leading him over waters on which neither he nor any of his crew had ever ventured before.

They were overtaken by tempestuous weather and driven hither and thither for many days. The wind most of the time came from the north, and they were carried hundreds of miles out of their course. No doubt, when at last they caught sight of land, it was the continent of America. Bjarni described it as without mountains, but showing small hills inland, the whole covered with woods. It certainly was not Greenland, for which he was searching, and he put to sea again without landing. Two days later, when they approached the coast, they found it low and wooded. Bjarni declared that it did not answer the description which he had heard of Greenland, and he sailed away again.

Three days after, they neared the coast for the third time. Mountains covered with snow appeared ahead, but careful scrutiny led Bjarni to decide that it was not the country he was seeking. He stood out to sea once more, and, after three days and nights, descried land ahead.

"It is Greenland," exclaimed the young captain, after a brief study of the icy shores and mountains; "here we will go ashore."

The promontory before him proved to be Cape Herjulfness, and on it stood the cabin of Herjulf, the father of Bjarni, for whom he was anxiously searching. You may be sure that it was a happy meeting between parent and son; Bjarni could not land too soon, and, when he embraced his loved father, he declared that he would spend the rest of his days with him.

We can imagine with what interest the colonists listened to the strange story told by Bjarni. The winter evenings in Greenland are long, and the hardy explorers

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whiled away the hours in telling over their strange adventures and exploits by land and sea. They were the heroes of so many achievements that the stories must have stirred the hearts of the listeners. How the eyes of the boys sparkled when they heard from the lips of fathers and brothers the accounts of their deeds of daring, and what pride they must have felt when they reflected that the vikings from their native land were masters of the ocean, and that the vessels of all nations fled at sight of them.

But among the strange, stirring and wonderful stories there was none which excited such interest as that of Bjarni, who had cruised along the coast of an unknown world, and looked upon hills, woods and mountains of whose existence no one had ever dreamed. It naturally occurred to the hardy sailors who discussed the question, that they could do what Bjarni had done, and indeed far more, for he had not set foot on the shores he had seen at the west.

The oldest son of Eric the Red was Lief—Lief the Lucky, he was afterward called. In the year 1000 he set sail from Herjulfness with a crew of thirty-five men, Bjarni being among them. Heading boldly out to sea, the sailors plowed through the icy waters until land, supposed to be Newfoundland, was reached. They went ashore and examined it, but there was little to please the eye and they soon left. The next place visited was probably Nova Scotia, as it is now called. It was found to correspond with the account given by Bjarni. Two days further sail, before a favoring wind, carried the explorers so far south that when land was once more descried, it must have been New England. The main facts of the remarkable voyage of Lief the Northman have been proven beyond all dispute, but the accounts themselves are so confused in minor details that it can never be positively known where it was these navigators first landed. There is good reason, however, to believe it was on the coast of Rhode Island, and probably in Narragansett Bay.

The Northmen were astonished and delighted when they came to explore the woods to find luscious grapes in abundance. The winters of New England were probably less severe then than now, and to the Northmen, though Greenland was not then so cold as now, the climate seemed wonderfully mild. Lief gave the country the name of Vinland, and when he sailed northward, his vessel was loaded with grapes and valuable timber, as proof of the fertility of the region he had visited.

The Northmen were not men to rest content with the voyage and discoveries made by Lief. Eric the Red had another son, a brave and skillful navigator named Thorvald, who was eager to visit the new country. Lief gave him much help, and in 1003 he set sail with a crew of thirty men. Good fortune attended them, and they found the rough houses left by Lief still strong and secure. The men spent the winter in hunting and fishing, but, so far as is known, never saw the face of any native of the New World. When spring came, part of the company went on an exploring tour along the coast of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Long Island. There is good reason to believe they entered the harbor of New York, but not a living person beside themselves was to be seen, and where stands to-day the most populous city in the New World, there was not so much as an Indian wigwam.

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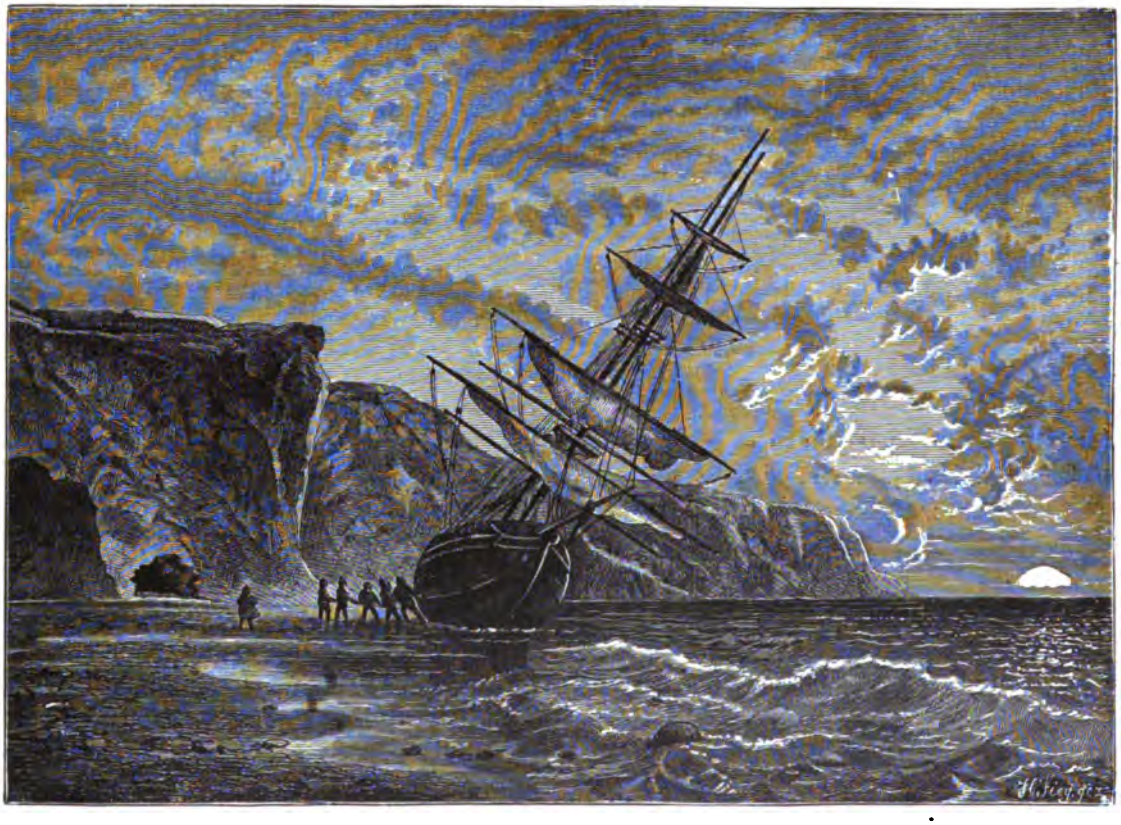
The records show that in the spring of 1004 Thorvald entered on a more extended voyage of exploration. He sailed slowly northward along the coast of Cape Cod, and was driven ashore by a tempest. It took the crew a long time to repair damages, but, when everything was ready, they resumed their voyage, keeping close, no doubt, along the south shore of Massachusetts Bay. Being favorably impressed with the appearance of a certain spot, they dropped anchor and went ashore. When they had done so, they saw for the first time some of the natives of the new country.

Under a couple of rude tents they discovered nine quietly lolling on the ground



THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

with no suspicion of the presence of the strangers who had landed near them. Who would think that the Northmen could offer harm to the poor savages? There was not the slightest excuse for the dreadful cruelty of the white men, and yet, no sooner did they see the natives than they resolved to kill them all. Creeping silently forward, they made a sudden rush, and with their heavy swords killed all but one.

Having completed the massacre, the triumphant Northmen lay down under the trees to sleep; but they had hardly closed their eyes when the woods resounded with shouts and yells, and the natives rushed upon them from every side. The single survivor of the slaughter had made haste to tell what had been done by the

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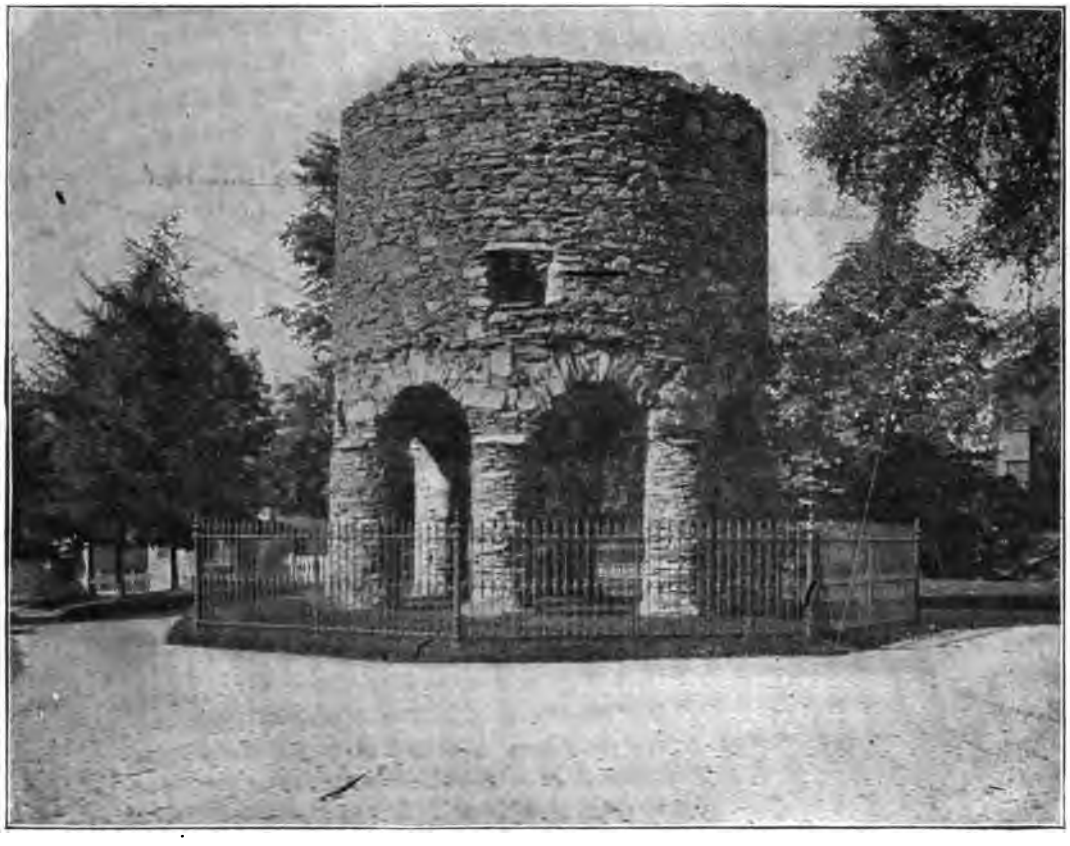
visitors, who were now compelled to flee to their ship, fighting as they went. Under the shelter of the vessel, however, they were able to beat back the natives, only one of the Northmen receiving a wound: he was Thorvald, who had been pierced so deeply by an arrow that he was past help. He died and was buried near the shore, the grave covered with stones and a cross placed both at the head and foot. Then the survivors sailed back to Vinland and told their countrymen the sad tidings. The next spring the whole colony returned to Greenland.

In the year 1006 Thorfinn Karlsefne, a wealthy merchant of Iceland, visited Green-



STONE TOWER AT NEWPORT, R. I., SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT BY THE NORSEMEN.

land and remained through the winter. He was accompanied by three other merchants, who, with him, felt such deep interest in the new country to the south-west that an expedition of three vessels was fitted out, including more than a hundred men and women. Among the latter was one named Freydis—a reputed daughter of Eric the Red — the wife of a Greenlander, Thorvard, who commanded one of the vessels. If a tenth part of what is said of her is true, she was one of the most terrible Amazons that ever lived.

The expedition sailed in the spring of 1007. It promised to be the most successful of all the enterprises of that kind, but it ended in disaster. There was much

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quarreling among the women, and naturally, in time, it involved their friends and husbands. They spent the first winter on the shores, it is supposed, of Buzzards' Bay, and suffered much for want of food. The following summer a number of discontented members deserted the colony, but they were driven across the ocean to the coast of Ireland, and were there captured and reduced to slavery.

The two remaining ships made a long exploring expedition to the southward. Just where they passed the succeeding winter is not known. For a time, when they returned to their old settlement or its neighborhood, all went well, and they drove a brisk trade with the natives. But trouble soon came; the Northmen were attacked by the savages in overwhelming numbers, and though the white men fought with great courage, they were put to flight. The natives rushed after them like a mountain torrent, and doubtless would have slain every one, but for Freydis, wife of Captain Thorvard. She seized a sword, and beating her breasts with rage, she shamed the men, who rallied about her and soon put their assailants to flight.

The colony was abandoned in 1010, against the protests of Freydis, who saw how vastly superior in every respect the new country was to Greenland. By her indomitable will she succeeded in organizing a new expedition, which set sail the following spring. Her ambition and terrific temper soon divided the colonists into two parties of mortal enemies. Those who opposed her were slain, and among them were five women whom she killed with her own hand. The winter which followed must have been unspeakably gloomy to the survivors. They toiled hard in felling timber and gathering a few other productions, with which they set sail for Greenland. Freydis threatened with death any one who should tell of the massacre, but the truth gradually leaked out. Neither she nor her accomplices were punished, however, for what was certainly one of the most frightful misdeeds that can be conceived.

With this expedition ends all authentic history of the discovery and settlement of America by the Northmen. Having found one of the great continents of the world, it may be said they lost it, and, during nearly five centuries afterward, there is no positive proof that it was known to Europeans.

There are traditions of visits to America at a still earlier date. A Mexican historian claims that the country was discovered in the fifth century A. D., by a party of Buddhist monks from China, of whom one, Hwui Shan, returned to Asia, after an absence of fifty-one years. A short account of the land he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. It is said that proof exists that Hwui Shan actually visited some unknown Eastern region, and the traditions of Mexico contain an account of the arrival of the monks.

There are legends, too, of visits to America by Arabian sailors in the twelfth century, and also of its discovery near the close of the same century by a Welsh prince. It may be that in the future the researches of learned men will show that some of these traditions have a basis of truth, but until that is done we must consider America lost to the world during the period between the visits of the Northmen and that made by Columbus, nearly five hundred years later. It was, indeed, as if no white man had ever sailed along its coasts or set foot on its shores.

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WOUNDING OF THORVALD. (*See page 5.*) (*From the original drawing by Kendrick.*)

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CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS AND HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

FIVE hundred years ago, the world was supposed to consist only of Europe, Asia and Africa. The knowledge of those countries was very slight. The remote parts were believed to be uninhabited and their boundaries were not known.

You will smile at some of the fancies that prevailed. Those who lived in the temperate regions were sure they would freeze to death if they ventured to the northward, while a journey southward would result as ill, for, if they were not burned up, the flaming sun would singe their hair into crispy wool and tan their skins as black as ink: that is they would be turned into negroes. They knew nothing about the mariner's compass and could only use the sun by day and the moon and stars by night to guide their ships over the deep. When cloudy weather lasted long, the captain and crew were almost as helpless as if they were blind.

Now at that time, the most wonderful stories were told of a land which lay far to the eastward. The famous traveler Marco Polo, and others, had brought back amazing accounts of its population and wealth. Nothing that is read in fairy-tales could equal those glowing pictures of some of the provinces of India. Idle as these stories, in some respects were, they had, nevertheless, a basis of truth. The country was rich in aromatic spices, costly stuffs, gold, precious jewels and the most valuable products known to commerce. But the road thither was over-land, long, dangerous and wearisome to the last degree. What Europe wanted was a shorter path to India. For many years search was vainly made for such a route, but the close of the fifteenth century was at hand with the problem still unsolved.

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1435 or 1436, the exact date being unknown. His father was a wool-comber, but gave his son the best education he could. He attended the University of Pavia until about fourteen years old, when he worked for a few months with his father; but in his fifteenth year he became a sailor.

It would be interesting could we know more than we do of his early life. He visited England, Iceland, the Guinea coast, the Azores, and other places, and met, no doubt, with many stirring adventures, but no authentic record of them has ever been found. During those years, however, he was preparing himself for the great work before him. He mastered all the sciences necessary to his calling, read the travels of explorers, learned to draw charts and spheres and became a thorough practical seaman and navigator.

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In 1470, while engaged in a sea fight off the coast of Portugal, the ship was burned and Columbus reached the shore, six miles distant, with the aid of an oar. This led him to make Lisbon his home, where he met and married Felipa Munnis Perestreto, the daughter of a sea captain who had served under Prince Henry the Navigator, and who had been governor of the island of Porto Santo, near Madeira. Columbus spent a great deal of his time on that island, drawing maps and charts for a livelihood, while he studied the papers left by his wife's dead father, and talking often with old seamen about their voyages and the strange countries they had seen.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Columbus became immovably fixed in the belief that a great part of the world was yet undiscovered, and he was equally certain that if he sailed westward he would reach Asia. But he did not dream that a vast continent and the most extensive ocean on the globe lay between him and that far-off region.

The faith of Columbus was based on good grounds. He maintained that the earth was round, though he underestimated its size, and he was right in believing that Asia could be reached by sailing westward. A Portuguese pilot had found, over a thousand miles to the westward of Cape St. Vincent, after a strong gale had blown many days toward the east, a piece of wood curiously carved. The brother-in-law of Columbus had picked up something similar at Porto Santo, and, stranger than all, there was a story of the bodies of two men having been washed up at Flores, whose appearance showed that they came from some country unknown at that time to the rest of the world. Many curious stories were afloat, and it may be that some misty traditions of the voyages of the brave Northmen, hundreds of years before, had reached the ears of Columbus, though this is not very likely. At any rate, his faith in the existence of lands to the westward, and in a shorter route to Asia, became immovable: he believed that God had set him apart to open up those regions of fabulous riches, and nothing could swerve him from his purpose.

But Columbus was poor and could do nothing without help. Naturally he first went to his native city and offered to Genoa the empire which he could acquire with her assistance. The Senate to whom he made the proposal declined it. Not discouraged, he next visited John II., king of Portugal, and told him that if he would fit him out with an expedition such as he needed, he would add India to his crown and show him a short and easy route thither. King John was impressed by the arguments of Columbus. He was inclined to give the help asked for, but, before doing so, he

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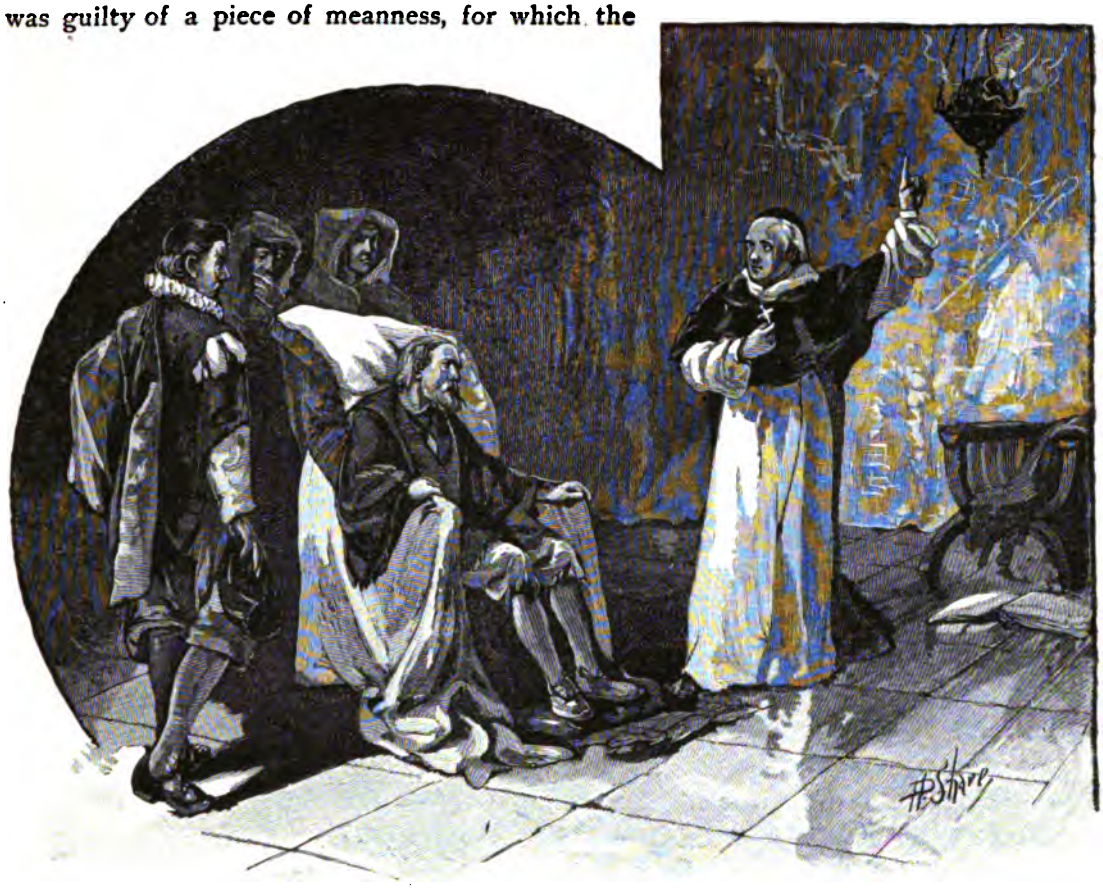
called together the most learned men in his kingdom and laid the matter before them. It did not take those wise heads long to declare the project wild and impracticable and they told the king that he would be wise to refuse all aid.

King John was not satisfied with the verdict of his council; believing there was something in the arguments of Columbus, he was disposed to give the assistance asked, even though the learned men pronounced against it. This indecision kept Columbus waiting a long time, and then the king was guilty of a piece of meanness, for which the



COLUMBUS' ARRIVAL AT THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

whole nation should have blushed with shame. The Bishop of Ceuta, who had done all he could to thwart Columbus, suggested to King John that he should send out a ship to make the voyage proposed by Columbus, keeping all knowledge of it from him. This was done, but the captain and crew had no heart in the enterprise, and were sure that if they kept on to the westward they would never return. When they reached the Cape de Verde Islands, they decided they had gone far enough. Accordingly they came back to Portugal with the report that it was madness to go further.

Columbus was angry and disgusted when he learned of the treachery of the king.

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He wanted nothing more to do with him or his people and indignantly turned his back upon them. He sent his brother Bartholomew to England with letters to Henry VII., to whom he had given his views before. At the same time, he quietly left Lisbon for Spain, taking with him his only son Diego, whose mother had been dead several years. This was in 1484 or '85.

Betaking himself to southern Spain, Columbus first made known his plan to the duke of Medina Sidonia. There must have been great persuasive power in the navigator, for he never failed to interest those to whom he explained his views. The duke was strongly inclined to take hold of the great project, but, in the end, like many others, he concluded that it was impracticable.

The duke of Medina Celi was the next influential party who lent his ear to the enthusiast. He was so charmed by Columbus that he kept him as his guest for two years. The grand scheme was talked over many times, and at last the duke confessed that he was convinced of the truth of the views of his guest, and was willing to provide him with several caravels, as the ships of that time were called, with which to push his explorations. But when he came to "count the cost," he decided the enterprise was too vast for him to undertake alone. This was discouraging to Columbus, but instead of giving up, he told the duke he meant to apply next to the court of France. The duke dissuaded him from doing so, until after visiting the court of Spain. To open the way he wrote to Queen Isabella, who ordered Columbus to present himself at the court of Cordova.

It was an unfortunate time for the great navigator, for Spain was engaged in a war with the Moors, and Ferdinand and Isabella had little time to listen to the dreams of their guest. They received him kindly, however, and turned him over to the care of Alonzo de Quintanilla, who very soon became as great an enthusiast as Columbus himself. The navigator found many friends among all classes, and he was now sustained by the sympathy of his second wife, Beatriz Enriquez, the mother of his second son, Fernando.

Columbus followed the court to Salamanca, where he was introduced to the grand cardinal, Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza. This man, who on account of his influence was called the third king of Spain, closed his lips and shook his head when Columbus began to argue in favor of the possibility of a westward passage to India. But he listened, then asked questions, then thought a long time, and ended in accepting every view of his guest. He lost no time in securing him an audience with the king.

The monarch listened respectfully to all that was said, and finally referred him to Fernando de Talavera. As the best means of reaching a right conclusion, the latter called together a junta of wise men to confer with Columbus, and hear all the arguments by which he supported his views. These jurors were mostly ecclesiastics, and full of the prejudices of their times. When Columbus advanced a theory they overwhelmed him with quotations from the Bible, just as men have done since in support of their own peculiar theories. You have heard the story of Columbus and the egg, which is certainly good enough to be true. He asked them to set one up on its end; but

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none of them thought to first break the end, whereby he showed them how easy it is to do a thing if one only knows how.

Such wise and learned men were slow in reaching a conclusion, but in 1490 the junta pronounced the plan of the navigator altogether visionary and unworthy of the countenance of the king and queen, who, with some reluctance, confirmed the report.

One would think that Columbus might now yield to despair, and no doubt he was on the point of doing so. Many years had passed since he entered upon what he believed to be his mission, and now, when he was more than fifty years old, he appeared to be no nearer the end than at the beginning. The most precious part of his life had passed, and one after another bitter disappointments had followed, which would have crushed a soul less lofty than his. But receiving now an encouraging letter from the king of France, he determined to lose no time in repairing to Paris. He made his way to the convent of La Rabida to seek his eldest son, Diego, who was still under the care of his warm friend, friar Juan Perez. His other son he left at Cordova.

Nearly seven years had elapsed since he began his solicitations at the Spanish court. He was growing old and gray, and his garb showed his extreme poverty. The friar's heart was moved with pity, and, when he found that Columbus had determined to leave Spain forever, his whole nature was stirred. He called in his friend, the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, and then Martin Alonzo Pinzon, one of the most famous navigators of Palos. The three became ardent supporters of the scheme of Columbus, and Pinzon volunteered not only to take part in it, but offered to bear the expenses of Columbus in another and final application to the court.

Friar Juan Perez had once been confessor to the queen, and, therefore, was held in the highest veneration by that good woman. He agreed to write to her, begging Columbus to tarry with him until her answer could be received. Their guest gladly consented to do as requested, and a shrewd and faithful messenger was sent with the important letter.

The reply set all hearts fluttering with hope. Queen Isabella returned a gracious message to Juan Perez, asking him to come to court. The friar immediately saddled his mule and started before midnight. The queen admitted him at once, and listened attentively to his plea for Columbus, whose character he praised in glowing terms, while he drew a moving picture of the imperishable glory that was within the grasp of their beloved country.

The eloquence of the worthy friar won the heart of the queen. She not only asked that Columbus be sent to her, but she forwarded him money to buy him a mule and seemly raiment with which to present himself at court. The happy friar sent the funds and a letter by a trustworthy friend to the physician Garcia Fernandez, who handed them to Columbus. The latter lost no time in using the money as intended, and hastened to the court, which was then in camp before Granada.

His arrival was at a brilliant epoch in the history of Spain. He witnessed the eventful surrender of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, to the Spanish arms.

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After nearly eight centuries of conflict between the Moors and the Spaniards, the symbol of the true religion was borne aloft and floated from the highest tower of the Alhambra. The crescent went down never to rise again on the fair plains of Andalusia.

Columbus found an attentive listener in the queen. Distinguished persons, who possessed the full confidence of the sovereigns, were appointed to complete the negotiations with Columbus. They were amazed, however, when they came to talk with the one whom they regarded as a needy adventurer and supplicant. Columbus was so thoroughly imbued with the grandeur of his enterprise, that he insisted on being invested with the rank and privileges of admiral and viceroy over all the countries he might discover. The archbishop of Granada, the principal official conducting the negotiations with Columbus, was offended by his demands, and advised the queen to reject them altogether. She did so, after Columbus had refused what might be considered a fair though less advantageous offer. Once more he made ready to visit France to plead his cause there. Mounting his mule, he bade his friends good-by, and in the month of February, 1492, started for Cordova, on his way thither.

But several of his friends looked upon his departure with dismay. They hastened to the queen and urged his recall with such force that she was won again. The exhausting war had depleted the royal treasury, but Isabella pledged her private jewels to raise the necessary funds.

A messenger was dispatched after Columbus, who was overtaken a few miles from Granada. He hesitated at first to turn back, but when assured of the pledge given by the queen, he turned the head of his mule once more toward the city. The king was cold and doubtful, but the ardor of the queen filled the heart of the navigator with delight. All of his demands were agreed to, and he was permitted to furnish one-eighth of the outfit, entitling him to an eighth share of the profits. This part of the engagement Columbus fulfilled, through the help of the Pinzons of Palos, thereby adding a third vessel to the expedition. The stipulations were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, at the city of Santa Fe, on the 17th of April, 1492.

Great difficulty was encountered in procuring the crews necessary for the expedition. The sailors shared the common belief that only failure and death awaited such a mad undertaking, and many refused to take part in it. But for the help of the Pinzons, Columbus would not have been able to set out on his voyage of discovery, after the king and queen had done their utmost to assist him. All obstacles at last were overcome, and by the beginning of August, the ships were ready for sea.

The largest vessel was the *Santa Maria:* she was decked and on board of her Columbus hoisted his flag. The second was the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with his brother Francisco Martin as pilot. The *Nina* was the third: she had lateen sails and was commanded by Vincente Yanez Pinzon, another of the brothers who were such valuable friends of Columbus. They were provided with a royal notary, a doctor and a surgeon; including a number of servants and adventurers, and ninety mariners, in all one hundred and ninety persons.

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Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

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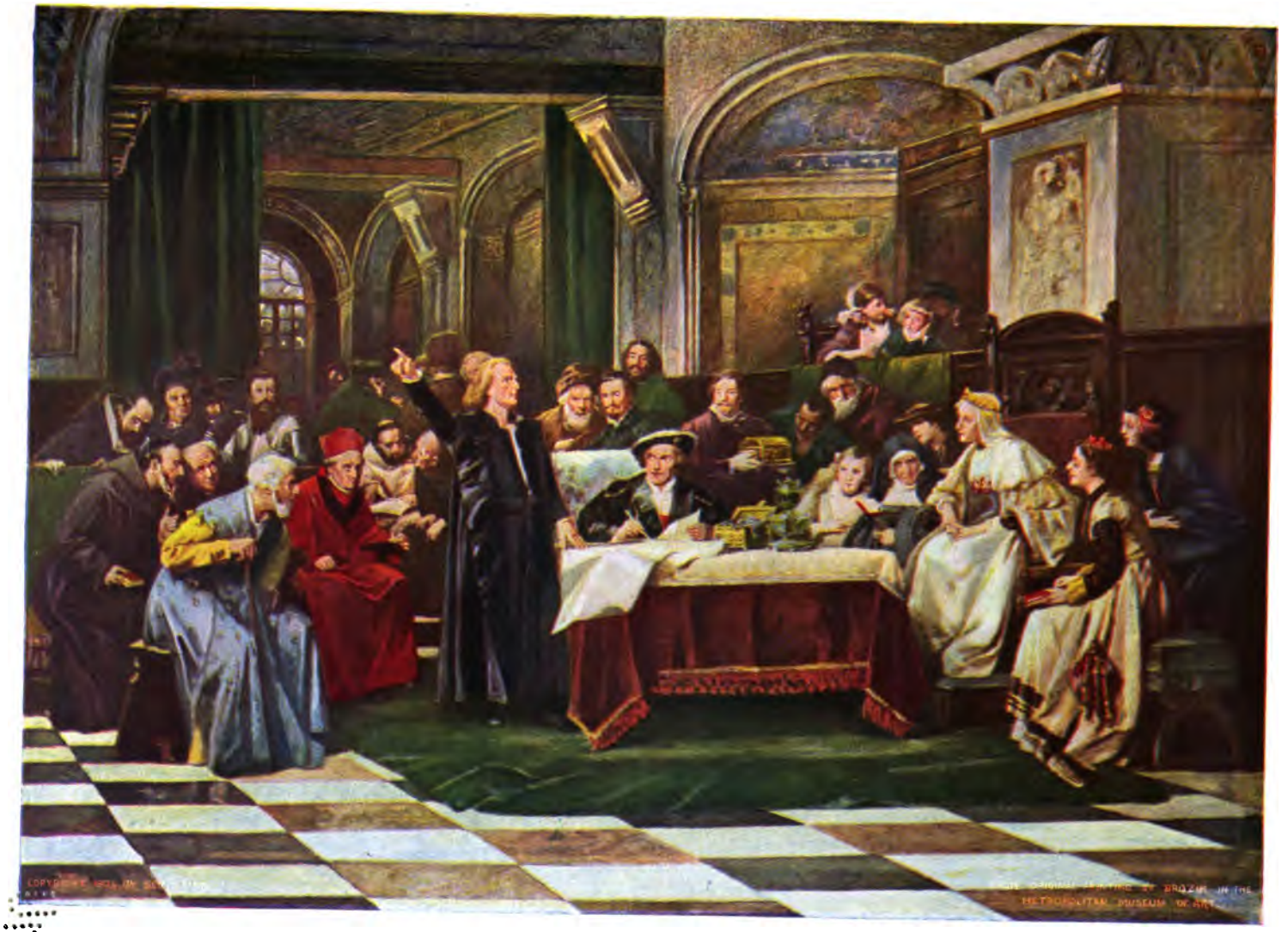

COLUMBUS BEFORE ISABELLA

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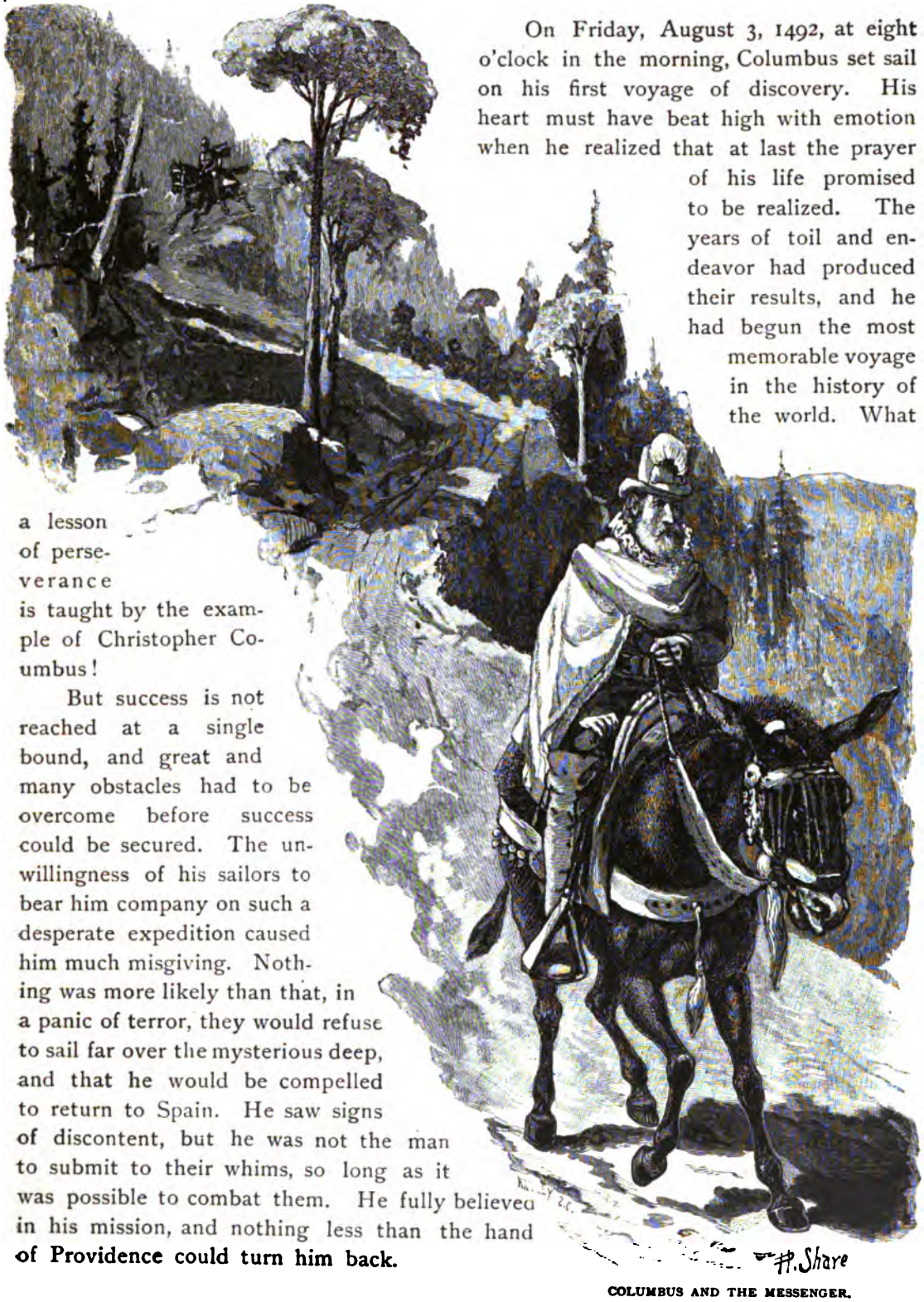
On Friday, August 3, 1492, at eight o'clock in the morning, Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery. His heart must have beat high with emotion when he realized that at last the prayer of his life promised to be realized. The years of toil and endeavor had produced their results, and he had begun the most memorable voyage in the history of the world. What a lesson of perseverance is taught by the example of Christopher Columbus!

But success is not reached at a single bound, and great and many obstacles had to be overcome before success could be secured. The unwillingness of his sailors to bear him company on such a desperate expedition caused him much misgiving. Nothing was more likely than that, in a panic of terror, they would refuse to sail far over the mysterious deep, and that he would be compelled to return to Spain. He saw signs of discontent, but he was not the man to submit to their whims, so long as it was possible to combat them. He fully believed in his mission, and nothing less than the hand of Providence could turn him back.



COLUMBUS AND THE MESSENGER.

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On the third day, the *Pinta* broke her rudder. Her skillful captain repaired it as best he could, and then put in at the Canary Islands, where it was hoped a vessel could be obtained to replace her. They were disappointed, however, and after getting a new rudder and altering the rig of the *Nina* with square sails, they resumed their voyage.

It was an anxious time to Columbus. He suspected, with good reason, that some persons on the *Pinta* had purposely broken her rudder, in the hope that they would be allowed to return to Spain. While taking in water and provisions in the island of Gomero, he was warned by a friendly vessel from Ferro that three Portuguese caravels were cruising near the island with the intention of capturing him. The admiral believed it was a piece of resentment on the part of the king of Portugal, because he had entered the service of Spain. He made haste, therefore, to put to sea and did not feel safe until he was far out on the stormy Atlantic, whither he knew no ship dare follow him.

But, though his soul was thrilled with hope and expectation, his men were in great alarm. It required all his eloquence to calm their fears, and he foresaw the trouble which afterward came. They were quieted, however, for the time and he issued orders that in case the vessels became separated by accident, they should continue sailing westward seven hundred leagues. At the end of that distance he was confident they would find land. But, knowing that it was possible he might be mistaken in the distance, he resorted to the stratagem of keeping two reckonings. One was a correct account of the distance sailed, while the other, which was open to the inspection of all, showed a number of leagues less. Thus the crews were ignorant of how far they had really sailed.

At nightfall, of the 13th of September, when about six hundred miles from the island of Ferro, Columbus observed something which astonished him beyond expression, for he had never heard of the like before. While looking at the magnetic needle, he noticed that instead of pointing toward the north star, it varied several degrees to the northwest. The variation was greater the next morning, and increased steadily as he advanced. He was mystified, for in no way could he account for the phenomenon. He watched the needle, and, while trying in vain to understand the cause, took care to make no mention of it to his men, who would see in it another proof of the dreadful fate awaiting them. But it was not long before the pilots discovered the phenomenon.

As Columbus expected, his companions were filled with consternation; but they had great faith in his learning, and, when he offered an explanation, it was accepted. He observed that while the needle failed to point at the north star, it was turned toward a fixed and unknown point. He decided that this variation was caused by the revolution of the north star itself. The theory, although false, was ingenious, and Columbus really believed it accounted for that which, even now, is not fully understood.

As the little ships slowly pushed their way to the westward, they began to discover what seemed to be signs of land. On the 14th of September a heron and

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tropical bird hovered about the ships, as if curious to learn what they were. As neither of these birds is accustomed to go very far from land, it was fair to suppose they had come from some point not a great ways to the westward. The trade wind carried them so smoothly forward, that, for many days, not a sail was changed, and, looking down in the water which rippled about the ships, they saw patches of herbs and weeds sweeping from the westward. Sometimes they clung to the prows and were pushed along. Many of the weeds were such as grow about rocks or in rivers, and a number were so green that it was plain they had not been long washed from land. On one of the bunches was a live crab, which the admiral caught and preserved. Another bird, of a kind that never sleeps upon the sea, was seen, and several of the men fancied they could detect the faint odor of land in the air.

The crews were naturally in high spirits, and all sail was crowded, each person eager to be the first to catch sight of land. But the days passed, the winds became fitful, and, though the signs continued, yet the longing eyes saw nothing but the limitless sea opening always before them, while the immense expanse behind increased. The mutterings of discontent grew louder, until Columbus saw that his men were on the verge of mutiny. It required his utmost skill to keep them in subjection. When necessary he used gentle words; some were moved by appeals to their pride or avarice, while others were threatened with punishment.

On the 25th of September, while Columbus and several of his best mariners were studying a map of their course that they might learn their precise situation, some one on the *Pinta* uttered a shout. Looking up, Martin Alonzo Pinzon was seen standing on the stern of his vessel waving his arms in great excitement and shouting:

"*Land! land! I claim my reward!*"

He pointed to the south-west, where there was an appearance of land some twenty leagues or more distant. Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God, while Pinzon repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which his own crew and the admiral joined. The sailors scrambled like monkeys into the rigging, and all agreed that land had been discovered. The joy was so great that Columbus was obliged to change his course to the south-west, the ships sailing all night in that direction.

But the morning light brought bitter disappointment. They had been deceived by an evening cloud, and the immense waste of waters still opened out before them. They sailed on, however, the sea calm and the weather soft and delightful. The evidences that they were approaching some island or country continued, and the despondent sailors shared the belief of the admiral. In deference to the wishes of the Pinzons, Columbus, on the evening of October 7th, altered his course to the west-south-west, one of the causes for doing so being the direction which he noticed the birds generally took in their flight from the ships.

Still, in spite of the cheering signs which multiplied, it looked as if the voyage was to be without end. The seamen came to believe that all the appearances were

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only alluring them to destruction. Their patience was at an end, and they demanded that Columbus should turn about and sail homeward before it was too late. In reply, he assured them that he would never turn back until the object of his expedition was accomplished. At this critical hour the proof that their voyage was near its end became so overwhelming that the mutineers were convinced.

On the evening of October 11th, Columbus silently took a position on the top of the cabin at the stern of his vessel. The feeling was strong within him that every hour and minute were lessening the distance between him and the mysterious country of which he had dreamed and thought and prayed for a score of years. His ship was coursing at quite a rapid rate through the water, and he had told his crew to keep a sharp lookout, for they were certain to discover something before long.

At ten o'clock in the evening, while the great navigator was peering intently through the gloom to the westward, his heart gave a sudden throb. A star-like point of light, on which his eye chanced to rest, was seen to move up and down as if carried by a fisherman over the waves, or by some person taking long strides along the beach. Columbus held his breath, and, fearful that his eyes were misleading him, called to Pedro Gutierrez and asked him whether he could see a light in that direction. The latter replied that he did. Still doubting, Columbus summoned a third person, but, by the time he could climb up beside them the light had vanished. It gleamed out several times afterward, and the last vestige of doubt was removed from every mind. Not only were they close to land, but they were near its strange inhabitants.

CARAVELS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(After an engraving published in 1584.)

At two o'clock in the morning, a cannon boomed from the *Pinta*: Rodrigo de Triana, through the gloom, had caught the dim but unmistakable outline of a shore, a half dozen miles distant. It is safe to say that no man on any one of the ships closed his eyes in slumber for the rest of the night.

But who can imagine the emotions of Columbus, when the flash of the small cannon caught his eye, its sullen report rolled across the waves, and, peering to the westward, he distinguished the faint outlines of land? His triumph had come at last! The learned men who had scoffed at his theories would now be covered with confusion; the mystery that had baffled the world for centuries was solved; all obstacles had been overcome, and Columbus had attained a glory which will shine undimmed to the very end of time.

The hours were never so long, but when the sun appeared in the horizon and its light overspread the sea, the awe-stricken admiral and his fellow voyagers beheld for the first time the New World. They saw before them a level and beautiful island, covered with exuberant vegetation, green with verdure and fair as the garden

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COLUMBUS'S FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

of the Lord. From the woods swarmed scores of naked men, who, stopping on the edge of the sea, gazed at the ships with awe and amazement. They believed they

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were gigantic birds that had come down from the skies, bearing the pale-faced strangers with them.

Columbus signaled the ships to cast anchor and man and arm the boats. When he stepped into his own, he was in full armor and bore the royal standard, while the brothers Pinzon each carried the banner of the expedition emblazoned with a green cross, containing the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella.

The seamen pulled with long and steady stroke over the calm sea, which was as transparent as crystal; looking downward, the white sandy bottom was clearly seen far below. The soft wind that scarcely rippled the surface, brought with it the delicious odor of the tropical vegetation which studded the island. The moment the admiral set foot on shore he sank upon his knees, kissed the ground, as the tears of joy coursed down his cheeks, and gave fervent thanks to God. The others imitated him, for their gratitude could be no less than his.

Then, as Columbus rose to his feet, he drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and with the rest gathered around, took solemn possession of the island in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. Calling the island San Salvador, he summoned all to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy of their beloved rulers. Eagerly they did so, and then, crowding around Columbus, they broke forth into the most extravagant expressions of joy and contrition for the trouble they had caused him. They kissed his hands, embraced him and begged for his forgiveness. It need not be said that he gladly pardoned them all.

Meanwhile the natives, who had been scared away when they saw the boats approaching the shore, came timidly back. During the ceremonies of taking possession they watched the proceedings with speechless amazement. Columbus, because of his splendid dress and commanding manner, especially attracted their wonder. The reader will be glad to have a description of the appearance of the discoverer of our country.

He was tall and graceful in form, with a face rather long, an aquiline nose, light eyes and auburn hair, in which, however, gray hairs began to appear twenty years before he saw the New World. His beard was also partly gray, and his complexion clear and beautiful. The copper-colored natives who flocked around Columbus were of comely shape, resembled our Indians, were comparatively young, and not one wore a scrap of clothing.

As the admiral believed he had landed on one of the islands on the coast of India, he called the people Indians, and the name has clung ever since to the native race of America. They were found to be gentle, artless and friendly. Their only weapons were lances, generally pointed with bone or flint. They were as delighted as children with the gaudy trinkets which the visitors gave them, and their manifestations caused no little amusement on the part of the visitors.

The Spaniards spent the whole day on the island, lolling under the shade of the trees, partaking of the luscious fruit and drinking in the beauty which was everywhere. It was late at night when they rowed back to their ships. They had treated the natives with such kindness that the next day swarms of them paddled out in

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their canoes or swam to the vessels, which they were never tired of admiring. They gave the white men many parrots and a few trifles; but the visitors were looking for gold, and, when they discovered some small ornaments made of it, they eagerly bought them all. Columbus forbade any traffic in the precious metal without his sanction, as it was an object of royal monopoly. He inquired by signs where the gold came from and the natives pointed to the south. He gathered that an enormously rich king lived in that direction, and that, when the Indians wanted gold and precious stones they made incursions thither and fought for it.

This information confirmed the belief of Columbus that he had reached the islands described by Marco Polo as lying opposite the splendid Cathay in the Chinese Sea, but you are aware that the long voyage he had sailed did not take him half way there. The island was called Guanahani by the natives and named San Salvador by Columbus. It is one of the Bahamas, but the exact spot of the landing is still in dispute, though it is now supposed to be Watling's Island.

On the morning of October 14th, the explorers rowed toward the north-east in their boats, to reconnoiter the island. They found the coast surrounded by a reef of rocks, within which there was secure anchorage for the navies of the world. The natives ran down to the edge of the water and beckoned the Spaniards to land. Finding that they did not do so, many of them swam out to the boats and were received with great kindness.

You would be interested in an account of the explorations made by Columbus on his first voyage, but there was a great deal of similarity in his experiences, and the story is too long for this volume. His memorable voyage resulted in the discovery of a number of islands, among them Cuba, which he renamed Juanna, and Haiti or Santo Domingo, which he called Hispaniola (Little Spain). Columbus always kept to the belief that Cuba was not an island, but part of the Asiatic mainland.

Off Santo Domingo, the steersman guided the *Santa Maria* so ill, that she ran hard aground. As it was impossible to get her off she was unloaded and abandoned. Columbus was impatient to go back to Spain with the news of his triumph; so he decided to leave a colony, first building a fort out of the material of the stranded ship.

Accordingly a substantial structure was put together, and named La Navidad, and forty-three Spaniards were placed in charge. On January 4, 1493, Columbus set sail in the *Nina* for home. The *Pinta* was soon out of sight, but four days later the two joined company off Monte Cristi. It was in the depth of winter and the voyage homeward was a tempestuous one. The trade winds delayed them, but Columbus and the Pinzons were skilled seamen, and they so managed their vessels that they weathered all danger, and, about the middle of February, reached Santa Maria, one of the Azores. There they were threatened with capture by the Portuguese governor, who required much argument before he would recognize the commission of Admiral Columbus. After a delay of nearly a week, he was allowed to proceed, and on the 25th of February the *Nina* anchored off Lisbon, where the king

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INDIAN VISITORS TO COLUMBUS.

of Portugal received him with the highest honors. Setting sail again from the Tagus, he dropped anchor at Palos, on Friday, March 15, 1493.

You know with what superstition many persons, especially sailors, look upon Friday. With them it is a most unlucky day, and yet it was on that day of the week that Columbus set out on his first voyage of discovery, and caught sight of the New World. On a Friday also he reached Palos on his return, to receive the highest honors that could be conferred upon him.

As you progress with the history of our country, you may observe that some of the most important events, which proved great blessings to the nation, took place on what is often believed to be the unlucky day of the week. Indeed the number would surprise you, but, after all, they only prove that not the slightest ground exists for the absurd belief. However, I am quite sure that nothing of the kind is needed to convince you that only the ignorant place any faith in the superstition.

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LANDING OF COLUMBUS AT ST. SALVADOR, 1492.

From original painting by Vanderlyn.

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CHAPTER III.

THE SUBSEQUENT VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

THE royal court was at Barcelona. Columbus sent forward a letter, making known his arrival, and then proceeded thither. His journey was an ovation such as is rarely seen in the history of the world. When it was known that the *Nina* was actually in the harbor, the people thought of nothing else. All business stopped, the bells were rung, and men, women and children were wild with excitement. When Columbus landed, he was almost crushed by the shouting throngs, who could not do him enough honor. With him were six Indians whom he had brought from the newly-discovered country. He persuaded four others to go with him, but one died at sea and three were left ill at Palos. It was a remarkable coincidence that the *Pinta*, which had been separated from the *Nina* for many weeks, entered the river only a few hours behind it.

Reaching Seville, the admiral received a letter from the king and queen, overflowing with gratitude and delight, and asking him to come to the court without delay, to hasten plans for a second and much more extensive expedition. The fame of the great navigator had preceded him, and the scenes of triumph continued all the way to Barcelona, where his reception was the most magnificent that could be conceived. When he came in sight of Barcelona, many courtiers and hidalgos rode out to meet him, thousands flocking at their heels, to do homage to the greatest man of the time. The scene was remarkable, and this fine description of it is given by Washington Irving:

"First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish cavalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal manifestation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

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"To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by a noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

"At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens of unknown birds that he had brought and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

"The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished they sunk on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph; the anthem of *te deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up in the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, 'so that,' says the venerable Las Casas, 'it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.' Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world."

Nothing could be added to the completeness and splendor of the triumph of Columbus. All his honors and privileges were confirmed to him; the title of Don was conferred on him and his brothers; he rode at the king's bridle, and he was acknowledged as a grandee of Spain. The greatest honor was done on the 4th of May, 1493, when a new and splendid escutcheon was blazoned for him, on which the royal castle and lion of Castile and Leon were combined with the four anchors of his old coat of arms. Pope Alexander VI. granted bulls confirming to the crowns of Castile and Leon all the lands discovered, or to be discovered, beyond a specified line of demarcation, on similar terms to those by which the Portuguese held their colonies along the African coast.

The excitement caused by the discoveries of Columbus stirred the civilized world as it had never been stirred before. Had they possessed telegraph lines in those days, we can imagine how the news would have been flashed back and forth from city and

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country, until all the particulars were known; but, though the tidings traveled much more slowly than in these modern days, it produced a sensation fully as profound. Nations then as always, were jealous of each other, and those rulers and courts who had laughed at Columbus as a wild enthusiast, who would have been called a "crank" in these times, must have been humiliated to see what a vast and irreparable blunder they had made. The other nations hastened to send expeditions to hunt for new lands and to claim every thing on which they could set eyes or feet. I will soon tell you what was done by these expeditions, but, before doing so, you will wish to learn something more about Columbus.

The wise king and queen saw that it would not do to delay sending a second and larger expedition to complete the work of the first. If they lagged, other nations would hasten forward and pluck the fruit within their reach. The fleet was immense, compared with the first, including as it did three galleons and fourteen light frigates (called caravels), with about fifteen hundred men, besides the animals and material for colonization. Twelve missionaries went with them, burning with holy zeal to convert the natives. In fact, nothing seemed to be lacking to insure the most complete success of the expedition which weighed anchor on the 25th of September, 1493, for the New World.

On the 13th of the following month, the ships that had put in at the Canaries, left Ferro, and, on Sunday, November 3d, land was sighted to the westward. It was named Dominica. Galante and Guadaloupe were next discovered and named, and sailing toward La Navidad (where, as you remember, forty-three of their companions had been left), they saw Montserrat, Antigua, San Martin, and Santa Cruz. They made a hasty examination of the larger island of Porto Rico, and gave it the name of San Juan. On the 22d, Hispaniola was seen, and they made haste to La Navidad, where, it was to be supposed, their friends and former companions were anxiously awaiting their coming.

But Columbus was shocked to find the fort burned and the colonists all killed or scattered. They had acted so cruelly toward the natives, that they rose against the pale face strangers and destroyed the little settlement. Leaving that place, Columbus coasted forty miles to the east of Cape Haytien, where he erected a second fort and founded the settlement of Isabella.

As a navigator, discoverer, and lofty-minded Christian, Christopher Columbus stands without a peer in all history. The more we study his career, the more profound must be our impression of the grandeur of his intellect and the splendor of his achievements; but, when he entered upon his career as a planter of colonies, and a ruler of men, his failures, sufferings, and misfortunes were such as to arouse pity in every heart.

Columbus was not blamable for many of the disasters which overtook him. The men whom he brought with him to found colonies were the most ill fitted that could have been chosen. Instead of being industrious, frugal and patient, they were mutinous, quarrelsome, and clamorous for gold: like throngs of settlers who came after them, they expected to find the precious metal everywhere. Besides, the climate of Navidad

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proved to be unhealthy, and Columbus drew a sigh of relief, when, in obedience to the instructions of his sovereigns, he sailed westward in quest of new lands.

The mining camp of San Tomaso was founded in the gold country, and on the 24th of April, 1494, he nominated a council of regency under his brother Diego, and made Pedro de Margarite his captain-general. He next explored the southern coast of Cuba for a number of days, when, heading southward, he discovered the island of Jamaica, which he named Santiago. Returning to the exploration of the Cuban

COLUMBUS IN IRONS.

coast, he threaded his way among a labyrinth of islands believed to be the Morant Keys, and gave them the romantic name of the Garden of the Queen.

Coasting westward, Columbus became convinced that the land was continuous. Accordingly he had the royal notary draw up a paper asserting such to be the case and it was properly signed and witnessed. Taking a south-east course, he sighted the island of Evangelita. Anxious and troublous times followed; he wished to finish his survey of the Caribbean Archipelago, but the tremendous wear and tear of mind and body had brought him to death's door. The wonder is that he lived at all; for he declares that for more than thirty days, he scarcely closed his eyes in sleep. After leaving the island of La Mona, he sank into a lethargy which was well nigh fatal. Arriving at Isabella on the 29th of September, he remained ill for five months.

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The colony was in a wretched state. The climate, like that of Navidad, was unwholesome; many were sick, some had died, and there was nothing to eat. What wonder then that all were mutinous? Margarite, the captain-general, after making enemies of the natives, had left the island for Spain. Affairs were in such a plight that heroic measures were needed to undo the mischief. Under Bartholomew, the brave and wise brother of Columbus, order was soon re-established.

One of the most unfortunate acts of Columbus was that of the 24th of June, 1495, when he sent five ship-loads of Indians to Seville, to be sold as slaves. In addition, a heavy tribute was imposed on their fellows. It was a very strange way indeed in which to convert the natives to Christianity!

But the tide of court favor had already begun to turn against Columbus. His splendid triumphs and honors could not fail to arouse the envy of many persons. In October, 1495, Juan Aguado arrived at Isabella, with a commission from the king and queen to inquire into the administration of the admiral. Wrangling and discord followed, and he saw that no time was to be lost in returning home to explain matters. He reached Cadiz, June 11, 1496, greatly depressed in spirits and robed in the humble garb of a Franciscan. He was cheered, however, by the reception his sovereigns gave him, and made bold to ask for eight ships more, six to be placed under his orders for further discoveries, and two to take supplies to the colony. The royal treasury was almost empty just then, and his demand was held in abeyance for some time; but Queen Isabella, with the same enthusiasm that had moved her four years before, made a similar agreement to that of 1492. In addition, a tract of land in Hispaniola, fifty leagues by twenty, was ceded to Columbus; he was offered a dukedom or a marquisate at his pleasure; for three years he was to receive an eighth of the gross and a tenth of the net profits on each voyage; the right of creating a mayorazgo, or perpetual entail of titles and estates, was granted him, and his two sons were received into the service of Queen Isabella as pages.

The preparations for the third voyage of Columbus went on so slowly that it was not until May 30, 1498, that he and the six ships set sail. Reaching the Canaries, he sent three of his vessels to San Domingo, and, sailing to the Cape Verde Islands, left them again on the 4th of July. On the last day of that month he found himself in sore need of water, and, fearing that no land lay to the westward, he headed northward, when land was sighted about fifteen leagues to the south-west. It was seen to be crowned with three hill-tops and was named Trinidad by the admiral, which name it still bears. On Wednesday, August 1, 1498, Columbus for the first time saw the main land of South America. Never dreaming of the vast continent he had discovered, he believed he was looking on a small island to which he gave the name of Zeta. The next day, while cruising to the westward, he sighted the Gulf of Paria, into which he was borne on the terrific wall of waters, formed by the collision between the enormous volume of the emptying river and the powerful ocean current which sweeps past almost at right angles.

Day after day, Columbus coasted along the continent, believing that the different projections were islands, to all of which he gave names; but, after a time,

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when he observed the immense mass of fresh water poured into the ocean from the Orinoco, he believed that he had reached, at last, the continent of Asia, and that the Orinoco was one of the great rivers flowing from the Garden of Eden.

Eager as the admiral was to explore further, he was prevented by several causes. His ships had been wrenched until they leaked and were unseaworthy; he was suffering severely from gout and ophthalmia, and was anxious to inspect the colony at Isabella. Accordingly, he made his way thither without unnecessary delay.

Matters had gone wrong during his absence. Though the Island had been brought under Spanish sway, Roldan, a daring adventurer, had risen in revolt and had become so powerful that Columbus was obliged to treat with him before peace could be restored. He was given a position of authority, and fifteen of his followers who preferred to go back to Spain sailed in October, 1499, taking with them a large number of slaves.

It will be remembered that five ship-loads of natives had been sent thither, some time before. When they arrived, Queen Isabella was shocked and indignant. She declared that she had given Columbus no authority to dispose of her vassals in that fashion, and she ordered the instant release and return of the last party. At the same time, the colonists who had brought them over made such bitter complaints against Columbus and his brothers, that Ferdinand ordered Francisco de Bobadilla to proceed to Isabella, make full investigation and set every thing right. Bobadilla, who has been called an executioner rather than a judge, reached the colony in the month of October, 1500.

Meanwhile, Columbus had done every thing in his power for the good of the colony. With the help of Roldan, he beat off an attempt on the island by another adventurer, Ojeda, who had formerly served under him. Most of the Indians had been gathered in villages, where they were taught the truths of Christianity; gold mining was pushed forward with success, and all promised well when Bobadilla arrived and played sad havoc with affairs.

The first thing he did was to take possession of the house of Columbus and to summon him and his brothers before him. Then Bobadilla showered such dreadful charges on the head of the admiral that he was dumfounded and believed he was doomed to a shameful death. Instead of executing them, the governor put all three in irons and shipped them to Spain to answer to the king and queen.

What an amazing contrast! A few years before, when Columbus sailed homeward from his first voyage, he was honored above all men: now he was returning to the same country, sovereigns and people, fettered like a felon. He had striven to do his duty, but, as is too often the case, had given offense to those who had the power to visit their resentment on his head.

The captain of the caravel was so moved by the indignity put upon his illustrious passenger, that he wished to strike the irons from his limbs; but Columbus would not permit it. "I shall wear them," said he, "until the sovereigns by whose order they were affixed shall choose to remove them, and I will always keep them as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

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Fernando, the son of the admiral, says he saw the irons for years afterward, hanging in his father's cabinet. It was his request that they should be buried in his coffin with him, and it is believed this wish was carried out.

A sad and indignant letter from Columbus to the governess of the king's son, Don Juan, reached the court before the dispatch of Bobadilla. It was read to the queen, and its statements were confirmed by letters from other authorities. The result was that public feeling turned once more in favor of Columbus. He was given a large sum to defray his expenses, and, when he went to court, he was attired in rich costume, with no sign of the irons about him. He was received with the highest honor, and the queen was moved to tears by his story. The good woman had been the most faithful friend of Columbus, when he was in sore need of friends, and she showed her loyalty to him in a way that could not be mistaken. She and the king repudiated Bobadilla's proceedings, and refused to look into the charges he had brought against the prisoners. They promised Columbus compensation for what he had suffered, agreed to restore his property to him, and sent out a new governor to take the place of Bobadilla, who was to be impeached and sent home.

Columbus, as you will observe, had made three voyages, and he now prepared to enter upon his fourth and last. His years and infirmities were weighing heavily, but he was as eager as ever to prove his devotion to the sovereigns, and especially to the queen, by entering on new ventures. His purpose now was to find a strait through which he could sail to Portuguese Asia. He had no suspicion of the real grandeur of the discovery he had made.

May 9, 1502, Columbus weighed anchor from Cadiz, with four caravels and one hundred and fifty men. He first sailed to the relief of the Portuguese fort of Arzilla, which had been besieged by the Moors, but they had withdrawn, and he turned the prows of his little ships once more toward the New World. On the 13th of June, he discovered the island of Martinique, and, putting to sea again, found that his largest vessel was so badly in need of repairs that he must abandon her or put into Hispaniola without delay. This would have been a simple matter, had not Columbus been ordered by his sovereigns under no circumstances to touch at the island. It was a choice, however, between shipwreck and disobedience of orders, and he sent a boat ashore, asking for a new ship and permission to enter the harbor to weather a hurricane that was approaching. Both requests were denied, and, coasting the island, he cast anchor under lee of the land, where his splendid seamanship enabled him to ride out the tempest, which he foresaw, and warned others of its coming.

But his warning was unheeded, and great disaster followed. The richest fleet that had ever been sent out from Hispaniola started a short time before, for Spain. When the fearful storm cleared away, not a vestige of the fleet remained. Among the multitudes carried to the bottom of the sea, were Roldan, Bobadilla, and many other enemies of Columbus, whose son declared that it was the hand of God that punished the wicked men.

The admiral recruited his flotilla at Azua, and, July 14, 1502, sailed for Jamaica. For two months the caravels groped among the keys and shoals which he had named

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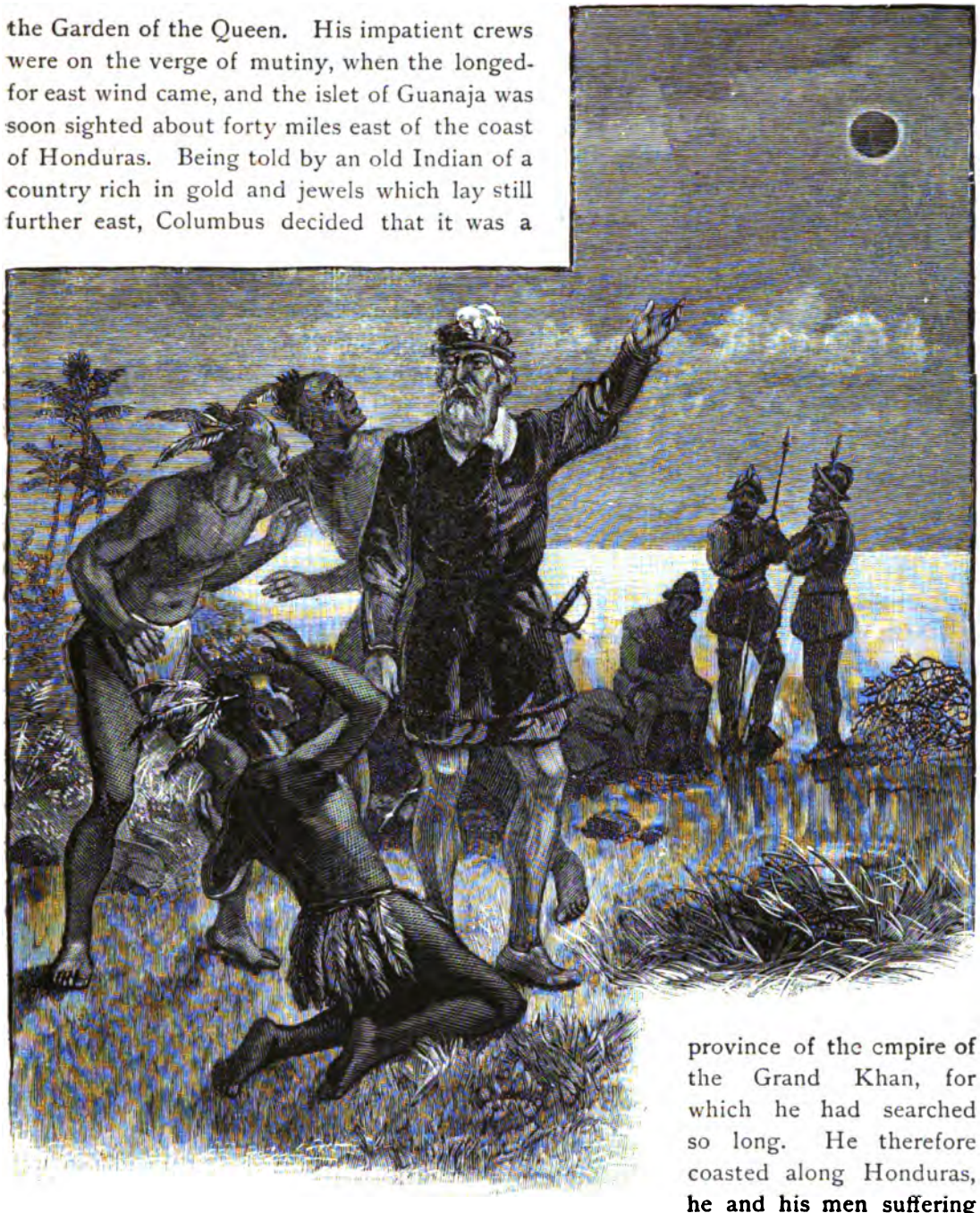
the Garden of the Queen. His impatient crews were on the verge of mutiny, when the longed-for east wind came, and the islet of Guanaja was soon sighted about forty miles east of the coast of Honduras. Being told by an old Indian of a country rich in gold and jewels which lay still further east, Columbus decided that it was a province of the empire of the Grand Khan, for which he had searched so long. He therefore coasted along Honduras, he and his men suffering much and failing, of course, to find the ideal that was forever flitting before him. On the 12th of September, Cape Gracias-a-Dios was sighted. The crews were so mutinous that they were ready to throw Columbus into the sea, but he kept them down until the 5th of December, when he tacked about and retraced his course.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

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Almost immediately the ships were caught in a fierce tempest which lasted a week, wrenched his worm-eaten ships and drove him into an embouchure which he named Bethlehem. He saw so much gold that he concluded it was the place to plant a colony. By the following spring, a number of huts were put up, and it was decided to leave eighty men, while the admiral went to Spain for supplies. Before he could leave the coast, however, the settlers became involved in hostilities with the Indians, and Columbus had to give up the enterprise and take the men home with him.

Sailing eastward, he left a caravel at Porto Bello, and on the last day of May he made for Cuba, where he procured supplies from the natives. Thence he bore up to Jamaica, and, in the harbor of Santa Gloria (since called St. Anne's Bay), while entering the inlet known as Don Christopher's Cove, he ran his ships aground.

The savages received the visitors with kindness, and Columbus and his men remained more than a year, awaiting the return of his lieutenant Diego Mendez, whom he had sent to Ovando for help. In such a delightful climate, and with the natives so well disposed, the stay of the Spaniards might have been pleasant in every respect; but it was far otherwise. How differently the history of our country would read, if the first settlers had followed the golden rule and treated the Indians justly!

The Spaniards were so harsh and unjust to the Indians that they refused to bring in the supplies on which it may be said the lives of the visitors depended. Columbus led them to do so by appealing to their superstition. He foretold an eclipse of the sun, which proved true, and they were so terrified that they hastened to do his will. In addition to these trials, Columbus suffered very much from the diseases that had rooted themselves in his system. At last, the relief vessels arrived, and he set sail for Spain, landing, after a tempestuous voyage, at San Lucar de Barrameda on November 7, 1504.

Disease was making rapid inroads on the brave old navigator, who had undergone such vicissitudes of fortune. He had overcome obstacles that would have crushed ordinary men; he had quelled mutinies and faced perils innumerable by land and sea; but he could not beat off the attacks which came with increasing years. When he reached Seville, he was too ill to go to court, and his son Diego was sent forward to attend to his interests. The feeble admiral was treated kindly and with great honor. In May, 1505, he was removed to the court at Segovia, and thence to Valladolid, growing steadily weaker in body all the time.

The last documentary note of Columbus is in a final codicil to his will, made at Valladolid, May 19, 1506. This he wrote and signed with his own hand. The next day he died. He was buried at Valladolid, but, some time later, his bones were removed to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville, where the remains of his son Diego were also subsequently laid. In 1536, the bodies of father and son were exhumed and taken across the ocean to San Domingo (Hispaniola), where they were buried in the cathedral. There they remained until 1795–1796, when, on the cession of the island to the French, the ashes were transferred to the cathedral of Havana, whence they were removed to Spain in 1898, at the close of the Spanish-American war. The male issue of Columbus ended with the third generation, and the estates and titles were transferred by marriage to a scion of the house of Bragança.

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CHAPTER IV

SPANISH EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA.

THE Spanish adventurers, who, after the death of Columbus, began flocking to the New World, gave their attention to the warmer portions, leaving to the other nations the privilege of exploring the northern and colder regions. Most of the Spaniards were in quest of gold, and they fought with one another as well as with the natives, in their efforts to find the precious metal.

At that time, Spain, England, France and Holland were the leading maritime nations of Europe. As I have already said, they were roused to action by the achievement of Columbus, and some of them made haste to send out expeditions of discovery. Whenever a vessel was the first to sight new land, the captain had the right to claim it for his king or ruler. It was just the same as if some one with full authority to do so, had said to those nations that rich islands and countries without number lay beyond the Atlantic, and whoever first found them should own them. One can imagine the scrambling to be first on the ground.

To understand the history of our country, we must learn what explorations were made by the nations I have named. Columbus, though an Italian, sailed, on all four of his voyages, under the flag of Spain, and that country, therefore, owned all the land he discovered. Let us see what explorations were made by the same country after the death of the great man.

Among the lawless adventurers who sailed from Spain was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was cruel and dissolute, and it is said that in order to escape his creditors in Hispaniola, he hid himself in a cask on board a ship bound for the Caribbean Sea. When well out on the ocean, the rogue crawled timidly forth, and begged so pitifully of the captain not to leave him on a barren island, as he had threatened to do, that he was spared. The vessel was afterward wrecked on the coast of Darien, where Balboa had been before, and he led the crew through many perils to an Indian village, thus saving them from starvation. This exploit gave the adventurer great influence with his companions, and he soon succeeded in placing himself at the head of the expedition. His chief employment was raiding through the surrounding country and visiting all sorts of outrages on the natives.

On one of these expeditions, Balboa was told by an Indian that six days' journey to the westward lay another vast sea, and beyond that was a country, where gold so abounded that the people ate and drank from dishes made of it.

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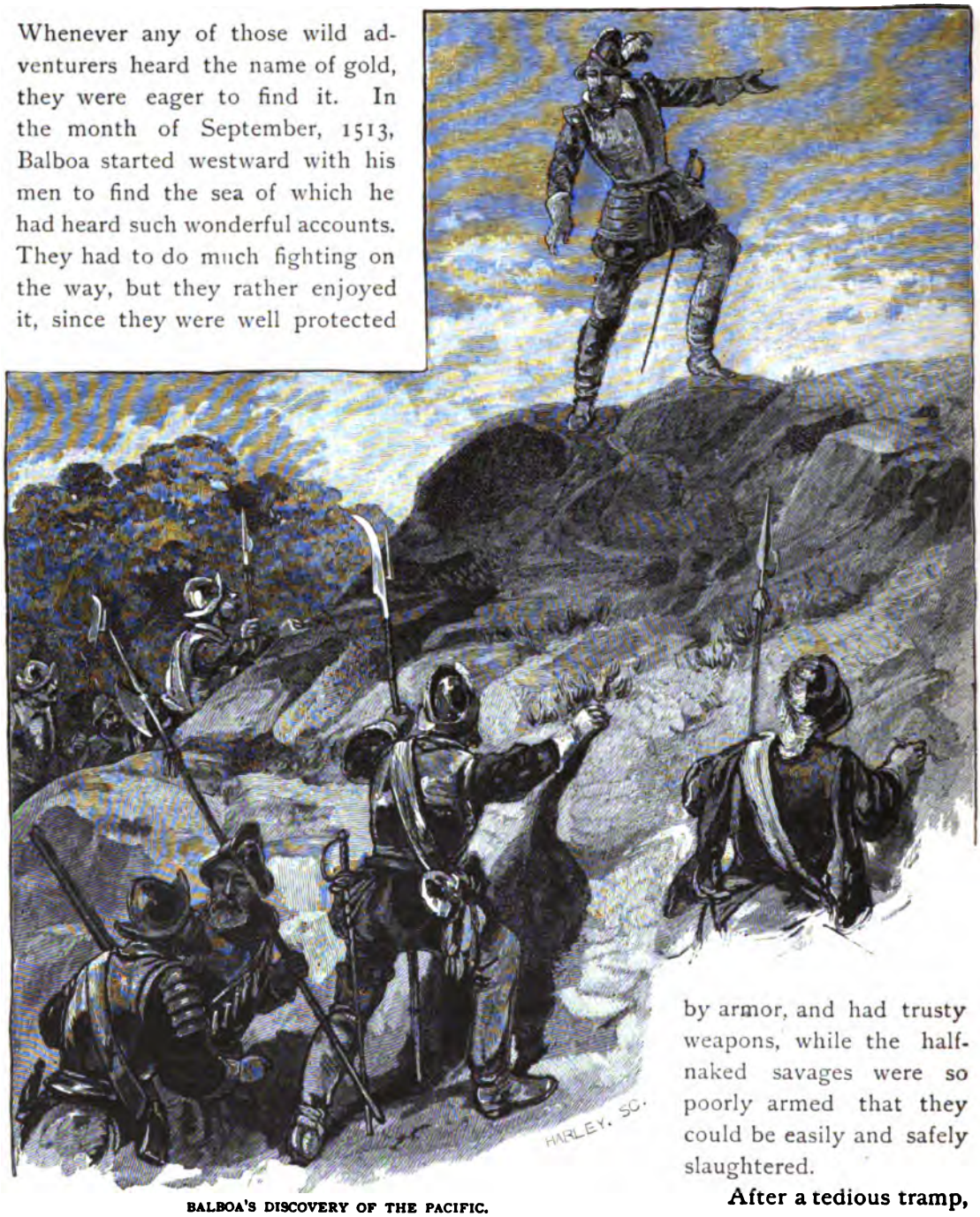
Whenever any of those wild adventurers heard the name of gold, they were eager to find it. In the month of September, 1513, Balboa started westward with his men to find the sea of which he had heard such wonderful accounts. They had to do much fighting on the way, but they rather enjoyed it, since they were well protected by armor, and had trusty weapons, while the half-naked savages were so poorly armed that they could be easily and safely slaughtered.



BALBOA'S DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

After a tedious tramp, the party reached the base of a high mountain, from the top of which, the Indian guides said, the new body of water could be seen. Balboa ordered his men to wait while he climbed the mountain alone. His tired companions watched the muscular figure, as it steadily ascended, until at last it stood erect on the top. They saw him gaze fixedly to the

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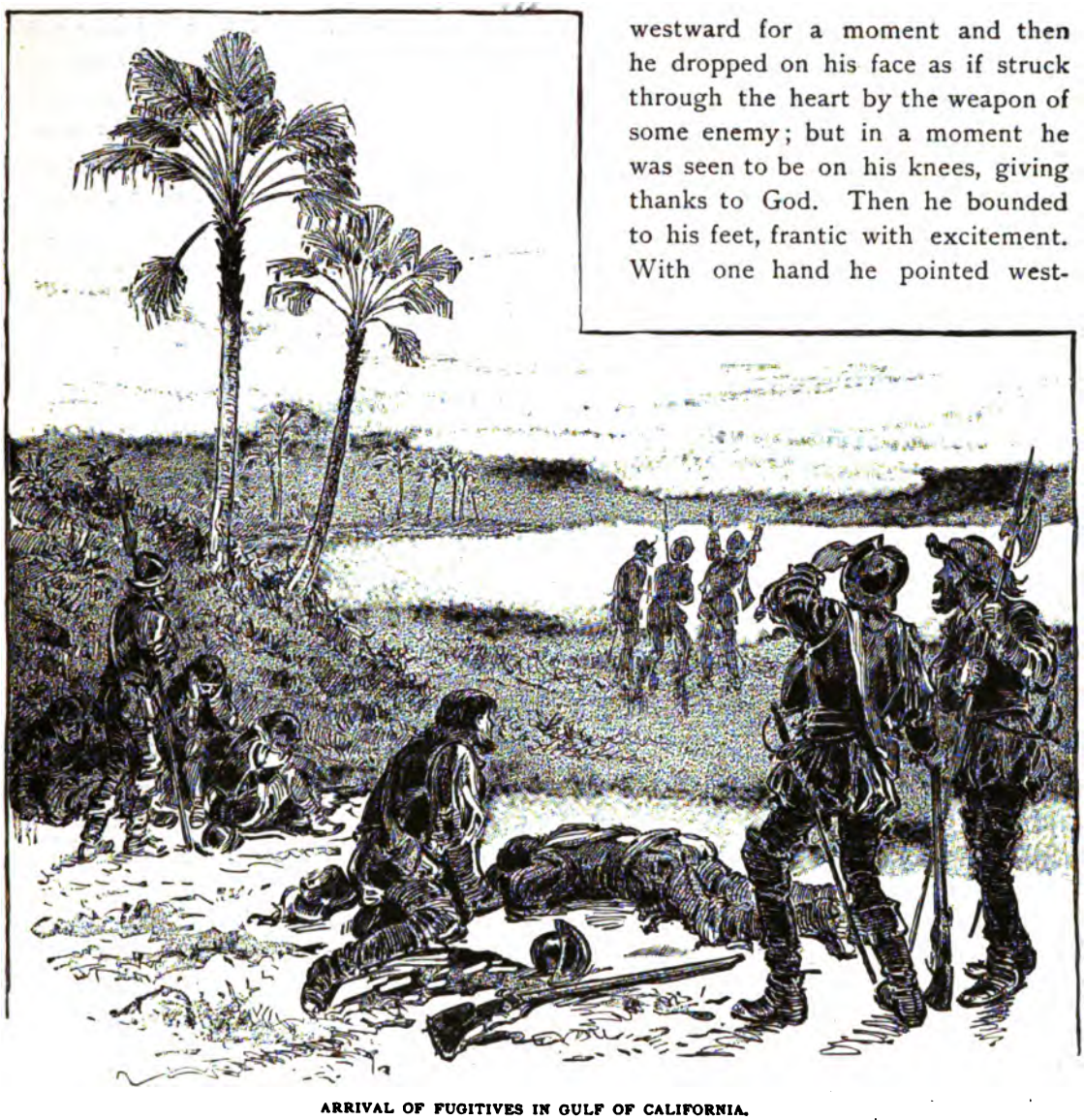

westward for a moment and then he dropped on his face as if struck through the heart by the weapon of some enemy; but in a moment he was seen to be on his knees, giving thanks to God. Then he bounded to his feet, frantic with excitement. With one hand he pointed west-

ARRIVAL OF FUGITIVES IN GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

ward and with the other furiously beckoned them to join him. They lost no time in doing so; and, standing by his side, looked in the direction he pointed. Away to the north, west and south shimmered the blue sea, bounded only by the horizon, its sparkling surface showing no sail or craft of any kind. They were gazing upon the Pacific Ocean, the mightiest division of water on the globe.

After all had thanked God again for His great mercy, Balboa ordered heaps of stone to be piled up as proof that he had taken possession of the country. The name of Ferdinand of Castile was carved on numerous trees, as the delighted adventurers made their way down the slope toward the Pacific. Then, as a grotesque ending of their acts of devotion, Balboa ordered his men to massacre such natives as they

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encountered, but gold was always able to buy the lives of those who fell into his power. He sent a dozen men forward to find the best route to the sea shore, and one of the little party was Pizarro, who afterward conquered Peru. When they reached the shore of the Pacific, two Indian canoes were seen stranded on the shingle. As soon as the tide was high enough to set them afloat, Alonzo Martin stepped into one and Blaze de Atienza into the other. They called to their companions to bear witness that they were the first Spaniards who embarked upon the South Sea. Balboa arrived some time later, with the rest of the company, and, wading out until the water touched his thighs, he solemnly declared that that ocean and all pertaining to it was the possession of the sovereigns of Castile and Leon, and he was ready to maintain the same against all comers.

The exploration and occupation of the western coast were steadily pushed forward for years, but the Spanish governor of Darien, becoming jealous of Balboa, brought him to trial five years later, and put him to death. The result of his discovery of the Pacific led to the conquests of Peru and Mexico, and the colonization of the western coast of our country. In the south-west are found to-day numerous evidences of the visits of the Spaniards more than three centuries and a half ago.

The Spaniards, however, did not confine their explorations and settlements to Central America, but forced their way further north along the Atlantic coast. Juan Ponce de Leon, when deprived of the governorship of Porto Rico, resolved to explore some of the lands of whose richness he had heard marvelous stories. The most amazing fable which reached him was that a fountain bubbled up somewhere in the depths of the forests, whose waters when drank would make an old person young again. It is hard to believe any sensible man would accept so absurd a story, and yet the gay old cavalier and his followers were sure it was true. They meant to find the spring and to drink long and deeply from it.

Ponce de Leon sailed from Porto Rico, with three ships, early in March, 1512, in quest of this fountain of youth. They spent weeks floating over the summer seas, wafted by soft winds, languid and dreaming of the miraculous pool of Siloam, from which the grizzly mariners were to return in the bloom and freshness of young manhood. Crossing the Bahama Channel, they landed near the point now called Fernandina. The land was fair to look upon; flowers were growing everywhere, and the cool groves were inviting and delightful. So enchanting, indeed, was the land that they named it *Florida*—the Land of Flowers.

For another month they sailed along the eastern and western coast, often going ashore and hunting for the miraculous fountain. It must have been a singular sight to see Ponce de Leon and his men, running here and there through the woods, tasting the waters of all the springs and streams they could find. It was highly disappointing, when one of them had filled himself almost to bursting with the crystal liquid, to wait in vain for the wonderful change in his system. Though they drank and drank again, the gray hairs, the wrinkles, the bent forms, the wasted energies and failing strength were still there. Youth comes to all but once, and when, with its lost opportunities, it departs, it is gone forever.

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Ponce de Leon received full credit for discovering the fair land, and he was made its Adelantado, or governor, on condition that he colonized it. You will note that he was the first governor within the present limits of the United States. This was in 1521, but, shortly after, in a fight with the Indians, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and, returning to Cuba, died there.

In 1518, Francis Garay, governor of Jamaica, landed on the shore of Florida, but was so fiercely assailed by the Indians, that he lost most of his men and was forced to fly for his life. He went back the next year and made a complete survey of the Gulf coast of our country. He formed an unfavorable opinion of the region, however, because he saw little of the gold he was so anxious to find. Other expeditions preceded and followed the one named, but nothing substantial was accomplished.

In February, 1525, Stephen Gomez, still hunting for a passage to Cathay, sailed along most of our Atlantic coast. He went as far north as New York, and probably entered the bay. He kidnapped a large number of Indians, and took them home as slaves. In 1528, Panfilo de Narvaez, with four ships and a brigantine, carrying four hundred men and nearly a hundred horses, landed near Tampa Bay, in Florida, and prepared to advance into the interior. Finding at a little Indian village some bodies of their dead preserved in a mummified condition, the officer in charge was foolish enough to order them burned. It exasperated the Indians, who were certain to seize the first chance to avenge themselves.

Narvaez started on his disastrous march into the interior, carrying a scant supply of provisions, and with only a small portion of his men mounted. It was not long before their food gave out, and none could be obtained. The country was wet and swampy, the air suffocatingly hot, the forests matted with vines and undergrowth, while the Indians of whom they had made enemies harassed them at every step. At the end of nearly two months, they came upon a miserable native village, whose inhabitants fled on their approach. They found enough corn to satisfy their craving hunger, and worn to the last stage of exhaustion, they laid off their galling armor and threw themselves on the ground to rest. An Indian who approached with friendly signs, was seized and made prisoner, the explorers seeming to be governed neither by humanity nor common sense. Hardly had they lain down, when an overwhelming body of savages attacked them with great fury, burning the wigwam into which they fled for refuge.

The Spaniards bravely resisted, and succeeded at last in driving off their assailants. They staid in the place several weeks, by which time they became convinced that there was no gold to be had, and they were famishing for food. Many had died and still more were prostrated by disease. There was but one thing to do: that was to withdraw over the path they had followed to the spot.

The return was trying beyond description. When at last they straggled to the sea coast, they looked like a horde of skeletons clothed in tatters. Finally they roused themselves, and from the fragments brought with them, fashioned enough nails and tools to construct several boats in which they embarked on the Gulf of Mexico. They suffered every conceivable hardship, buffeted about by waves, attacked by Indians when they essayed to land, famishing for food and

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dying from disease and exposure. The day came when only four out of the entire party were alive. They were held as slaves by the Indians for six years, but by assuming a great degree of wisdom, and pretending to effect some astonishing cures, they gained great influence over the tribes. They gradually worked their way across the present state of Texas, and through Sonora, until they joined their countrymen on the Gulf of California. There they were given good care, and soon afterward sailed for Spain, where one of their number published the history of their strange wanderings and misfortunes.

About this time, Hernando de Soto, who had been with Pizarro in Peru, reached Spain, burning with the desire to engage in new ventures, in which he could be a leader instead of a follower. He was not frightened by the stories of disaster which came from Florida, and asked for authority to take possession of the country with a commission to act as governor. His application awakened great enthusiasm, and he soon found he had ten times as many applicants as he could take. It was believed that untold riches awaited their coming. This belief was confirmed when one of the four survivors of the disastrous Narvaez expedition also asked that he might be made governor.

The expedition of De Soto was an imposing one, including nearly six hundred men, among whom were a number of priests and mechanics. All were well armed, so that they felt secure against any force their enemies might bring against them. They took with them several hundred horses, a large number of hogs and some trained bloodhounds. The fleet included nine vessels, and, in order to give De Soto every facility in the way of obtaining supplies, he was appointed governor of Cuba. The expedition landed at Tampa Bay, May 25, 1539.

Setting their faces toward the interior, De Soto followed nearly the same route taken by Narvaez. The ships were sent to Cuba with orders to obtain provisions and to await the return of the explorers. The experience of the latter was similar in many respects to that of Narvaez. They suffered for the want of food, and, when they reached the little Indian village, where he had turned back, the disheartened followers of De Soto begged him to do the same. But he refused and the winter was spent in that neighborhood.

Like their predecessors, these explorers were shockingly cruel to the natives, and like them they suffered like consequences. Where, had they first acted considerately, they might have had food for the asking, they were forced to fight for it; the gold they were seeking was, like the *ignis fatuus*, always a little further on and yet was never reached.

In October they arrived at a large village called Mavilla, from which the name of the city and river of Mobile is taken. It was so important a place that De Soto determined to capture it; but it was surrounded with palisades and the Indians were ready to fight in its defense. It was not long before one of the Spaniards provoked a quarrel. The natives flew to arms and five of the white men were killed. De Soto led the assault and the end was the slaughter of more than two thousand Indians by sword, fire and suffocation.

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Remaining a month at Mavilla, he marched further into the interior and passed the winter on the Yazoo River. There was no want of food, but the cold was severe and the savages assailed them whenever the chance offered. In the spring and summer they moved diagonally to the northwest corner of the present State of Mississippi. Thus it was that De Soto discovered the Father of Waters, in the year

BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

1541. This great river was crossed, but it is not known how far the expedition penetrated. They undoubtedly reached the site of Little Rock in Arkansas, and during their three years of wandering, two hundred and fifty men had been lost, besides the greater part of their property.

In the spring of 1542, De Soto set out with his survivors to reach the sea. Hardships, disappointments and despair at last crushed the explorer, and he lay down one day, knowing that he would never rise again. He called his men around him, begged their forgiveness for any wrong he had done them and bade them good-by. At their request, he named Louis Moscoso de Alvarado his successor, and, on the 21st of May, 1542, he died.

It was considered important to keep all knowledge of his death from the Indians,

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for De Soto had made them believe he was a son of the Sun and could not perish. If they should learn that he and his companions were mortal, they might fall upon and slay the survivors.

In the dead of night, therefore, the body was stealthily lifted from the new made grave, placed in a boat, and Moscoso and a few friends silently rowed out to the middle of the river. The blankets which wrapped the body were heavily weighted, and the cold form was gently lifted over the side of the boat. When it rested on the surface of the water, they let go, and it sank quickly out of sight. It was a fitting grave for the man who had discovered the Mississippi.

De Soto being dead and buried, his expedition went to pieces. His successor decided that it was folly to go further and the men agreed with him. They thought best to seek the Pacific coast, but after wandering about for months, enduring all manner of hardships, they returned to the Mississippi, satisfied that their only hope lay in sailing down that stream. On its banks, a short distance above the Arkansas, they spent a long time in building seven brigantines. They terrorized the Indians around them by such fiendish brutalities that the natives hastened to keep them supplied with food. At last, on the 2d of July, 1543, the expedition, diminished by more than one half, started on its voyage down the Mississippi. During the seventeen days which it lasted, it was a continual fight with the red men along the shores. The air at times was full of flying arrows, but the missiles effected little harm, while the guns of the Spaniards laid many of the aborigines low. Reaching the Gulf, they cruised along the coast of Louisiana and Texas, and finally the gaunt, starving survivors arrived at the Panuco, the colony of their countrymen, where they were given the care and attention so sorely needed.

Sixteen years later, Don Tristan de Luna, with a still larger fleet, left Vera Cruz, Mexico, for the conquest of Florida. With an army of over 1500 men, including many friars, burning with zeal for the conversion of the Indians, it sailed on the 14th of August, 1559. They had a pleasant voyage to Pensacola Bay, but there a violent storm destroyed his ships, and a detachment of soldiers was sent to explore the interior. The experience was so similar to that of the different expeditions which had preceded it, that the details need not be given. De Luna managed to build a couple of small ships which were sent to Vera Cruz for help. The help was sent and the wretched survivors were taken out of the inhospitable country.

We have now traced the history of Spanish exploration in North America down to 1561, at which time no permanent settlement had been planted on our shores. A half century had passed since Columbus made his discovery, but though no lasting colony had been planted on the Northern continent, it was not for want of effort.

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CHAPTER V.

FRENCH EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA.

TO-DAY, as you know, Spain is only a second-rate power, and yet when America was discovered, and for a long time afterward, it was the most important maritime nation on the globe. I have given you only a sketch of the numerous attempts she made to plant colonies at the North. Up to the date named, she had failed in every instance, and it was fortunate for our country that she did so. The Spaniards were not fitted to found the United States. They were cruel, avaricious, indolent, and the worst kind of people to become pioneers in a new country. While they made loud professions of their devotion to Christianity, their conduct was often worse than that of the savages around them.

Having shown the disastrous failures of that nation down to 1561, let us study the history of the attempts made by France, whose jealousy of Spain led her after a time to do all she could to checkmate her movements in the New World.

She was slow, however; showing little interest, indeed, in the momentous question until 1523, when an expedition was sent from Brittany to find that which did not exist —a shorter route to Cathay. The four ships with which the expedition originally started were reduced by disaster to one, which was commanded by Giovanni da Verrazano, who, curious to say, was, like Columbus, a native of Italy. He left the Madeiras in January, 1524, and in less than two months reached the American coast. He spent a long time cruising along the shores, and wrote a narrative of his voyage, but it is so vague that it can not be learned precisely what he did or where he went; it is even doubted by some historians that any such voyage was ever made.

If his narrative be true, they probably entered the outer bay of New York. There they saw the Indian canoes as they darted across the bay, and, when night closed in, the camp-fires of these people twinkled along the shores as brightly as shone the myriad stars in the skies above. Sailing eastward, they entered Narragansett Bay, where they spent a couple of weeks. Thence they continued northward along the coast of New England. One unpleasant fact was impressed upon them: the Indians were much more hostile than those with whom they had come in contact further south. Many historians believe that this was not the only voyage made to our country by Verrazano, but there is no positive account of others. To his narrative must be given the credit of first declaring the true theory of the size of the globe, in opposition to that maintained by Columbus and other famous navigators.

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Ten years passed before France gave any further attention to the New World. In April, 1534, Jacques Cartier, a skilled sailor, left St. Malo with two ships of only sixty tons each, with crews of sixty-one men. He steered so far north that in less than three weeks, he reached the coast of Newfoundland, then, still heading northward, he sailed through the Straits of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The western shores of Newfoundland looked so desolate that Cartier gave it as his belief that it was the land to which God had driven Cain. Entering the Bay of Chaleur, he concluded that the natives were the poorest in the world. However, he took possession

RED INDIAN WARRIORS.

of the land in the name of the King of France, and erected an immense cross with three *fleur-de-lys* and the words "Vive le Roi de France" carved at its top. Sailing thence for France, he arrived at St. Malo, having been absent less than five months.

The report made by Cartier was so favorably received that he was sent with another expedition in the following spring. He had three ships, the largest only one hundred and twenty tons, and they anchored in the mouth of the St. Lawrence on the 10th of August, 1535. His first belief was that he had only to follow up the river to reach Cathay, but the Indians told him that it narrowed as it ascended, and that the waters became fresh. That rendered his theory untenable. He, therefore, made his way leisurely up the stream, looking for a suitable place in which to pass the winter.

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The ascent of the St. Lawrence by Cartier was very interesting. He anchored off the site of the present city of Quebec. It was a safe place in which to spend the winter, but he had heard of another Indian town further up the stream, which he wished to visit. The French were received with joy by the Indians, who flocked along the shores, and when, early in October, they landed below the rapids of St. Mary, fully

THE ATTACK ON THE FORT.

a thousand warriors, squaws and children thronged the beach to welcome them. The sick were brought to the visitors to heal, and Cartier did all he could to justify the faith the simple-hearted people reposed in him.

The cold winters of Canada are well known. The one of which I am speaking was particularly severe, and a pestilence which appeared among the Indians spread to the Frenchmen and soon carried off twenty-four, besides reducing the survivors, so that only three were capable of moving about. Cartier was wise enough to suspect the

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Indians would be tempted to violence by their helpless condition. He ordered them to keep away from his ships and the fort, so as to escape infection, and, when they did approach, the poor sick fellows bestirred themselves and made all the noise they could, to impress the natives with their vigor and industry. From the red men, however, the French learned of a certain tree whose branches were a specific for the disease. The Indians taught the unfortunate visitors how to prepare and apply it, and when their directions were followed, it is said that every sick person was cured within a few days. This is supposed to be the Sarsaparilla.

Cartier was still suspicious of the Indians, but, as usual, the first act of treachery was by the professing Christians. When spring came and all were ready to sail, Cartier enticed some of the natives on board his ships, and, despite their prayers and struggles, bound and took them to France. Some years later, however, two of these captives were returned to their homes.

The next French attempt was in 1540, when Jean Francois de la Roche Seigneur de Roberval of Picardy, was commissioned to engage in further exploration. He was so slow in getting ready that in May, 1541, Cartier sailed with five vessels, leaving Roberval to follow, as he did the next year.

Nothing resulted from this attempt of Cartier to found a settlement. He began a new fort a short distance above the site of the old one, at the mouth of St. Croix, planted a few acres of land, and picked up some specimens of quartz which he hoped were diamonds. The Indians were resentful, because of his treacherous course when there several years before, and the following summer the whole party reëmbarked and sailed for home. In the harbor of St. John they met Roberval, who was on his way to join the colony. He was indignant and ordered Cartier to return at once to the St. Lawrence, but he quietly weighed anchor at night and slipped away in the darkness.

Roberval continued on his way and did all he could to found a settlement on the St. Lawrence. But it was a failure, and those who survived abandoned the place some time afterward. A good many years passed before any further attempt was made by the French to colonize Canada.

Having been baffled in her efforts to establish settlements in the northern part of the country, France now turned her attention to the southern portion. In 1562, Lord Admiral Coligny, leader of the Huguenots, who were then much persecuted, determined to renew the attempt to colonize the New World. He was not only eager to promote the glory of France, but hoped to find an asylum for his persecuted countrymen. In the month of February of that year, he sent two ships from Havre, under the command of Captain John Ribault, to explore the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence. Ribault was a man of experience, courage and good sense. He took with him trained sailors, a number of soldiers and a party of gentlemen as his companions.

They were delayed by contrary winds and bad weather, but they sighted Florida on the last day of April. They coasted along shore until they reached the mouth of a river, now known as the St. John, but which they named the River of May, for it was on the first day of May that they sailed up that lovely stream. The Indians received them in the most friendly manner, and gave all the help they could. The impress-

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ionable Frenchmen were delighted, and repeatedly returned thanks to heaven for having directed them to such a favored spot. They erected a stone column on which was cut the arms of France, as a token that they had taken possession of the country.

Ribault and his companions were charmed with the people, who seemed to need only just treatment to become the warmest of friends. But what pleased the visitors more than all else were the gold, silver, copper and pearls in the possession of the natives. The prospect of finding these was as tempting to men looking for an asylum from persecution, as it was to those who years before had tramped through the swamps and everglades and borne all manner of suffering for the single purpose of finding the precious metals.

Coasting leisurely northward, they gave French names to the various rivers which they discovered, until, on the 27th of the month, they dropped anchor in the fine harbor of Port Royal. Carefully inspecting the surrounding country, Ribault decided that it was the best place that had yet been discovered for the planting of a colony.

The leader made such an effective speech to his men that all wanted to stay in the beautiful country. He selected thirty, however, and left them behind under charge of Albert de la Pierria, urging them to obey him and to do all they could for the prosperity of the colony. They were enthusiastic and set to work at once to build a strong fort. It stood on an island in what is now known as Archer's Creek, about six miles from Beaufort, South Carolina. Then leaving all the ammunition and stores that could be spared, Ribault bade them good-by and sailed for France.

A little work remained to be done on the fort, but, that finished, all disposition to labor seemed to have oozed from the finger ends of the pioneers. Their heads were turned by the belief that vast quantities of gold were within reach, and therefore it was a loss of time to till the ground. They counted on Ribault's promise to send them supplies, and while waiting for them lived on the bounty of the Indians. They were too indolent even to take the fish from the streams, and but for the kindness of the savages, all must have soon died from starvation.

Idleness begets discontent, and often crime. Captain Albert became so angered over the mutinous conduct of his men that he hanged a drummer and banished a soldier to a small island, from which he was afterward taken, nearly dead with hunger. Instead of bringing the malcontents to terms, this made them ten fold worse. They turned upon their captain and murdered him, and chose Nicolas Barre in his place.

But all were home-sick. Their prayer was that the way might open for their return to France. Nothing was heard from Ribault and they decided on a desperate expedient. Although not one of their number understood ship building, they set to work to construct a small pinnace, with which to attempt a voyage of three thousand miles across the ocean. When finished, it was a crazy structure, unfit to use on an inland lake. The sails were made of old shirts and patches of sheets; the ropes were twists of grass, provided by the Indians, and the provisions were such corn as the natives allowed them to have. The pinnace leaked at every seam, and threatened to sink before they were out of sight of land. But nothing could turn them from their mad venture and they kept on.

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The home-sick colonists were at sea only a few days, when the wind failed, and during three weeks they sailed less than a hundred miles. Their provisions were so low that all were put on an allowance of a few kernels of corn a day. Even then the supply soon gave out. A number died of hunger, and the only water to drink was the salt sea around them, which brought on, first, delirium, and then death.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

The fearful crisis came when they drew lots to decide who should die for the rest. The soldier upon whom the lot fell was slain and eaten by his comrades, but, before a second victim was needed, they were discovered by an English vessel which took the weakest to France, but carried the others as prisoners to England.

When Ribault reached France, civil war was raging, and it was out of his power to return to the relief of the colonists. After a time, however, Coligny was able to send

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three ships, in April, 1564, to repeat the attempt at colonization. It is not certain whether they sailed before or after the arrival of the survivors of the first expedition in France. The second enterprise was under charge of Captain René de Laudonnière, who accompanied the first.

The fleet arrived in June, and a great crowd of Indians gave them welcome. Their

MARTIN FROBISHER.

chief showed them the pillar which Ribault had erected, and which they had crowned with flowers. A son of the chief presented to Laudonnière a wedge of silver which he said was taken from a tribe, several days' march in the interior, who were the mortal enemies of his own people. They urged the French to make a raid upon their foes, assuring them they would obtain all the silver they could carry. This doubtless was a cunning device of the savages to involve the white men in trouble.

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Laudonnière picked out a spot now called St. John's Bluff, on the River of May, where he set to work to build a fort. The Indians gave them help, and it did not take long to finish it. There was only one obstacle in the way of the prosperity of the colony, and that was a fatal one. Like so many of their predecessors, they were filled with the belief that somewhere near them gold and silver were as plentiful as the stones on the ground, and that all they had to do was to locate the favored region. The experience of those who had been ruined by the silly notion should have warned them, but it did not. They believed the stories that the warriors of a tribe in the interior were loaded down with ornaments made of the sparkling metals, and, as is often the case, the Frenchmen credited every absurd fable they heard.

Need I tell you what followed? The men became hungry, mutinous and desperate. Instead of blaming themselves, they accused Laudonnière of lack of energy, and laid a plan to put him out of the way. They fixed on several schemes, but they were found out and the conspirators punished, a number being sent back to France.

Disappointed in this respect, a party stole two of the small vessels and sailed for the West Indies on a piratical expedition. Determined to punish the criminals, Laudonnière caused two larger vessels to be made ready, but, as soon as they were finished, they also were seized. Not only that, but they compelled Laudonnière to sign a commission, authorizing them to cruise among the Spanish colonies.

Thus the colony, which had started out with such fair prospects, had now resolved itself mainly into buccaneers, whose four vessels were playing sad havoc with the churches, treasure-ships and property of the Spaniards. They plundered right and left, and appeared to be on the high road to fortune, when they fell to quarreling among themselves over the division of their booty. The Spaniards captured three of their vessels, while the pilot of the fourth (who had been forced by the pirates into service), shrewdly steered it back to the colony before the buccaneers suspected his design. Laudonnière quickly made them all prisoners, and did not hesitate to hang every one of the ringleaders.

Reckless of the morrow as little children, the settlers made no provision against scarcity of food. The Indians, on whom they depended for their immediate supplies, were scarcely better off, and refused to part with what little they had, for the trinkets and gewgaws offered in exchange. It soon became clear that unless help arrived from France the colonists were likely to perish. Sad and despairing, they wearily climbed the hill and spent many an hour in gazing out on the ocean in quest of the ships of their friends. But the heaving Atlantic stretched far to the north, east and south, until sea and sky touched, but nowhere was there a sign of a vessel. Sometimes the white fleck of the waves on the horizon was taken for the sail of the longed-for ship, but, a few minutes later, the illusion would be gone, and, as darkness crept over land and sea, the watchers plodded slowly down the hill, weakly hoping that on the morrow the vessels would come. They hated the new country, and yearned with a depth of longing which became torture, to go back to their own France, far across the Atlantic.

Despairing of the coming of their friends, they set to work to build a new ship;

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but as that would require several months, they resorted to an act of baseness to get food to keep them from starvation. Laudonnière opposed the scheme, but was obliged to yield. One of the native chiefs was seized and his followers told that, unless corn was immediately forthcoming, he would be put to death. The Indians were shocked, and showed great anxiety to ransom their beloved sachem. They persuaded the Frenchmen to meet them at some distance from the fort, to arrange the ransom, but the cunning savages had prepared an ambuscade and fell upon the French with such fury that two were killed and more than twenty wounded. The whites fought bravely, but those who escaped carried with them only two bags of corn.

The vessel was nearly finished, but before starting, every one was thrilled by the sight of an approaching fleet. As it drew nigh, the pleasure of the spectators was somewhat dampened by the discovery that the ships carried the English flag. It was, in fact, the fleet of Sir John Hawkins, who was returning from the Guinea coast, whither he had gone in quest of slaves.

Seeing the sore straits of the settlers, he offered to take them all to France. Laudonnière declined, but, to satisfy his men, he bought one of the small vessels, and every thing was made ready for departure. While awaiting a fair wind, they discovered another fleet approaching, this time bearing the flag of their own country. There were seven ships, and best of all, they were found to be under the command of Ribault himself.

We may be sure that gladness reigned. Cannon were fired, shouts rent the air, and the men danced with joy. The settlers forgot their home-sickness in their delight at the arrival of their old friends, from whom they had been parted so long. Ribault brought bad news, however, to Laudonnière himself. He told him that the malcontents, whom he sent home the year before, made such bitter complaints against his administration that Admiral Coligny had sent out Ribault to take his place, with orders that Laudonnière should return and stand trial.

This was most unjust to Laudonnière, who had done every thing in his power for the prosperity of the colony. True, he had failed in some respects, but any leader would have done so, with such a beggarly gang as he had under him. He felt most keenly the wrong done him. His sorrow indeed was such that it roused the sympathy of Ribault and his companions, who assured him that the charges could not be sustained. Ribault urged him to stay where he was, offering to leave him in possession of the fort, while he built another for himself. But Laudonnière shook his head: he could never rest until his honor was cleared of the stain put upon it. He declared he would go home without delay and meet his accusers face to face.

Some nights later, another fleet entered the mouth of the river. The bulky ships moved noiselessly through the water until the astonished French discovered and hailed them. The reply was startling. The French were told the fleet was from Spain, and under the command of Pedro Menendez. He had been sent out by his king under orders to burn and destroy the Lutheran French, wherever they were found in his dominions. As the settlers were intruders on his king's domain, Menendez proposed to begin with them.

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It so happened at that time that three of Ribault's ships were up the river, and the remaining four were no match for the Spaniards, who meant to open the attack in the morning. The French ships quietly slipped their cables and put to sea, with the Spaniards in chase. Fortunately the former sailed so fast that their enemies soon gave up the pursuit, and, the French vessels, turning about, watched the Spaniards as they entered the River of Dolphins, several leagues southward, and landed men, provisions and arms.

When Ribault learned what had been done, he proposed that they should attack their enemies before they had time to fortify themselves on shore. Laudonnière thought there was too great risk involved, as it was a season when violent storms were liable to defeat such an expedition by disabling the ships, while a prolonged absence of soldiers from the fort would invite attack. Ribault, however, insisted on his plan, and, leaving the sick, the women and children and a few soldiers at the fort, he set out to assail the Spaniards.

The very catastrophe dreaded by Laudonnière followed. The French vessels were scattered by a fierce tempest, just as they were ready to attack the Spaniards, at the mouth of the River of Dolphins. The fanatical Menendez and his followers believed this was a direct interposition of Heaven in their behalf, and they turned it to the best account. They hurriedly prepared to march overland to the almost defenseless fort on the River of May. It looked like a most dangerous risk, as indeed it was, but the bigoted leader was confident of success, and advanced through the forest under the guidance of two Indians.

The march was frightful. The rain poured in torrents, the swamps were flooded and the weather was cold. With chattering teeth and shivering frames, the Spaniards struggled forward, often in muddy water reaching to their arm pits, swimming, floundering and panting, as best they could. Their progress was slow, and, when night closed about them, they were in the most cheerless part of the solitude, without a glimmer of light in front or rear. They had no means of securing comfort, and the hours spent in waiting for daylight were wretched beyond description. The wonder is that all did not perish, but their blood was inflamed by the fire or fanatical hatred, and, at the first faint appearance of dawn, they resumed their march.

The rain fell without ceasing, and the cold was of an intensity rarely seen in that latitude; but, impelled by their fiery bigotry, they showed wonderful energy and endurance. When darkness again closed around them, they had not advanced far, but they were at the end of their labored tramp. Through the gloom, they caught the dim outlines of the fort, which was the object of the expedition. They came to a halt, and, like prowling Indians, kept in the shadow, so as to prevent discovery by the sentinels.

It was still raining and the weather chilled them through. The little garrison had no thought of danger, and all had gone inside except one. He stood at his post, wrapped about with his heavy cloak, his gun partly covered and the water dripping in a score of streams from his clothing, while he doubtless bewailed the necessity that kept him out of doors at such a dismal time.

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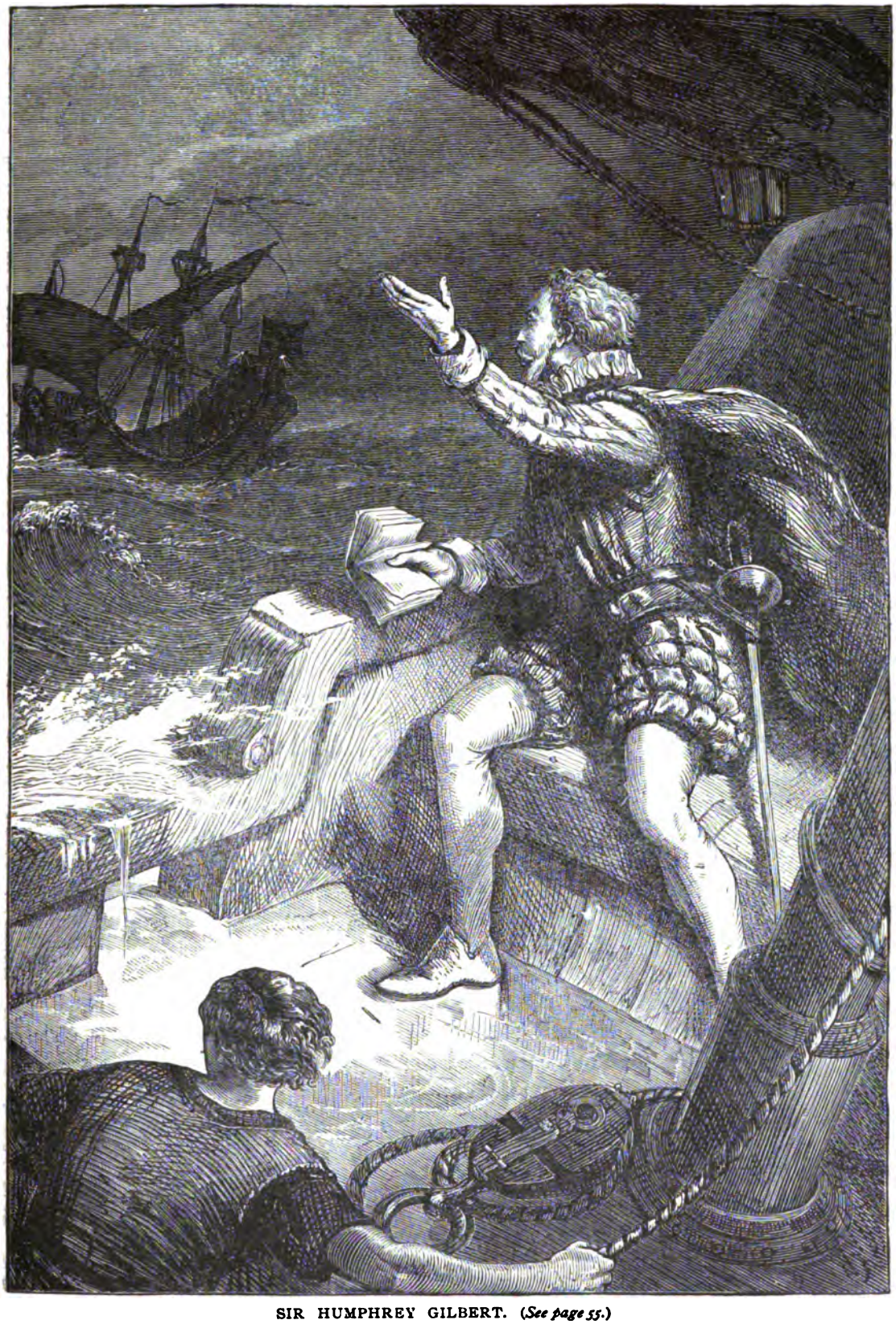

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT. (*See page 55.*)

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For hours the Spaniards waited in the gloom and rain and soughing wind. Then several dark figures sprang forward, and before the sentinel could give the alarm, he was seized and put to death. It was just growing light in the east, and with shouts of victory the Spaniards dashed through the breaches in the palisades. The French were completely surprised, and ere they could make any kind of defense, were overwhelmed. The Spaniards slashed right and left, so that it was simply a massacre without any thing in the nature of a fight.

The Spanish accounts of this massacre say that the women and younger children were spared, but the reports of the French deny that mercy was shown to any one. Those who were thus slaughtered in the name of religion are said to have been one hundred and forty-two. Most of those who fled were captured and hanged at once upon the trees of the forest, with this inscription nailed, by the orders of Menendez, over their heads—"I do this, not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Among them was Laudonnière, whose escape was remarkable. He floundered through the swamps until he reached a spot where there seemed a chance of eluding his foes. He was in the water almost to his neck and the undergrowth was so dense about his head and shoulders that a person would have had to pass very near to see him. Another fugitive was at hand, and kept him company through the dismal night spent in the morass. They and others reached the two vessels which Ribault had left behind him, and, without waiting to hear from the expedition to the River of Dolphins, sailed for France.

Not long after, Menendez learned from the Indians that the Frenchmen who had set out to attack him at the mouth of the River of Dolphins were shipwrecked on Anastasia Island, a short distance to the south. Marching thither, with fifty soldiers, he found a party three times as numerous as his own. He cunningly concealed his strength and made himself known to the unfortunates. They appealed to him for protection, but he replied that it was his duty to extirpate all heretics and he could treat them only as enemies. They offered him a large sum of money, and begged so piteously that he finally said that they might surrender and he would act toward them as Heaven should direct him.

Accordingly, they surrendered and gave up their arms. A few who professed to be Catholics and several that were calkers and carpenters were placed aside, but all the rest, with their hands tied behind their backs, were put to death. It was only the next day when Ribault himself, with the rest of his men, reached the spot. They numbered three hundred and fifty—enough to exterminate the wretches who had just murdered their countrymen. But, as before, Menendez convinced Ribault that his force was so powerful that he had no hope of escape. Thereupon Ribault entered into negotiations, which ended in the refusal of two hundred to surrender; they marched southward, while the rest, with Ribault, gave themselves up conditionally.

The cunning but merciless Menendez did as before. Under the plea that it was a necessary precaution, he bound those who had surrendered. Then the fifers, trumpeters and drummers were taken aside, including two youths, and the rest were butchered like so many wild cattle.

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Among the massacred French was Ribault, whose body was subjected to indignities after death. His handsome, flowing beard was cut off and sent to Spain as a trophy, and his head was divided into quarters and the parts stuck on lances at the corners of the fort at the River of Dolphins. The brutal Menendez gloried in the crime, which he professed to have done for the glory of God and his king.

Not all the French settlers were dead. Two hundred of them were stranded at a point lower down the coast, where they had intrenched themselves and were building a ship with which to go back to France. Menendez lost no time in marching thither and attacking the heretics, most of whom surrendered. The captain, however, with a score or more took to the woods, declaring they would rather run the risk of savage tomahawks than trust the pledge of a Spaniard. Menendez, instead of slaying his prisoners, turned them over to the king for his disposition, and he sent them to the galleys.

It seems incredible that France should have allowed this outrage to pass unpunished, but such was the fact. One of her subjects, however, a brave and skillful soldier named Dominique de Gourgues, was so incensed that he took it upon himself to avenge the crime. With the assistance of some friends, who were stirred as deeply as he, an expedition was fitted out, a body of men landed some distance north of Fort Caroline and marched secretly against it. Gourgues had enlisted the Indians, who detested the Spaniards as much as he did, and they fell upon the fort with irresistible fury. When they were through their fearful work few Spaniards were left. Upon the same trees where Menendez, three years before, had hanged the unhappy Frenchmen, Gourgues now hanged his Spanish prisoners, with this inscription over their heads:— "I do not this as unto Spaniards, nor as unto Maranes [Moors]; but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers."

Previous to this, Menendez, believing his work of extirpating the heretics was finished, returned to the mouth of the River of Dolphins. He took formal possession of the country in the name of his king and a settlement was begun. It was in 1565, and the town was named St. Augustine. It was the first permanent European settlement planted within the present limits of the United States.

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CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA.

THE young reader may be wondering why the name America was given to our country. The world agrees that Columbus was the navigator who discov-

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

From the original in the possession of Sir T. F. Eliott Drake.

ered it, and, therefore, it should have been named for him. But chance decided otherwise. A man named Amerigo Vespucci, a skillful seaman, was an old friend of Columbus, and, no doubt, the two often talked about the shape of the earth, the likelihood of reaching India by sailing westward, and it is probable that Vespucci, who

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was also an Italian, held the same belief as Columbus. In May, 1499, Alonzo de Ojeda sailed on a voyage of discovery, and to this Vespucci was given the command of one or two of the ships. They touched the coast some two hundred leagues south of the Gulf of Paria and thence continued coasting as far as the Cape de la Veda. They thus saw the continent of America.

Two years later, that is 1501, Vespucci made a second voyage in the service of

CAPTAIN SMITH. (*From the portrait in his "Virginia."*)

the king of Portugal. He visited the coast of Brazil, several other expeditions, however, having preceded him thither. The work done by Vespucci was important, and, when he reached Lisbon, he wrote an account which was published at Augsburg in 1504. Such a work could not fail to attract wide attention. It was printed in Latin and Italian, and aroused a good deal of admiration for Vespucci. This and other letters claimed that Vespucci had made a voyage to the continent in 1497,

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which, however, can not be true. But a writer of that day, who probably knew little or nothing about Columbus, proposed that the continent should be called America, from Vespucci's first name, Amerigo. And, as nobody objected, and no other name was proposed, America became the name.

There was a third navigator, however, to whom must be given the honor of first sighting the continent of America. It is admitted that John Cabot, accompanied by his son Sebastian, sailed from Bristol, England, in 1497, and saw America in June of that year. The precise point can not be definitely known, but it is believed to have been the coast of Labrador. This you will note was about a year before Columbus entered the Gulf of Paria.

England, though less powerful than Spain, three centuries ago, was a sturdy and enterprising nation. She understood the momentous importance of the discovery made by Columbus, and none knew better than she that it would never do for her to stand idle, while the other nations were dividing the New World among them.

In May, 1498, Sebastian Cabot commanded an expedition which reached the northern part of America. He coasted along New England, New York, and as far as Cape Hatteras, when, finding his provisions running short, he sailed for England. He had searched diligently for the short route to India, but of course failed like all the rest.

For a number of years, the interest of England in the New World seemed to decline. Henry VIII. was urged to send out expeditions and one was dispatched in 1527; a similar one followed in 1536. The crews suffered a great deal, many died and nothing substantial was accomplished.

In May, 1553, three ships left London, under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby. But they sailed eastward instead of westward, for, it must be remembered, these navigators were still only intent upon finding a short passage to India.

The fate of the expedition was tragic. Two years after, some Russian fishermen in a Lapland harbor found a couple of ships drifting helplessly in the ice. Going aboard, they saw in the cabin of one, the body of Sir Hugh Willoughby, seated at the table, with his journal open and his pen grasped in his rigid fingers. He had been frozen stiff for months. Scattered around the two vessels, were the forms of all the men—every one dead from the intense cold. An attempt was made to take the two vessels back to England with their crews, but both foundered at sea.

The third ship reached Archangel and the captain and crew made their way overland to Moscow. This was the means of opening a new channel of trade, and, for a time, there was less talk of a north-west passage. But in 1570, Sir Humphrey Gilbert published so ingenious and able an essay in favor of the existence of such a route, that it caused a profound sensation throughout Europe. It was studied by Martin Frobisher, and in June, 1576, he sailed with three small vessels in search of this westward passage. He made three voyages. He entered the strait named after him, believing it to be a passage to Suez, while Cumberland Island he thought was a part of the mainland of Asia. But these expeditions were of little value, for the regions Frobisher discovered are ill fitted for the home of man, nor did he find a Northwest Passage.

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During the period between and including 1585 and 1587, the Arctic seas were visited by John Davis, who forced his way through Baffin Bay as far north as the seventy-third parallel. He gave a good description of those desolate regions, where so many daring voyageurs have since perished in the vain attempt to reach the North Pole. He was convinced that the bad weather alone prevented him from forcing his way to India. Davis Strait was named after this navigator.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of whom mention has been made, was a half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a man of great learning, courage and loftiness of purpose. He was a skilled soldier, and belonged to one of the most famous families in England. His project of planting a colony in the New World was looked upon with such favor by the queen and others, that he found little difficulty in fitting out an expedition. Sir Walter Raleigh gave great assistance and advanced a large part of the funds required. The fleet consisted of the *Raleigh*, two hundred tons burden, the *Golden Hind* and *Swallow*, each of forty tons, the *Delight*, one hundred and twenty tons, and the *Squirrel* of only ten tons burden. It sailed in June, 1583. They had been only a few days out, when, from some unknown cause, the *Raleigh* deserted them, and went back to port.

The company numbered about two hundred and sixty men, including a number of mechanics; but a large portion were rough and lawless, and were certain to cause trouble. The four vessels met as agreed upon, at St. John, Newfoundland, where a stay was made, before sailing southward. The stop was a misfortune; a number died, others fell ill, many deserted and most of the rest became mutinous. A plot was formed to seize the ships, but it was defeated. The mutineers then stole a fishing vessel and put to sea. Gilbert was compelled to send the *Swallow* home with the sick and most of the insubordinate members of his crews. While struggling in tempestuous weather, on the way to Cape Breton and Sable Island, the *Delight*, the largest ship, struck and went to pieces. Only fifteen of the crew escaped in the long-boat to Newfoundland.

The weather continued so bad and cold, that Sir Humphrey decided to return to England. Although most of his brother-officers and men were discouraged, he was in high spirits, for he was sure he had found indications that silver was abundant in that region, and he meant to return in the following spring and secure it. He set sail in the *Squirrel*, which, you will remember, was the smallest of the fleet.

The worst kind of weather was encountered on their return. The mountainous seas placed all in serious danger and the little *Squirrel* especially was in great peril. She came near foundering, but, when approached by the *Golden Hind*, Sir Humphrey was seen sitting in the stern of the boat, calmly reading a book. He was hailed and answered pleasantly that they were as near heaven by sea as by land. During the darkness which followed, those on the *Golden Hind* anxiously watched for the lights of the *Squirrel*. Often they were hidden from sight by the prodigious waves, but they soon twinkled to view again, and there was strong hope that the little craft would ride out the storm. At midnight, they vanished and did not re-appear. When morning came, no trace of the *Squirrel* was to be found.

Sir Walter Raleigh was afflicted by the loss of his noble brother, and he determined to do his utmost to carry out his scheme of colonization. He secured from Queen Eliz-

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abeth a new patent with enlarged powers, and, in April, 1584, sent out two well-manned ships to find the best place for a colony. They reached North Carolina, and, after coasting along the shore for several days, dropped anchor in Pamlico Sound. They

CAPTAIN SMITH TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS. (*From Smith's "Virginia."*)

probably landed on Chickconocomack Bank, often called Cape Hatteras or Hatteras Bank, by those now living in that region.

The Indians soon came out in their canoes to visit the ships and showed a friendly disposition. The Englishmen were kind and gave them so many presents, that the simple hearted natives could not do enough to prove their friendship. Their conduct was

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another evidence that if the early settlers of our country had acted justly toward the Indians, great suffering, shame and death would have been avoided.

The expedition returned to England in the autumn of the year, and gave such a glowing account of their experience, that Raleigh was knighted for the part he had taken, and allowed to name the new country Virginia, in honor of the virgin Queen Elizabeth, with whom he was a great favorite.

In the spring of 1585, a larger and better equipped expedition was sent from England. It was under the command of the gallant Sir Richard Grenville, a relative of Raleigh, who was mortally wounded five years after during a long and desperate fight in his single ship against fifteen Spanish galleons, off the Azore Islands. The fleet was indeed notable for the number of distinguished men who accompanied it. Among them was Thomas Hariot, the mathematician and astronomer, who, it is claimed by many, was the inventor of the system of algebraic notation, the first observer of spots on the sun, and also of the satellites of Jupiter. John White was an artist and his sketches were valuable. Ralph Lane, the governor, was a fine soldier who was afterward knighted; young Sir Thomas Cavendish, a year later, made his celebrated voyage round the world, and added greatly to the store of geographical knowledge. Altogether, there were a hundred men who were a unit in their hatred of Spain and the Spaniards.

POWHATAN IN STATE. (*From Smith's "Virginia."*)

On their way to the Canaries and the West Indies, the fleet despoiled the Spanish vessels, whenever the chance offered. In July, 1585, they sighted the American coast, south of Cape Fear, and three days later, landed at Wocokon. Grenville, with his principal men, started on an excursion into the interior. They first crossed Pamlico Sound and visited several Indian villages and the sheet of water now known as Mattamuskeet Lake. In one of the small native towns, a silver cup was missed by the Englishmen. Unable to find the thief, they were unjust enough to burn the town and destroy their

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cornfields. This was most ill advised in every respect, for it quenched the friendship of the Indians, who henceforth looked upon the white men with suspicion and hatred. When Grenville went back to England, and Lane acted as governor, he continued to treat the natives with severity, and it was not long before the latter threw aside all pretense of friendship.

Matters went from bad to worse; when Governor Lane ascended the Roanoke River, in quest of the mines of copper, which he heard were there (though probably they were gold, which is still found in that part of the country), he was compelled continually to fight the Indians, while his provisions were so scant that all were reduced to the starvation point. He did not go far enough to find the mines, and came back in a gloomy frame of mind.

At this juncture, Sir Francis Drake appeared off the coast with a fleet of twenty-three vessels. Observing their sad plight, he offered to carry them back to England, and they eagerly accepted his kindness. They took with them some tobacco, which, it is said, was thus introduced into England.

In 1587, Raleigh sent out another colony of one hundred and fifty men and women. The trouble with them, however, was that they wrangled from the day they came together. Governor White and the admiral disliked each other, and scarcely agreed upon any thing. The former intended to sail up Chesapeake Bay, as he had been ordered to do by Raleigh, but the admiral refused to take them from Roanoke Island, and the fleet remained there more than a month. During this period, Mr. Home, one of White's assistants, was shot to death by Indians, while hunting for shell-fish on the beach. It is worthy of mention that before they sailed, the daughter of the governor, the wife of Ananias Dare, gave birth to a daughter, who was named Virginia. She was the first child of English parentage born within the present territory of the United States.

Governor White sailed with the fleet for England to ask for further help. When he reached his country, there was great commotion from fear of a threatened Spanish invasion, and it was three years before he again set foot on Virginia soil. In the month of August, 1590, three small ships anchored in Hatorask Harbor, and Governor White was delighted to observe a heavy column of smoke rising above Roanoke Island. Confident that it came from the fires of the colonists, guns were fired the next morning to let them know of the arrival of their countrymen.

Before the boats which put off reached the island, the smoke was seen in another direction, and they rowed toward it. It took most of the day to reach the spot, and, when they did so, they found they had been deceived: there was no smoke or camp-fire.

The next day, the boats were sent ashore for water, but one was swamped in the heavy surf and a captain and five seamen drowned. The others were so dismayed that, for a time, they refused to go further, but finally consented. It was dark when they reached Roanoke, and made their way to the spot where White was sure of finding his friends. The twinkling points of light assured them they were close to their camp.

The delighted Englishmen broke into cheers and sang lustily several songs, such as

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they hoped would move the hearts of their countrymen to responsive shouts and songs. But no answers came. The dim woods were still as the tomb.

They landed at daybreak and found the grass and decayed trees burning. They saw the imprints of Indian moccasins, but no signs of white men. Making their way to the spot where White had parted from the colony three years before, they observed something carved on the bark on a tree. Stepping forward, they easily made out the letters C R O: what did they mean? White explained.

He said that when he left his countrymen, they had under consideration the proposal to remove to the main land. It was agreed that, if they did so, they would carve on their door posts or on the trees the name of the place whither they went. Furthermore, it was understood that if any misfortune had befallen the colonists, they would cut the figure of a cross under the letters. No cross had been carved, and the governor was greatly relieved, though a vague misgiving troubled him. He interpreted the letters to mean that the settlers had removed to Croatoan, which, however, was an outer island, and not the main-land.

They had not gone far, when they came to the deserted post, still surrounded by palisades. There they saw cut the letters CROATOAN, with no figure of the cross beneath. But they observed many other things which alarmed them. The houses were gone, pieces of iron and lead were scattered about, and a number of buried trunks had been dug up by the Indians and their contents scattered. Among them were books, pictures, maps and armor eaten with rust. White recognized three of the trunks as his own.

Just as the boats regained the ships, a strong gale of wind came up, so that it was impossible to bring off the water casks, and, as provisions were short and the sailors impatient, the captain refused to continue the search for the colonists who possibly were only a few miles distant. As White had no authority on board, he was compelled to go with them to the West Indies. It was a dreadful necessity, for he had left his daughter with the settlers; but he may have felt that there was not one chance in a thousand that she was alive.

Sir Walter Raleigh did every thing possible to learn the fate of the lost colony, but he never succeeded, nor has it ever yet been known to a certainty what became of them. Twenty years later, it was believed at Jamestown that some of the Roanoke people were then alive, and it has been said that their descendants were seen a long time afterward. The probabilities, however, are that when Governor White made search for them in 1590 every one had perished.

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PART II.—THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.

MORE than a hundred years had passed since the discovery of America and there was not yet a French, Dutch or English settlement in the New World. All the attempts made by the French and English had failed. Spain had planted a colony at St. Augustine in 1565, and though it suffered much, it alone held fast, while the rest of the vast continent, with its millions of square miles, was still a great wilderness, through which roamed the wild beasts and Indians, and from which the white men had been driven again and again.

One of the English expeditions, though it was a failure, should not be forgotten. In March, 1602, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from Falmouth with thirty-two persons, twenty of whom were to found a colony. The names of Cape Cod, of the Elizabeth Islands, and of Martha's (or, more probably, Martin's) Vineyard, all of which he gave, still keep his memory green. On the island of Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth group, in Buzzards' Bay, an excavation plainly shows the spot where, probably, Gosnold's company built a rude fort. But want of provisions, which, like most of those early colonists, they had neglected to bring with them, soon compelled them to abandon their project and return to England.

But Gosnold's report of the beauty and fertility of the country aroused fresh interest in colonization. Letters patent, as the legal document was called, were granted by the king in April, 1606, to Sir George Somers, Richard Hakluyt, Edward Maria Wingfield, to this Captain Gosnold and others. By these letters, the persons named were given all the land on the American coast, between latitude 34° and 45° north, and all the islands within a hundred miles.

These patents required that two companies should be formed—the southern and the northern colony. The directors of the southern colony lived in London and it therefore came to be known as the London Company, while those of the other, being appointed from Plymouth, gave it the name of the Plymouth Company. The territory of the former extended from 34° to 38°, the domain of the Plymouth colony reached from 41° to 45°, while the territory between 38° and 41° was to be controlled by the company which first founded a colony.

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MURDER OF WHITE'S ASSISTANT. (*See page 58.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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It was provided that the king should name a resident council for each of the colonies, which was to elect its own presiding officer, who must not be a clergyman, and they had the power to fill any vacancies that might occur. The king, or the council in England, had the right to change or revise the laws made by the governing bodies in America. It is worth remembering that in the way of government, the people were given no power: the council passed upon every offense, unless it was very heinous, when the offender could be tried by jury. It was provided further, that for the first five years all property should be held in common, each member being furnished from the one general store. The religion established was in accordance with the doctrines and rites of the Church of England.

In 1606, the Plymouth Company sent out two ships,—the first leaving in May and the second in August. The latter fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The other cruised along the coast of Maine and took back a favorable report. A colony was dispatched the next year, but it staid only a year. This is known as the Popham Colony.

The London Company sent three vessels from Blackwall, England, December 19, 1606. They contained one hundred and five men and no women. Unfortunately, about half the number were "gentlemen," who were ashamed to work. They came along to "prospect," as may be said, and to see whether there was any thing to which it was worth their while to give serious attention. There were also some soldiers and servants, and one-fifth were mechanics, thrifty and ready to toil at whatever presented itself.

The most notable man in the party was Captain John Smith, who forms a picturesque figure in the early history of our country. He was the hero of many romantic adventures among the Turks and in different parts of the world, before he joined the colonists, and some of the stories which he tells about himself are so strange that it is hard to believe them. But he was a brave and useful person in the little company, and did it a service which no other one could have done.

The fleet comprised the *Sarah Constant*, of one hundred tons burden, the *God-Speed*, of forty, and the *Discovery*, a pinnace of twenty tons. Captain Christopher Newport was the commander. The season was bad, and the weather continued so stormy, that it was over a month before they left the coast. Instead of sailing straight to their destination, they went by way of the West Indies. All this was pleasant enough, but it made the voyage so exceedingly long, that their provisions ran short and the men became discontented. The London Council had given sealed letters of instruction and appointment which were not to be opened until their arrival in America. This caused much complaint, and John Smith was so outspoken that he made many enemies, some of whom believed he was desperate enough to try to murder the whole council and proclaim himself king. But it is not likely that he thought of any such thing.

The colonists were not commanded to select any particular spot on which to start a settlement. They meant to locate at or near Roanoke Island, where the Raleigh pioneers had perished, but while hunting for a harbor, they entered Chesapeake Bay. The projecting land at the south they called Cape Henry and that at the north Cape Charles, each after a son of the king.

It was the most charming season of the year, and the emigrants, who had spent so

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many weary months on the sea, were filled with delight at sight of the land. The shores were covered with luxuriant vegetation, amid which bloomed flowers whose perfume floated across the still waters of the bay. The Indians timidly peeped from among the trees, or stood ready to fight, if the visitors sought to molest them. Every thing was so pleasing that the men were anxious to land and begin work without delay.

On reaching Cape Henry, the sealed box was opened and amid breathless attention the names of the members of the council were read. They were as follows: Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall. This matter having been settled, the next and scarcely less important step was to decide where to begin the settlement. After a long and not very harmonious search, they fixed upon a spot on a peninsula, about forty miles from the mouth of the river, which they named James, for the king. There the colony was to be planted under the name of Jamestown. This was done on the 13th of May, 1607, and was the first permanent English settlement made in America.

The appointment of Smith as one of the council was so displeasing to the rest, that they would not allow him to be sworn in. He was accused of sedition and the others meant to bring him to trial, but, through the persuasions of Robert Hunt, an estimable clergyman, the prosecution was dropped, and Captain Smith took his seat as a member of the council. Edward Maria Wingfield was chosen president.

Nearly every body in Europe still believed that if some of the streams pouring into the Atlantic were followed up, they would be found to connect with the South Sea, as the Pacific Ocean was called. Had they known that when their explorers reached the eastern coast of America, they were only half way to that vast ocean, they would have been surprised indeed. The instructions to the Jamestown council were to make diligent search for the supposed opening. The settlers hardly took time to erect the rudest kind of shelter, when a party under Captain Newport sailed up the river in a shallop. They did not think they would have far to go, but at the end of a week they came back much wiser than when they started.

The cruise up the James was very interesting. They surveyed the stream for a hundred and fifty miles, and called upon several Indian chiefs, who received them cordially. They presented the red men with lots of trinkets, beads and showy playthings, which delighted the simple hearted people far more than much more valuable presents would have done. The Indians showed themselves to be quite successful farmers, and gave in return corn, dried nuts, raspberries, strawberries, pumpkins, mulberries, and many kinds of game.

The shallop stopped at the falls in the river, where the city of Richmond now stands. Much pleased with their trip, the explorers set out on their return, but, as they drew near the settlement, they noticed that the Indians were less friendly than before. The cause was learned when they reached Jamestown, where they found the savages had made an attack on the camp, killing one of the settlers and wounding several. Prudence ordered that every thing should be done to put the place in the best possible condition for defense. This being done, Newport sailed for England, June 21.

He left matters in a bad condition. It was found after the departure of the three

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ships, that the supply of provisions was scant. As the Indians were continually discharging arrows at the settlers from the woods, it was not likely that any food could be obtained from them, so that there was good cause for alarm.

The most distressing trouble, however, was the heat. The climate of Virginia is much warmer through the summer and autumn than that of England; and the Englishmen,

SMITH'S FIGHT WITH OPECANCANOUGH.

when they were forced to cut down trees and lift the heavy timbers in place, were soon overcome. At times they felt as if they should suffocate: the sun beat so pitilessly down on their heads and they were without any protection from its flaming rays.

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BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

Then they lost heart; they became homesick and drank such quantities of unwholesome water that nearly all fell ill. Beyond question, every one would have perished, had not the Indians been touched with compassion. They put aside their bows and arrows, and offered food to the gaunt, hollow-eyed sufferers, who ate like starving men, as they indeed were. In less than a month after the sailing of Newport, not a dozen of the pioneers were able to stand on their feet. The settlement had become a sick camp, where there were no watchers or physicians.

The ill feeling among them deepened as the summer advanced. President Wingfield was charged with keeping back the food needed by the sick and eating it himself. He vehemently denied it, but his opponents, among whom was Smith, formally deposed him from the presidency and council. John Ratcliffe, another member of the body, was

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chosen his successor; but it was soon plain to himself, as well as to the others, that he was not fit for the place, and he proved his good sense by resigning.

All through the pestilence, Captain John Smith had kept his rugged health; he had shown himself brave, quick-witted, energetic, resourceful and ready to do whatever seemed best for the others. He certainly was fond of boasting of his deeds and held a high opinion of his own ability, but it is clear that he was the best man to be put at the head of the colony. When the weak Ratcliffe stepped down, all naturally looked to Smith, who very willingly took charge of affairs. The situation improved at once. His vigor, good sense and unselfishness gave confidence to all. The bickerings ended and the people became united. The weather grew cooler, their health improved, and it was easy to shoot game in the woods. Though he was stern in his intercourse with the Indians, he always kept his word, and they grew to have that respect which such a course always commands.

Every thing being so well in the colony, Captain Smith concluded to make another search for the South Sea. In the beginning of winter, he started up the Chickahominy with several boats, trading with the Indians on the way. The voyage was uneventful, until they reached the headwaters. Finding they could go no further with their boats, Smith entered a canoe, barely large enough to hold himself, two other white men, and two friendly Indians. He charged those who staid behind to keep to their boats and not to approach the shore until he returned. But they violated orders, and soon got into a fight with a party of savages, who killed two of them and following the canoe to where it landed, took the trail of Smith and his companions.

The Indians can follow the footprints of persons through the wilderness with as much certainty as a bloodhound can track a fugitive, and it was not long before they came up with the captain. There were fully a hundred savages and they at once assailed the intrepid leader. Smith, at the time, was some distance from his friends, and was engaged in hunting. He turned upon his assailants, and walked slowly backward, firing as often as he could load his gun. He was a good marksman, and when he stretched two warriors lifeless, and still suffered no harm from the arrows flying through the air, they were convinced that he was a mighty soldier, who carried a weapon more deadly than any they had ever seen. Had Smith's companions, who escaped, been with him, they would have had little trouble in beating off the whole party of Indians.

A man in so desperate a situation as this has little time to watch his own footsteps. Smith was still retreating with his face to the foe, and firing as fast as he could, when he stepped into a bog, and instantly sank to his knees. He struggled hard to free himself, but he only made his predicament worse. Besides, the weather was very cold and he was chilled and benumbed. The savages were quick to observe his hapless plight and they quickly swarmed around him. They did not venture, however, to touch him till he threw away his arms; then they pulled him from the bog, and led him to their chief. Here he assumed an indifference which impressed them with his bravery, and brought out his pocket compass. His captors had never seen any thing of the kind, and the sight of the little needle darting and flickering back and forth filled them with

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Pocahontas Saves the Life of Capt. Smith

From Original Painting.

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POCAHONTAS SAVES THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH

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amazement. They timidly reached out their fingers, but the glass prevented them from touching the needle, and that of itself was wonderful.

In Smith's account of this remarkable occurrence it is said he showed the Indians that the earth is round, "the sphere of the sun, moon and stars and how the sun did chase the night round the world continually,— the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such matters,— they all stood as amazed with admiration."

Now this will never do. The best school teacher in the world could not explain one-half of those phenomena, by means of a mariner's compass. Captain Smith could not then have spoken Indian, nor could the Indians understand a word of English. An astronomical lecture, under such circumstances, from a man just pulled out of a bog would not have been either instructive or amusing.

However, it is easy to credit the statement that the Indians were filled with admiration of their brave captive. Some time later, when it was proposed to shoot him to death with arrows, the leader and others would not permit it. They fed the heavy-bearded captive so well that he suspected they were fattening him for a feast. They offered him every inducement they could to help them in an attack on Jamestown. Smith frightened them from such an assault by another impressive lecture on the terrible guns, mines and enginery, which would not only repel but annihilate them. But they were struck almost speechless, when, by their permission, a letter being sent by him to Jamestown, the messengers brought back that which he told them they would bring. How it was he managed to put his thoughts into those characters on paper was a mystery which none of them could solve. It was to them an evidence of supernatural power.

After a great deal of ceremony, Smith was taken before the head chief Powhatan, with whom rested the question of life or death for the prisoner. The home of this aboriginal leader was on the north side of the James River, no more than fifteen miles from Jamestown. The consultation between Powhatan and his chiefs was not long. They speedily reached the decision that the captain must die.

He was bound and laid on his back with his head resting on two large stones. The executioners stepped forward, each with a huge club with which to dash out his brains; but at that critical moment, Pocahontas, the young and loved daughter of Powhatan, begged her father to spare the life of his captive. He refused, whereupon she sprang forward, and, throwing her arms around the neck of Smith, laid her head on his, so that the clubs would strike her, if they should descend.

This unexpected devotion touched the heart of her stern father. He ordered the prisoner to be released, and declared that no harm should befall him. Such is Smith's story told, so far as is known, nearly twenty years afterward, for the first time. There are many good reasons for believing that there is not a word of truth in it.

Now that the prisoner had been spared, the savages wished to adopt him. Again they offered every possible inducement for him to renounce his people and help them in destroying Jamestown. Of course he rejected these proposals, and

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Pocahontas, he says, persuaded her father at last to set him free. He made his way through the woods to the settlement, from which he had been absent about six weeks, and where he was sorely needed. The settlers were out of provisions and once more the Indians came to their relief. The vigorous rule of Smith aroused such enmity that it was proposed to try and put him to death for the loss of the two men killed by the Indians on the Chickahominy. It is probable that the valiant leader would have been shot had not Captain Newport arrived at the critical moment. The colony had been reduced to forty persons and he brought three times that number with him, besides a large quantity of provisions, farming implements and seeds.

Captain Newport had done the settlement inestimable service, but like those who sometimes assist in modern "donation parties," he and his crew contributed a great deal toward eating up the food they brought. They staid three months, and, when at last they sailed, they carried a cargo of dirt in which sparkled some yellow mica and which they believed to be gold. They found out their mortifying mistake when they reached England.

The second vessel which started with Captain Newport was detained so long in the West Indies by bad weather, that it did not reach Jamestown until the following spring. When that ship went back it took no valueless dirt, but a cargo of cedar. With these vessels sailed the enemies of Smith, who found himself at the head of the colony and without a rival.

During the following summer, he made a survey of the waters flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and claimed to have explored them for a distance of three thousand miles. While in the Potomac he was stung by a poisonous fish. He was so near death that his companions gave up all hope and prepared a grave for him; but Smith soon recovered and took his revenge by cooking and eating the fish which had wounded him.

The captain returned to the colony in September, and was formally made president. He showed the same vigor he had always displayed. One of his wholesome rules, meant to turn the thoughts of the pioneers from their wild dreams of gold, was that no one should eat who did not work. This produced good effect, for Smith set the example in obeying it.

Jamestown numbered nearly fifty cabins with thatched roofs, a wooden church, and a substantial fort, provided with cannon, the whole surrounded by strong palisades. The settlers were warranted in feeling secure against sudden attacks by the Indians. The combustible material, however, caught fire at one time and nearly the entire settlement was destroyed.

Soon after, Captain Newport arrived again in the colony, bringing with him seventy settlers, two of whom were women. This addition would have been of great value, except for the fact that Newport and Smith could not agree. The latter must have had a quarrelsome disposition, for he seemed to fall out with a great many with whom he came in contact.

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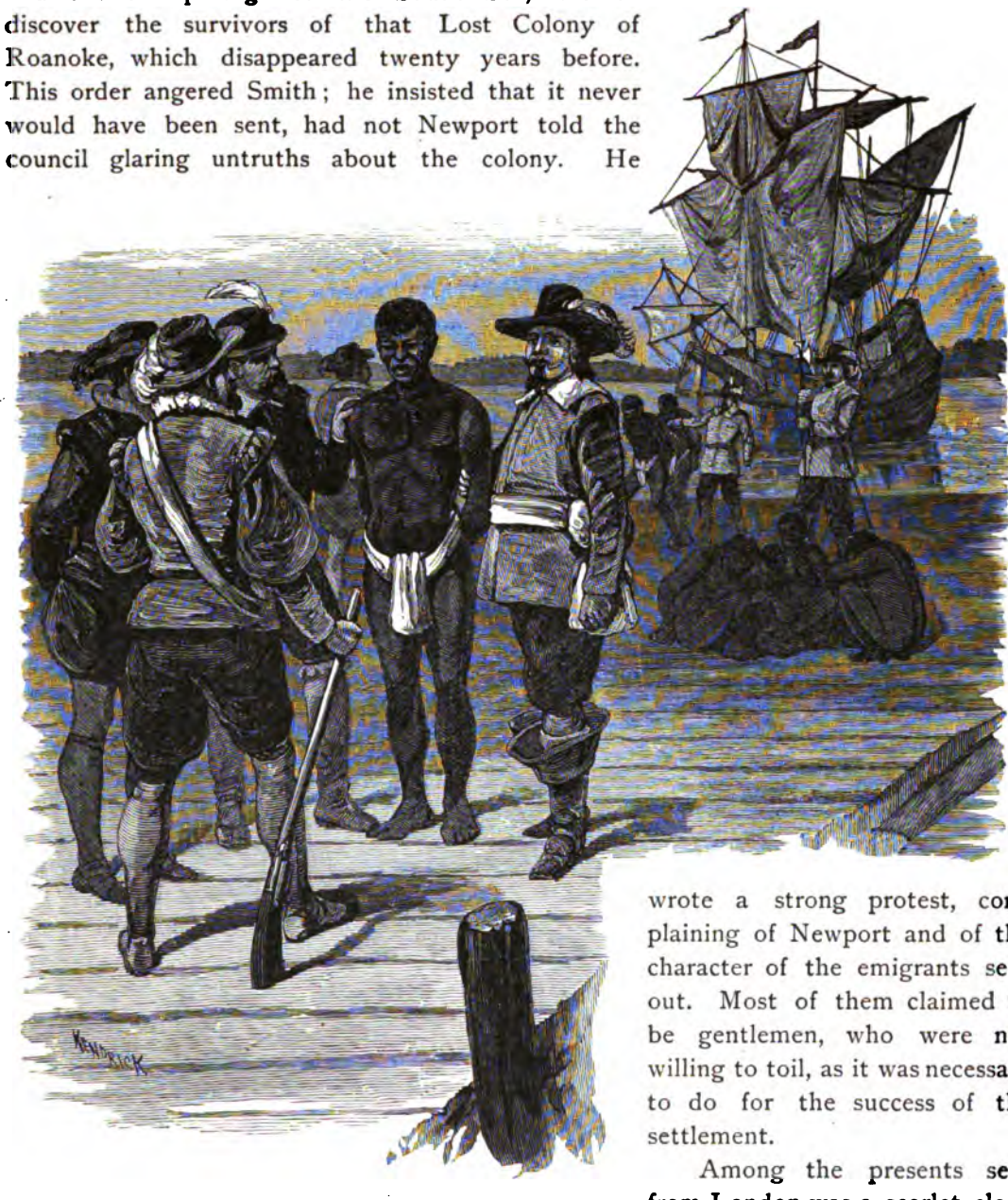
The instructions brought by Newport from the London Council contained, among other curious features, an order to Smith to send back a lump of gold, to find out the passage to the South Sea, and to discover the survivors of that Lost Colony of Roanoke, which disappeared twenty years before. This order angered Smith; he insisted that it never would have been sent, had not Newport told the council glaring untruths about the colony. He wrote a strong protest, complaining of Newport and of the character of the emigrants sent out. Most of them claimed to be gentlemen, who were not willing to toil, as it was necessary to do for the success of the settlement.



INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY.

Among the presents sent from London was a scarlet cloak and a copper crown for the great war chief Powhatan. Smith ridiculed the proposal to honor the grim old warrior in this fashion, for he saw that it would only add to his self importance. But the order was obeyed and the account of the ceremony is very amusing. When Powhatan

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was invited to come to Jamestown to receive his magnificent presents, he loftily answered that it would be unbecoming in him; for, he said, "I also am a king." The gifts must be brought to him.

This was done, but, when he was asked to kneel that the crown might be placed in proper style on his head, he refused. In fact he was so puffed up with his own dignity, that he seemed to grow taller than ever. As it was necessary, however, that his stature should be lessened, several of the white men pressed on his shoulders until he stooped a little forward. Then the waiting Newport clapped the burnished ornament on the head of the old chieftain, who, being wrapped about in his scarlet cloak, must have felt something akin to pity for the king of England and the other weak monarchs across the sea.

Thus one part of the instructions from London was carried out; but those relating to the lump of gold, the Lost Colony and the South Sea were held in abeyance. Captain Smith's vigorous administration kept him in hot water continually; but, with all his boasting, it must be conceded, as I have already stated, that he was without a rival as to fitness for the place he held. He may have been strict, and, at times, severe in his dealings with the savages, but no one understood their nature better than he, and his very courage often awed the fierce men into submission.

Opecancanough was a minor chief, living not far from Jamestown on the Pamunkey. Accompanied by fifteen men, Captain Smith made a visit to them in the latter part of 1608, for the purpose of buying provisions for the suffering settlers. When the sachem appeared, it was at the head of a large company of warriors, and with a small quantity of corn, which, however, was good for nothing. The quick eye of Smith told him that the chief intended treachery. He turned at once to his men and told them their danger, warning them that their only hope was to stand by him. If they broke or showed signs of fear, it would be fatal. They pledged themselves to do as he wished.

Captain Smith then challenged Opecancanough to battle. He said he would set his men against the whole war party and they would fight it out to the end. Whichever won should have the corn that the savages were to stake, and the copper which the Englishmen were willing to risk on the result. The American Indian does not like to fight openly, and the chief declined the challenge, making many professions of friendship which did not deceive Smith, though he came very near being outwitted after all.

While talking with Opecancanough in his lodge, he suddenly discovered that he was surrounded by Indians, all of whom were grasping their bows ready for use. The hot blood flushed Smith's face, and, bounding forward, he caught the scalp lock of the chief with one hand, and holding the muzzle of his pistol at his breast with the other, he dragged him from the lodge, directly among his warriors. He there gave them to understand that if they harmed him or one of his men, he would shoot their leader dead, and slay them all. At the same time, he said he wished to be their friends, and would pay a fair price for what they had to sell.

Meanwhile the London Council saw that a radical change was necessary in their

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organization. They had expended a great deal of money, not only without receiving any return, but with little prospects of ever doing so. They wanted a new charter with larger powers, before they could expect to found a prosperous colony. Such a charter was granted by King James, May 23, 1609, and it gave all that possibly could be asked. Among the new corporators were some of the foremost men of the kingdom. The land bestowed extended from two hundred miles north to the same distance south of Cape Comfort, including all the country between from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the islands within a hundred miles of each coast. It was provided that a council should always sit in London, and appoint the officers and make the laws for the colony. Those whom Smith had superseded and handled roughly, and who had gone back to England, made their resentment felt in the council which selected a governor to take his place.

As a result of this vigorous reorganization, a fleet of nine ships, carrying five hundred people, left England in May, 1609, for the purpose of founding new settlements and infusing life into that which was planted two years before. Lord De la War was appointed captain-general and governor for life; but, as he was not ready to leave home, Sir Thomas Gates was ordered to assume control on reaching Jamestown.

The fleet was scattered by a tremendous tempest, and it was not until August that seven of the ships reached Chesapeake Bay. Two were missing, one a small pinnace, which had foundered, and the other a large vessel, the *Sea Adventure*, on which were Captain Newport, Admiral Sir George Somers, and the Lieutenant-general, Sir Thomas Gates.

As it seemed probable that they had been lost at sea, Captain Smith remained at the head of affairs. The new arrivals set out to settle the adjoining country, Martin locating at Nansemond, Captain West at the falls of James River, and Ratcliffe at Point Comfort. They were not wise enough to treat the Indians fairly, and they, therefore, had their ill-will from the first. Every effort to found a settlement failed; half the men were killed, among them being Captain Ratcliffe. Captain Smith went to the help of Captain West at the falls, and while there, met with an accident which ended his career in Virginia.

While sitting in his boat, a bag of gunpowder near him was accidentally set on fire. Smith was severely burned by the explosion—so much so that it was apparent his life was in danger, and his only hope lay in returning to England and obtaining better medical treatment than was possible in Jamestown. He, therefore, went back with the fleet which sailed shortly afterward, leaving George Percy president. This man proved a failure as an executive officer. The settlers became so improvident that they ceased work; they killed and ate all the domestic animals; the store of provisions which Smith had carefully gathered from the Indians was also consumed, and they were left entirely without supplies.

The winter was the most severe that had been as yet experienced in the Jamestown colony. The gaunt, hollow-eyed settlers were stricken down by the score, and it looked as if the whole number were doomed to perish. The dead and dying far outnumbered those who were well. Out of the five hundred whom Smith left at

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Jamestown when he sailed, four hundred and forty died during the succeeding six months, and the few survivors were almost helpless. This dreadful period in the history of the colony has been known ever since as the "Starving Time."

The tempest which had scattered the fleet swept the *Sea Adventure* toward the Bermuda Islands. She was so wrenched that the water streamed through her timbers, and it was impossible to keep her afloat. When, therefore, land was descried ahead, Somers, Gates and Newport decided that the only thing to do was to run the vessel ashore. Accordingly, they made straight for the rocky coast, and, caught by a high tide, the *Sea Adventure* was lifted between two rocks and held there without breaking up. Then, by means of the boats, the company, numbering one hundred and fifty, reached land without the loss of a man.

The Bermudas are among the most delightful islands in the world. The climate is soft and balmy, and the scenery has all the beauty and luxuriance of the tropics. It was enough to tempt the shipwrecked men to spend their lives there. But, enchanting as was the prospect, the commissioners were anxious to join the colony at Jamestown. They therefore put a deck, made from the hatches of the ship, upon their long boat, and sent it out in charge of nine men, who were to bring back one of the vessels from Jamestown, to take the rest away. It is supposed the long boat reached the coast of Virginia, but that the crew were all murdered by the Indians.

Meanwhile, those left on the island fell to quarreling: Somers and Gates wrangled as to which of them was higher in authority. The men took sides, so that in a short while, instead of all being friends, they were divided into two hostile parties. At one time it looked as if they would fly at each other's throats, but the savage passions were somewhat diverted by the labor of building two boats—one by each company.

These at last were completed, and in May, 1610, they sailed for Jamestown, which was reached on the 23d of the same month. They found a most miserable company, as one can well understand from what has already been told. When Governor Gates and his companions walked through the ruins of the settlement, they were horrified. They had never looked upon any thing of the kind; the few emaciated survivors were in the last stages of starvation. Gates, never dreaming of such a condition of affairs, had brought but a scant supply of provisions with him, and he decided that it would not do to remain a day longer than was necessary. But whither should they go? It was impossible to make a voyage to England, since they would starve before sailing a quarter of the distance. He determined to take the whole colony to Newfoundland, where help probably could be obtained from the English fishermen. It was a desperate alternative, but there was no other.

Accordingly the sick and feeble were helped on board the two pinnaces, and the boats that had been brought from the Bermudas, and they set sail down the river. This was on the 7th of June, 1610, on which day every settler left Jamestown, so that for a brief time during that year it may be said that no English colony existed in America.

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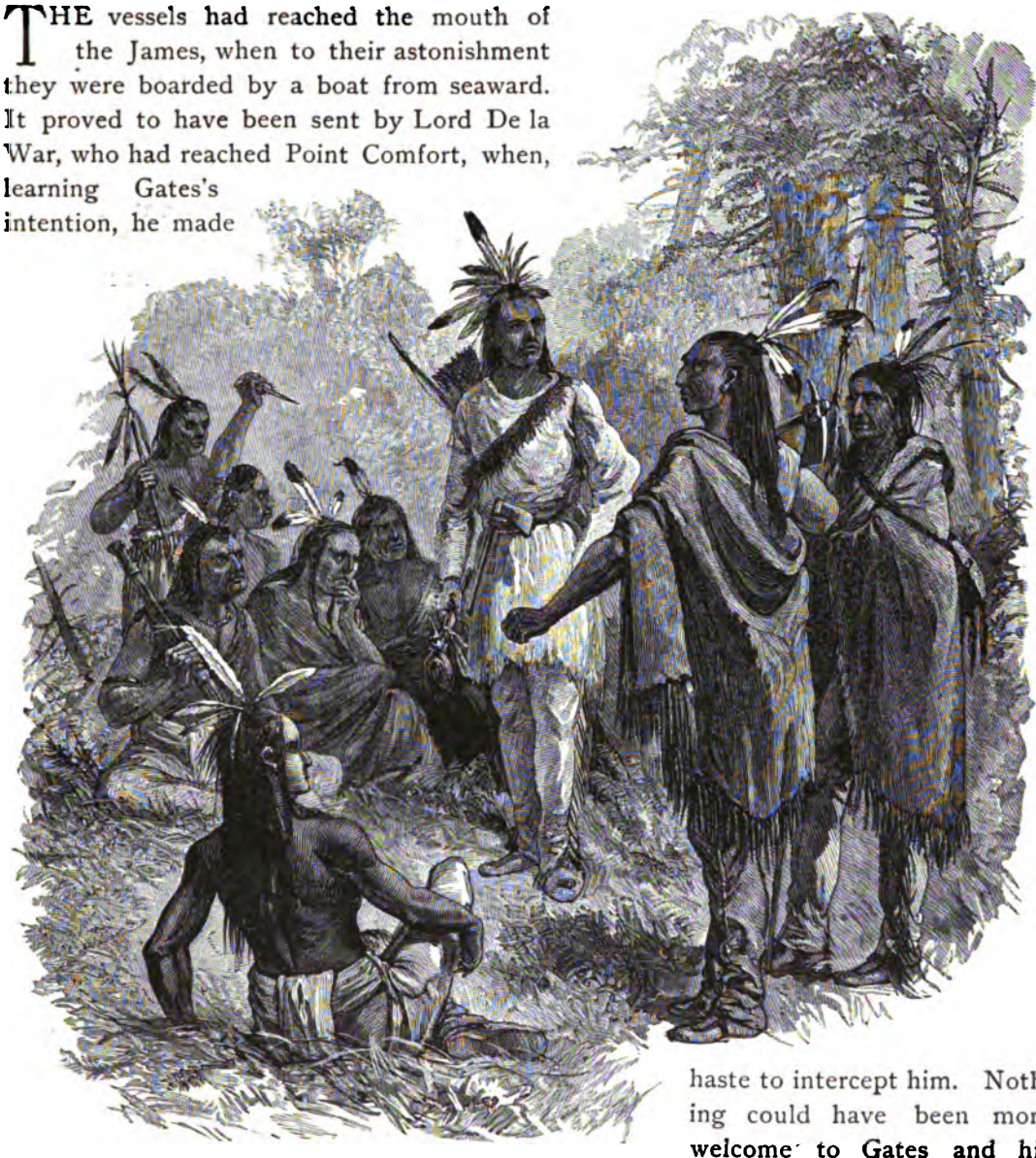
CHAPTER VIII.

FURTHER HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA.

THE vessels had reached the mouth of the James, when to their astonishment they were boarded by a boat from seaward. It proved to have been sent by Lord De la War, who had reached Point Comfort, when, learning Gates's intention, he made haste to intercept him. Nothing could have been more welcome to Gates and his despairing colonists, for they knew that De la War brought an abundance of provisions and supplies. The very



OPECANCANOUGH AROUSING THE INDIANS.

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tide which kept them from going out to sea was used to help them back to Jamestown, and two days later, De la War anchored his three ships off the fort and was rowed ashore.

His landing was touching and impressive. Kneeling on the ground, he spent several minutes in prayer, and, when he arose, was received with considerable ceremony and great gladness. He formally assumed charge of affairs and made a stirring address to the colonists, reproving them for their indolence, and assuring them that every man must do his duty; that refusal would not be permitted, and that, so long as they proved worthy of his confidence they should have it.

Lord De la War was wise and prudent. Though he brought enough food to last a year, he would not allow any of it to be wasted. He sent two of his ships to the Bermudas to bring off all the wild swine which could be caught; and, like Captain Smith, he gave the settlers to understand that those who wished to eat would have to work. The expedition to the Bermudas was baffled by tempestuous weather, and thus the plan for securing pork failed.

De la War built two forts near the mouth of the James, and another at the falls. Captain Argall was sent out to trade with the natives, and he did so well that a large stock of corn was obtained, and the savages brought into a more peaceful state of mind.

The one blot on De la War's rule was the terrible code which he established, though it must be said to the credit of that estimable man, that his natural kindness of heart kept him from enforcing many of the regulations which should not have been tolerated for a single hour. Thus, it was ordered that the religion of the colony should be that of the Church of England. If, when a stranger arrived, he refused to answer questions respecting his faith, he was to be whipped, and the whipping was to be continued daily until he came to terms. If any one spoke disrespectfully of a clergyman he was to be flogged; on the third conviction for profanity, or for persistent non-attendance at church, he was to be put to death.

Unfortunately, Lord De la War had not rugged health, and he soon became so feeble that he had to return to England, and Captain Percy once more took charge of affairs.

The arrival of De la War in the mother country so soon after his departure, and when such high hopes were entertained of the success of the enterprise, produced a depressing effect on the public mind. Many believed that disaster and failure awaited all attempts to colonize the new country, inasmuch as such had been the history thus far. De la War was obliged to explain publicly the causes of his returning home. While he was on his way across the sea, two new expeditions had sailed for Virginia, one under Sir Thomas Gates and the other under Sir Thomas Dale. They were fully supplied with stores, men and domestic animals, and every provision that could be needed.

Dale reached Jamestown in May, 1611. He ruled firmly and with discretion. He gave each settler three acres, and withdrew all supplies of food from the general store. The good effects of this course were seen at once. The men went to work with a will,

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and many acres of corn were soon growing. They were protected by palisades and a substantial block-house: the real prosperity of Jamestown had at last begun.

Gates arrived in August and superseded Dale, but the two worked in harmony. A settlement named Henrico was started a few miles below the falls of the James; and another at the mouth of the Appomattox was called Bermuda City. The sites were excellent, and the settlers wrought with right good will.

It was not long before the pioneers found themselves so prosperous that they were not only earning a living but making a surplus. The London Council began granting large tracts of land to individuals, and as a reward for meritorious services. Tobacco, introduced into England some time before, had become very popular, and the colonists were quick to take advantage of the opportunity to make money. It was far more profitable than the raising of corn, but the very means of acquiring wealth threatened for a time to injure the colony, inasmuch as every body wanted to raise tobacco. It took the place of corn, and was planted in the gardens and even on the streets of Jamestown. Indeed, such was the rage over the prospect of immediate riches, that it was found necessary to prescribe, under rigid rules, the extent to which the industry could be pursued.

In 1611–1612, a third charter was granted, by which the Bermuda—then called Somer—Islands were included within the territory of the company. A lottery was also authorized, but three years later the authority was revoked on the unquestionable ground that it was injurious to public morals. During its existence, however, it added thirty thousand pounds to the treasury of the council.

It is proper now to return to Pocahontas, the pretty daughter of the great war chief Powhatan. Whether or not the story which Captain John Smith published about himself and her is true, it is certain that she became the devoted friend of the white men. She spent a great deal of her time in Jamestown, and more than once warned the settlers of threatened attacks by her people. While on a trading expedition up the Potomac, Captain Argall made her his prisoner and took her to Jamestown. He hoped to compel her father to give a large amount of corn for her ransom, but the old chief was furious, and prepared to make war on all the settlements, for which few can blame him.

One of the Englishmen who visited Powhatan during this troublous time, was John Rolfe, who had fallen deeply in love with Pocahontas, and not only wished to make her his wife, but was hopeful of seeing her converted to Christianity. She returned the affection of her lover, and listened attentively when he sought to explain the new faith. To his delight, she soon accepted the Christian religion, and asked to be baptized into the new Church. In the quaint little structure at Jamestown builded from the rough timbers of the forest, whose font was hollowed from the trunk of a tree, she renounced the heathenism of her people, and, in her broken English, uttered the responses in accordance with the rites of the Church of England. She was baptized under the name of Rebecca, and shortly after, April, 1613, was married to John Rolfe. Powhatan not only gave his consent, but was pleased with the union. The dignity that became a king would not permit him to make a journey to James-

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town to attend the wedding, but very properly he had a representative present. One good result of the marriage was that the powerful chief became a warm friend of the settlers, and remained so until his death.

When Dale sailed for England he took Rolfe and several Indians with him. One of them was a son of Powhatan, who was sent as an ambassador, to gather all the information he could for his august father. He attempted to take a census of all the people in the country, by cutting a notch on a stick he carried, every time he met a person. Of course he soon gave up that plan.

VIRGINIANS DEFENDING THEMSELVES AGAINST INDIANS.

In addition to the Indians in his train Dale took with him samples of various commodities "to be raised in this plantation," and reported that at at the time of his departure there were in Virginia six horses, one hundred and forty-nine cattle, over two hundred goats and numerous hogs.

The chief centre of attraction, however, in his company was Pocahontas, who of course accompanied her husband Rolfe.

The visit of Pocahontas awakened great interest in England. She was treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and wherever she went, her simplicity and modest demeanor won friends. She was presented at court and received with great favor; she was a spectator at the masks and other pompous entertainments, where she

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MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

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and her companions attracted more attention than the shows themselves. Captain Smith sought her out, and the meeting between them was highly pleasing. Altogether, her visit was of the most delightful nature, though we can understand how she must have tired of it all, and longed for the cool forests, the plashing streams, and the freedom of her wilderness home, thousands of miles across the ocean.

Pocahontas staid in England about a year. While waiting with her husband to take passage for America, she fell mortally ill, dying when only twenty-two years of age. She left behind her their only child, an infant son whom Rolfe brought with him to Virginia. From that son many of the most distinguished citizens of the State to-day are proud to claim their descent.

Dale having returned to England, George Yeardley succeeded him as governor, but was in office only a short time, when Captain Argall took his place. He was totally unfit for the office, being selfish, fierce-tempered, revengeful, and dissolute. An order was sent from England for his arrest, but he escaped by running away before the arrival of the warrant.

Yeardley resumed his post as captain-general. He was the opposite in every respect of Argall, and governed with such wisdom and sound statesmanship that the colony prospered as before. During his rule, in the year 1619, a Dutch vessel arrived at Jamestown, with twenty negroes that had been kidnapped on the Guinea coast, in Africa. Just then the colonists were anxious to get all the help they could to cultivate tobacco, and they paid a round sum for the poor negroes. This was the beginning of the disastrous system of African slavery on the North American continent.

It was in this year (1619), that the London Company sent over one hundred poor young women, who were persuaded to seek their fortunes in the New World. Their arrival caused a flutter among the settlers, who sought favor in their eyes. They did not wait long for husbands, though whoever won a bride had to pay in tobacco the price of her passage, unless he was a tenant of the company's lands. Like the emigrants of to-day, who come from all parts of Europe, bringing their families with them, the pioneers in Virginia who thus secured helpmeets gave over all thought of going back to England. There was no longer any attraction there for them, and, feeling their increased responsibility, they applied themselves with greater industry than ever. This importation of young women was continued in subsequent years and was a good thing for the young colony.

In the same year, Yeardley provided for a local council which was to be elected by the colonists. Eleven separate communities elected members of the body which met in June, 1619. Two years later, the London Company gave the council a written constitution. It was modeled after the English constitution, and it provided that all laws passed by the body, should first be sent to England, where they must be either ratified or rejected. At the same time, the new laws made in London were not operative in America until sanctioned by the local assembly.

The legislative assembly which met in 1619, in the church at Jamestown, was the first body of its kind in the New World. It numbered, with the governor and council, twenty-two representatives, and was called the House of Burgesses.

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Something like fifteen years had passed since the first landing at Jamestown. Most of those years had been marked by suffering, by disease, famine, pestilence, wrangling and death. All that now seemed at an end, and the colonists felt as though the prosperity which had begun under the beneficent reign of Yeardley would continue forever; but the settlement was yet to experience the most trying period in its history.

The rage for tobacco-raising had scattered the settlers' cabins over a large expanse of territory, so that their houses were far removed from each other in the extensive area lying between the banks of the James and York Rivers and the Rappahannock and Potomac. Intent only on cultivating the plant, they gave no thought to the safety of themselves and families. The Indians were allowed to roam wherever they chose, and in the streets of Jamestown there were to be seen as many savages as white men. With their blankets drawn about their shoulders, and their long black hair dangling over their painted faces, their dark eyes peered out like those of some crouching animal, ready to spring upon its prey. A number of them had been allowed to have fire-arms, and they speedily became expert in their use. The colonists themselves were so absorbed in tilling the ground that they neglected the most ordinary precautions for defense.

Powhatan, the warm friend of the whites, died in 1618, and was succeeded by his brother Opecancanough, who hated the English with all the intensity which an American Indian can feel toward those who invade his hunting grounds. This Opecancanough was wily, shrewd, brave and patient. He knew better than to lead his warriors to attack, without the most complete preparation. The first necessity with him was to make the settlers believe he was as strong a friend to them as Powhatan had been. If he should succeed in doing that, half the battle would be won. Every thing helped him. The pioneers became so absorbed in raising tobacco that not one of them dreamed of the dark cloud gathering over the settlements. The dusky natives went where they chose, without question. There were many secret councils in the lonely depths of the forests, and Opecancanough fanned the fires of hate which burned in the breast of all his warriors. He was content to bide his time, for he meant that when he struck the blow should be resistless.

And so he waited and plotted for four years, keeping his plans so secret that they were unknown to the neighboring tribes, supposed to be of a friendly disposition toward the whites. In March, 1622, when some of the colonists sent a messenger to Opecancanough on business, he came back, and declared he was never used so well in his life, and he quoted the earnest words of the chief, who said that the sky should fall before his friendship with the whites could be broken. Yet the wily chief had just perfected his plans for the massacre of all the white people in Virginia. At the appointed time, as suddenly as those terrific cyclones sweep over the western prairies, the Indians rushed to the massacre of the settlers. The dusky warriors, gleaming with passion and hideous in their war paint, seemed to leap by hundreds from the ground, and with circling tomahawk, whizzing arrows, crack of guns, and yells, they assailed the colonists, who, till then, felt as safe as if in the heart of London town.

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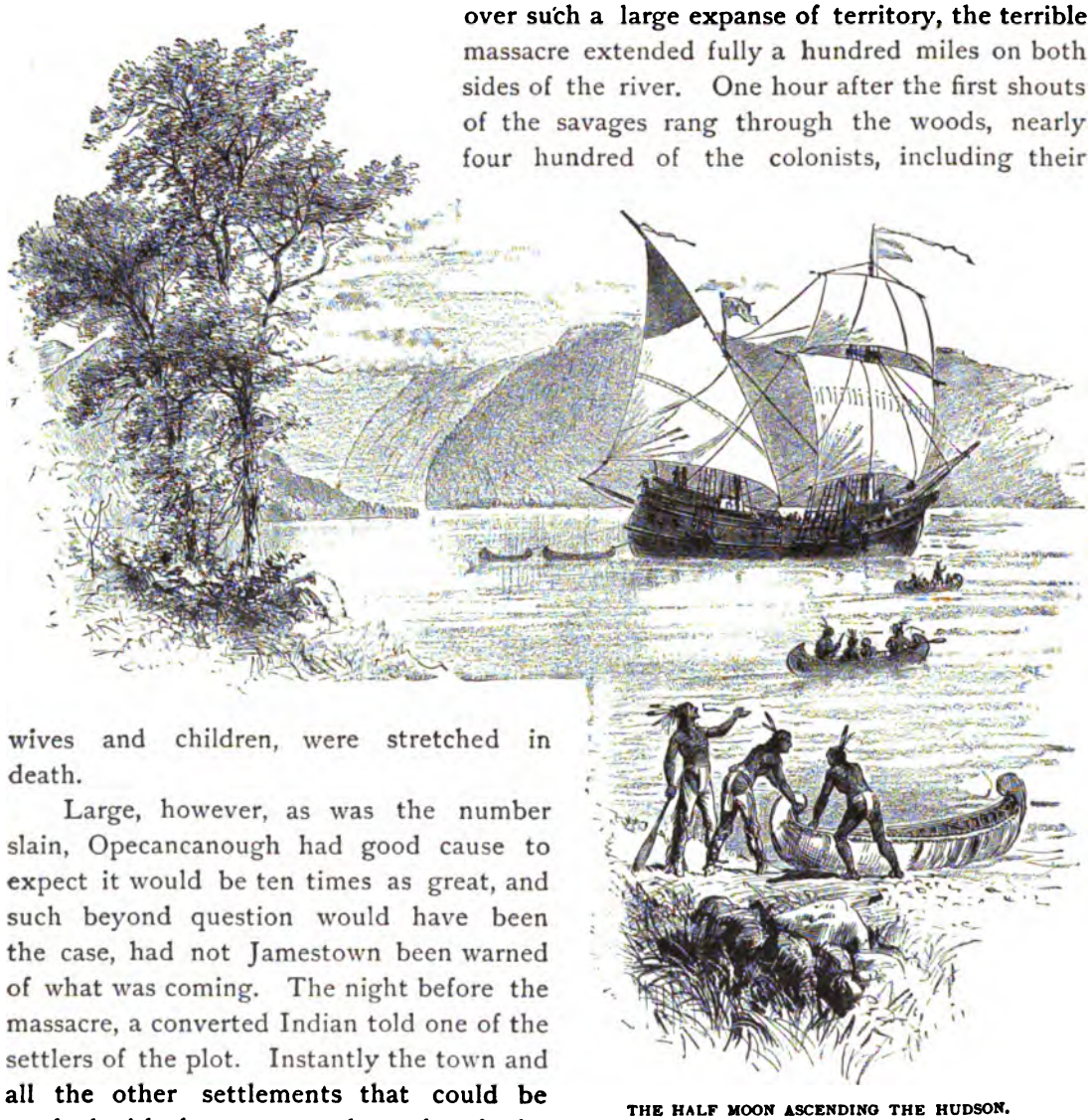
So secret were the preparations of the Indians, that many of the whites could do little in the way of self-protection. The mother was stricken down at the door of her cabin while on her knees, with her child clinging to her breast and begging for mercy; and the husband was borne to the earth, by the treacherous warrior, before he could raise the shovel with which he was working in the field. The houses being scattered over such a large expanse of territory, the terrible massacre extended fully a hundred miles on both sides of the river. One hour after the first shouts of the savages rang through the woods, nearly four hundred of the colonists, including their wives and children, were stretched in death.



THE HALF MOON ASCENDING THE HUDSON.

Large, however, as was the number slain, Opecancanough had good cause to expect it would be ten times as great, and such beyond question would have been the case, had not Jamestown been warned of what was coming. The night before the massacre, a converted Indian told one of the settlers of the plot. Instantly the town and all the other settlements that could be reached with the news put themselves in the best condition for defense. During the massacre, the Indians refrained from making an attack, where there was any organized resistance. But, as it was, the result was appalling. The eighty plantations were reduced to eight. The people abandoned the fields and their homes and swarmed into Jamestown; sickness broke out and many, thoroughly disheartened, went back to England. There were offers of help from the mother-country, but the Virginians did not want it; they were able to take care of

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themselves, and they did. For ten years they hunted the Indians as if they were so many rabid dogs, prowling around the settlements; wherever they caught sight of a copper colored figure they fired at it; they chased them through the woods; crept noiselessly up to their wigwams and brained warrior, squaw and pappoose while they slept; they pretended in many instances to be friends of the savages, so as to draw them into their power that they might slay them. If one truth has been established in the history of our country, it is that, when a white man turns savage, he is likely to become worse than the savage himself. Before peace returned, it is estimated that two thousand of the settlers had been slain or had died. The loss of the red men was much greater, but they were driven far back in the woods and away from the settlements, and whipped so thoroughly that for twenty years they did not trouble the pioneers in the least.

Meanwhile, King James had begun to feel uneasy over the way matters were going

HUDSON STRAIT.

in America. What particularly displeased him was the growing freedom in the debate of the courts. It looked to him as though the people were not afraid to say what they thought. They were bolder in their freedom of speech than his own parliament dared to be. Can it be that the king was wise enough to foresee what burst upon his country a hundred and fifty years later? At any rate, the monarch, after an investigation of the affairs of the company, recalled the former charter, and in October, 1623, issued a new and much less liberal one. The administration of the company was vested in a governor and twelve assistants, to be appointed by the king, and who must live in England; the executive power in Virginia was conferred upon a council of twelve, to be selected by the governor and his colleagues; but to these appointments there must be the king's consent.

King James ordered the proprietors to take this new charter in place of the old one, but they refused, saying they must have a month to think the matter over. The

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king declared he would give them only three days; the proprietors again refused and prepared to resist the demand.

On the 10th of November, 1623, King James caused a writ to be issued, which brought the question up before the Court of the King's Bench, for decision. At the same time, he sent a number of commissioners to Virginia to investigate and report.

The commissioners found a strong spirit of resistance among the settlers. They did all they could, by threats and bribes, to win over the settlers, but they failed, and, returning to England, advised the king to take matters in his own hands. Not long afterward, the courts (as might have been expected) decided in favor of the sovereign. In July, 1624, therefore, the company dissolved.

We must give King James credit, however, for the wise use which he made of the power thus conferred upon him. Sir Francis Wyatt, the governor of the colony, had been a determined opponent of the monarch, but the latter kept him in place. In naming the new Council of Virginia, he omitted those who by their ardent support of him had become offensive to the settlers, and he did not interfere with the colonial legislature. He set about making some excellent reforms, but, before he could complete them, he died March 27, 1625.

His son Charles, who succeeded to the throne, strove to carry out the wishes of the late king. He declared Virginia to be a part of the British Empire, annexed to the crown and directly subordinate to its jurisdiction. He kept the good will of the planters by continuing to Virginia and the Somer (Bermuda) Isles, their monopoly of the supply of tobacco to the English market. He sent out as governor, Sir George Yeardley, who had been governor once before, when he established the House of Burgesses, and who was extremely popular with the colonists. To their grief he died in 1627.

The future of the colony was bright, when, in 1629, a new governor, John Harvey, arrived, who was remembered as one of the most active of the commissioners sent over by King James, six years before. His administration of affairs was unsatisfactory. He was strongly disliked, and his course deepened the feeling on the part of the settlers. They became so indignant that finally, in May, 1635, he was deposed by the council, an assembly called to receive complaints against him. The governor quietly told his opponents that he was ready to go to England and meet the charges, and the offer was accepted.

But Harvey was in such high favor at home, that his accusers were not permitted even to make known their complaints, and they came back to Virginia with a strong suspicion that the governor had outwitted them. He also returned, and held office until 1639. The rulers who succeeded him were wiser, and did a great deal toward repairing the mistakes he had committed. Virginia advanced rapidly in numbers, wealth and material prosperity.

The Virginians showed less tolerance of the opinions of others than they ought to have done. A number of Puritans had settled among them, and, for a time, they were unmolested, but in 1643, it was ordered that no minister should preach or teach any doctrines or practices not in conformity with those of the Church of England.

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All Dissenters (as those who differed from the established Church were called), were banished. Some preachers who had come to the southern settlement from Boston by invitation were compelled to return.

A second massacre was attempted by the Indians, April 18, 1644, but, after slaying three hundred of the colonists, the savages seemed to become terrified over the certain punishment that would be visited upon them, and fled in a panic to the woods. They had good cause to flee, for the Virginians began at once a war of extermination. They were as merciless as before, and wherever they caught sight of an Indian strove to the utmost to kill him. Opecancanough himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, and soon afterward died. The Indians sued for peace, and ceding a large tract of land to the settlers, retired still further into the wilderness.

The Virginians showed their loyalty to England in the most unmistakable manner. When the king, Charles I., was executed, they recognized his son. Many of the royalists came across the ocean and were gladly welcomed. Charles, the royal exile in the Netherlands, sent a new commission to Sir William Berkeley, governor of the colony, and the Virginians were prompt to acknowledge its validity.

Cromwell, who had become the head of the government of England, dispatched a fleet in October, 1650, to the New World to teach the colonies that he would not permit them to acknowledge the authority of the king whom he had dethroned and driven out the country. Not only did the Commonwealth threaten severe punishment, but at the same time it offered liberal concessions to the colonies on the simple condition of their declaring allegiance to it. This, after some negotiation, was agreed to, in 1652.

The result was beneficial. Absolute peace was established, and the treatment of the colonies was so generous while the Commonwealth and Protectorate continued that they were virtually independent, and governed themselves as they saw fit. Virginia continued to prosper, and in 1648, ten ships were engaged in trading with London, two with Bristol, twelve with Holland, and seven with New England. The population was about thirty thousand. Let us now turn to other colonies which had meanwhile grown up at other places along the coast.

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CHAPTER IX.

SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK BY THE DUTCH.

VIRGINIA was the first of the original thirteen colonies that was settled, and New York was the second.

When Columbus discovered America, Spain was the leading nation in Europe, but she became involved in many wars, which, in the end, proved disastrous to her, and Holland rose to the rank of the most powerful of maritime peoples. Before the close of the sixteenth century, she had made two unsuccessful efforts to find a short passage to India. The formation of the Dutch East India Company in 1602 increased the desire to lessen the distance to that and adjoining countries. A company of English speculators in 1607 —the year in which Jamestown was settled—sent out a ship in charge of Henry Hudson. That famous navigator pushed his way along the eastern coast of Greenland, until past the 80th degree of latitude, when the mountainous ice compelled him to turn back. He had with him only a crew of eleven, one of whom was his son. He penetrated further than any one had preceded him, but the Pole, which no man has yet reached, was still beyond the impassable sea.

BIBLE BROUGHT OVER IN THE "MAYFLOWER" IN PILGRIM HALL, NEW PLYMOUTH.

The attempt was repeated the next year, but the secret remained undiscovered, and the English merchants declined to risk any more capital in the search for the short route to India. Hudson, however, was hopeful, and his services were sought by the Dutch East India Company. After listening to the enthusiastic sailor, they fitted out a small vessel, called the *Half Moon*, and placed it under his command, with instructions to sail to the north-east, instead of the north-west. As he was now cruising under the flag of Holland, all new land discovered by him would belong to that country.

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INDIANS BRINGING BEAVER-SKINS TO FLEET, TO TRADE WITH THE DUTCH.

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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The *Half Moon* sailed from Amsterdam, April 4, 1609, and in due time reached the neighborhood of Nova Zembla. There the vast quantity of ice convinced him that it was impossible to reach India in that direction, and he was compelled to violate orders by taking the opposite course. Coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, with his prow turned southward, he went past Newfoundland and Acadia, and it is believed dropped anchor at the mouth of the Penobscot.

Still heading southward, he sighted Cape Cod, and not knowing that it had been seen and named before by both Champlain and Gosnold, he called it New Holland. When he reached Chesapeake Bay, he learned, perhaps, that the English colonists were ahead of him, and he changed his course northward. He sailed into Delaware Bay, but the water was too shallow for the *Half Moon*, and again steering northward, he dropped anchor, September 3d, at Sandy Hook, opposite the inland waters, where the metropolis of the New World now stands.

The *Half Moon* remained a week in the lower bay, during which the crew made many journeys to the neighboring land, visiting and trading with the people and shooting game. Then, the anchor was raised and the ship headed up the majestic river which now bears his name.

Never before had any white man ascended that river. The bay had been visited by other explorers, but none had ventured beyond its head. We can understand, therefore, with what astonishment and delight the Englishmen and Dutch who composed the crew of the *Half Moon*, gazed on the Palisades and the Highlands. Great forests, their foliage just beginning to take on the brilliant tints of autumn, lined the shores, while enormous rocks and bowlders projected from the sides of the hills and added to the rugged grandeur and picturesqueness of the scene.

There were Indians, too, who peered from the depths of the woods, with feelings that must have been similar to those who first looked upon the ships of Columbus. With their little canoes, they skimmed over the mirror-like surface, or crept as noiselessly as shadows along the wooded shores; but they had never looked upon such an imposing object as the *Half Moon*, which swept so majestically against the tide, and tumbled the waters right and left from her prow. They observed the curiously dressed and sturdy figures moving back and forth over the deck, Hudson and others standing on the high stern and watching them with as much curiosity as they gazed upon the strange ship. For ten days the *Half Moon* slowly sailed up the Hudson. When about a hundred miles above its mouth, some of the tiny boats ventured out to the vessel, and, being kindly treated, the warriors stepped on board. Near the spot where now stands the town which bears his name, Hudson went ashore and paid his respects to an old chief, who appeared to be the governor of the surrounding country. The visitors were treated courteously, and from first to last, no hostile disposition was shown by the Indians.

When Captain Hudson started up the river, he was quite hopeful of reaching the South Sea, but the narrowing banks, the shallowness and freshness of the water, told him that it was impossible to find India by that route. He ascended to the neighborhood of the present site of Albany, his smaller boats going up still further and examining the stream.

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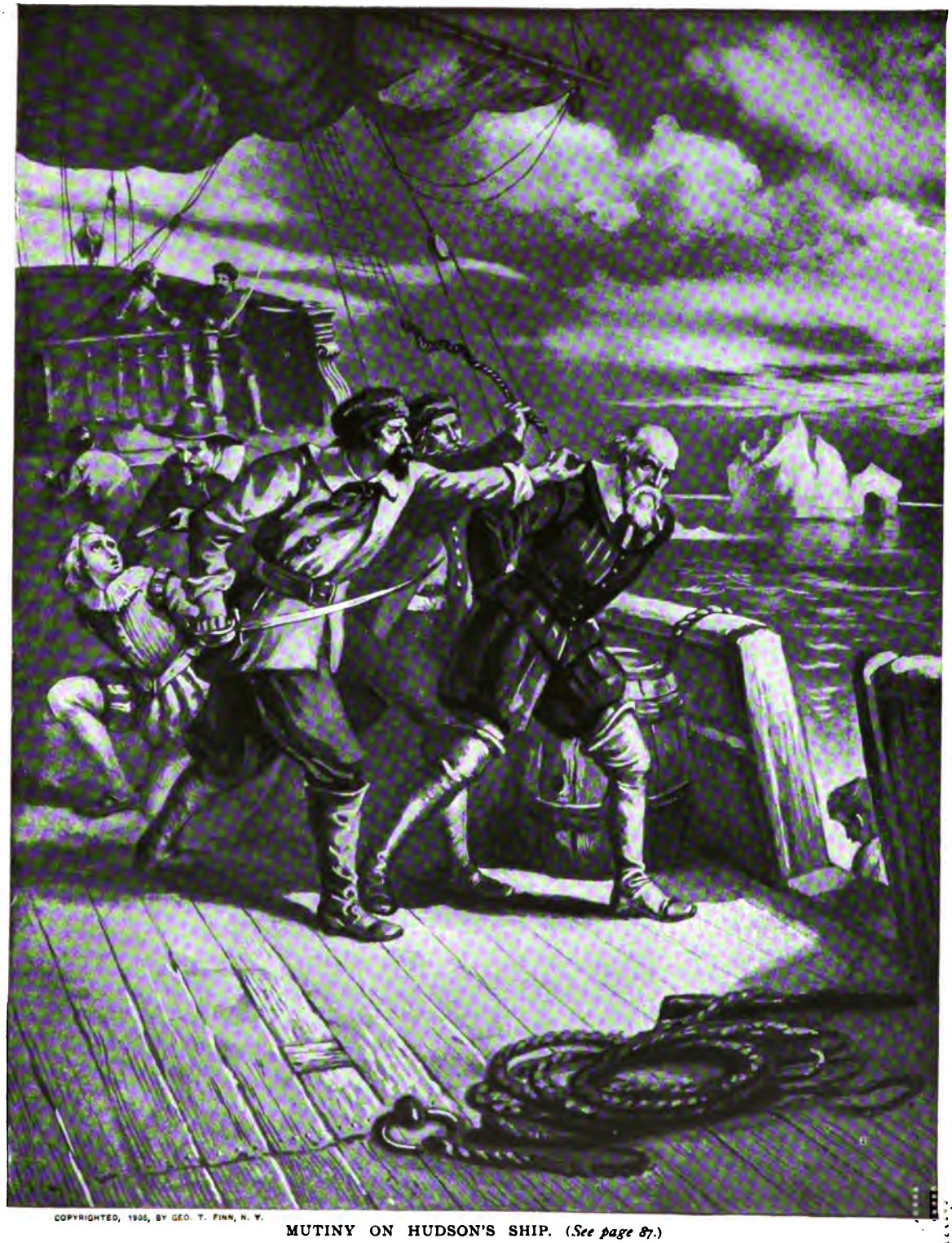

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MUTINY ON HUDSON'S SHIP. (*See page 87.*)

Drawing by Francis Christy.

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Hudson returned to Dartmouth, England, whence he sent an account of his voyage to his employers at Amsterdam. The Dutch at once (and with the best reason), claimed sovereignty over the new territories now opened to them, but the river was not revisited by the famous navigator, after whom it is rightly named. But the discovery had added greatly to his fame, and it was decided in England to make one more attempt to find the north-west passage. The expedition was placed in his charge, and he sailed again, in 1610, with a crew of twenty-three men, his own son once more being one of the number.

On this voyage he discovered the large bay and the strait which bear his name. The bay is an immense one, and, when Hudson entered its expanse of waters, he was confident that at last he had found the way to the Pacific, and the long sought for passage to the east. But he was soon convinced that he was in a land-locked bay, and he made his preparations to spend the winter in the southern part, intending to continue his explorations in the following spring. He was in one of the most dismal regions of the globe, but, like those who have explored the far north, both before and since, he was ready to accept whatever came. Running into a small creek, he dropped anchor, and the crew fortified themselves as best they could against the rigors of the long, dreary winter before them. They had only a small stock of provisions, and they diligently hunted the wild fowl which sometimes visited those shores. In a short time the ship was frozen immovably fast. Snow fell to a great depth, and the endurance of the men was put to the severest test, when the Arctic winds swept across the vast bay, and moaned through the cordage of the first vessel that had ever been locked in its icy arms.

Henry Hudson, like Columbus, was a born explorer, who could be driven back by no difficulty or danger. When spring freed his ship, he and his men were in a starving condition. It would seem he ought to have turned back, but he had no thought of doing so. His shallop was fitted up, with a view of exploring further, but he was bitterly disappointed that he could not open communication with the natives, and was therefore unable to get any food for his crew. He shed tears when he divided the last meal among his men. Sailing out into the narrow sea, his crew became desperate and mutinous. He threatened to set them ashore. That night the mutineers entered his cabin, bound him, and put him on board his shallop. His son and seven others, four of them being sick, were compelled to go with him. The ship's carpenter insisted on sharing the fate of his commander, and he was allowed to do so. The craft was then turned adrift on the Arctic waste of waters, and was never heard of again.

Holland, unlike the other nations, cared less at first for territory than for trade. During the three years which followed Hudson's exploration of the stream named after him, Dutch vessels sailed up and down the river, anchoring along shore or sending parties into the interior, when the Indians were backward in presenting themselves. They bartered for furs, in which the trade became very profitable. In 1613, Manhattan Island had a small fort and several cabins, and was the chief depot where the peltries were gathered and sent across the ocean to Europe. The Dutchmen began to understand the value of the territory around them. They explored Long Island Sound,

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Narragansett Bay, and the waters of New Jersey. Adriaen Block, who led in this enterprise, is the sailor after whom Block Island was named.

In 1615, the States-General issued a charter to a company of Amsterdam merchants, by which they were given a monopoly for three years of the trade in New Netherland, which was said to extend between Virginia and New France—as Canada was then called—from the fortieth to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. This included the

PETER STUYVESANT.

whole of New England. In the same year, a settlement was made on a small island in the Hudson, a short distance below Albany. At that time the Dutch called the river the Mauritius, after the Stadtholder Maurice, of Orange, who was an energetic friend of colonization in America.

In 1621, one of the most important commercial associations in the world was formed under the name of the Dutch West India Company. Its patent extended for twenty-two years, and gave it the exclusive right of trading and planting colonies on the

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coast of Africa, from the tropic of Cancer to the Cape of Good Hope, and on the coast of America from the Arctic Ocean to the Straits of Magellan—that is, the entire length of the continent.

The Dutch West India Company was a vast corporation with prodigious powers.

STUYVESANT HARANGUING THE CITIZENS OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

It had a fleet of thirty-two vessels of war, eighteen armed yachts, and scores of merchant ships, while its almost absolute jurisdiction was over a territory many times greater in extent than Holland itself.

The West India Company assumed charge of New Netherland, as the country was called, which embraced the present State of New York and a large area north and south. In March, 1623, it sent

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out a vessel, the *New Netherland*, with a number of settlers, besides many of the officers of the company. These colonists were known as "Walloons," and were driven from their homes by fierce persecution for their religious belief. They were of French origin, and had lived many years in the southern provinces of the Netherlands, whose population was chiefly Roman Catholic. The ship in which they sailed was under command of the company's first director, Captain Cornelis Jacobsen May, who landed them near the fort on Castle Island. The thrifty people began work at once, happy that at last they had found a country where they could be free to worship God in their own way.

The fort which the Walloons built on their arrival was called Fort Orange. It stood on a part of the present site of Albany, but only a portion of the company brought over by Captain May settled there. Some went south in the direction of the Delaware River, others toward the Connecticut, and still others to the western end of Long Island, or Walloons' Bay, now known as Wallabout Bay. All these people were industrious, and besides cultivating the ground, opened a profitable trade with the Indians.

Captain May governed the colony during 1624, William Verhult the following year, and Peter Minuit assumed charge in May, 1626. The last named may be looked upon as the first real governor. He brought all the settlements under one government and made Manhattan the chief place in New Netherland. He bought the whole island from the Indians for a sum equal to about twenty-four dollars—that is, he purchased the land on which the city of New York now stands for less than one-third the price many an American boy has paid for his bicycle. It would be hard to name any property which has increased more enormously in value during the last two centuries and a half than the site of New York.

About this time, the Dutch commissioner at Fort Orange gave great help to Manhattan by a piece of idiocy on his part. He was persuaded by the Mohican Indians to act as their ally in a campaign against the Mohawks. The first time he went on the war path was his last; and several others who went with him were also slain. Governor Minuit, fearful of the results of this piece of folly, called most of the settlers from Fort Orange to Manhattan, leaving behind only a small garrison.

The growth of Manhattan at first was slow. The cabins were rudely built and few in number. There was a somewhat imposing stone building for the business of the company, and a quadrangular fort called Fort Amsterdam. From this depot sailed the Dutch shipping southward, northward and across the ocean to Europe. The population, in 1628, was two hundred and seventy persons. A profitable trade was carried on with the Indians, and affairs were in a better condition than in the other colonies. But in 1629 the directors of the West India Company unfortunately decreed that any member of the company who should plant in New Netherland a colony of fifty persons, over fifteen years of age, should become patroon of the territory of which he took possession. That is to say, he would be not only the sole owner of the land, but the ruler over all the people. The patroon could establish courts and magistrates in all the towns and villages on his possessions; appeal from his courts

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could only be taken to the director-general of New Netherland; he could use all lands, rivers and woods lying next to his own, and trade wherever the company did, on condition of paying a small tax. The men and women servants could not leave the service of the patroon, whatever their treatment might be, before the time for which they were engaged, without his written consent. The company pledged themselves to protect the patroons in all their privileges, and the grant of land to each might be sixteen miles of river frontage with one-half on either bank; but it also required that the land should be first bought of the Indians, and that the tenants should be free from taxation for ten years. As in all the colonies, African slavery was permitted.

The burghers of old Amsterdam were shrewd fellows. The law creating patroons in America had hardly passed, when Samuel Godyn blandly told the others that he and Samuel Blommaert had completed their arrangements for occupying the Bay of the South River, as the Delaware was then called. They had obtained the titles and privileges by purchase and had given due notice to Governor Minuit at Manhattan. In fact so prompt were these two directors that they bought the land several days before the charter was acted upon. But they were not the only directors who anticipated the stockholders in taking up the most valuable land. Kiliaen van Rensselaer purchased, through the commissary of the company at Fort Orange, an enormous tract on the western side of the river. It reached from Barren Island, twelve miles below Albany, to Smack's Island, and two days' journey inland. He afterward extended the boundaries almost to the confluence of the Mohawk. Still later he bought a tract on the east side, whose river front extended from Castle Island to Fort Orange. Other directors took up valuable lands, but Van Rennselaer led them all in his rapacity.

When the other members learned of the sharp practices of these directors, they were indignant, and brought such pressure to bear upon them, that they were compelled to take in several partners. Thereupon Van Rennselaer joined with Godyn and Blommaert, and they in turn united with Van Rennselaer, in dividing their proprietorships, allowing one or two others to have a small share. The result was that the grasping patroons did little more than mutually to transfer their properties, obeying the letter but by no means the spirit of the law.

The patroons improved to the utmost the golden chances thus offered them, taking up large tracts in the present states of Delaware and New Jersey, in addition to those in New Netherland. The proprietors, as is often the case, were made the more greedy by their great possessions. The fur trade was exceedingly profitable, and they engaged in it with such vigor, that the company rebelled. They issued strict orders against such barter, and the proprietors resisting, the wrangling became so serious that the prosperity of the colony was greatly injured.

One of the fruits of the angry dispute was that Minuit, the governor, was recalled in 1631, because it was believed he had favored the patroons. For awhile the colony was without a head, but Wouter Van Twiller arrived in 1633 and assumed charge. He was without a single qualification for the office, as was proven shortly after his arrival. An English ship, commanded by a Dutchman named Eelkins, who had once been in the company's service as commandant at Fort Orange, arrived at New Netherland. He, of

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DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS. (*See page 102.*)

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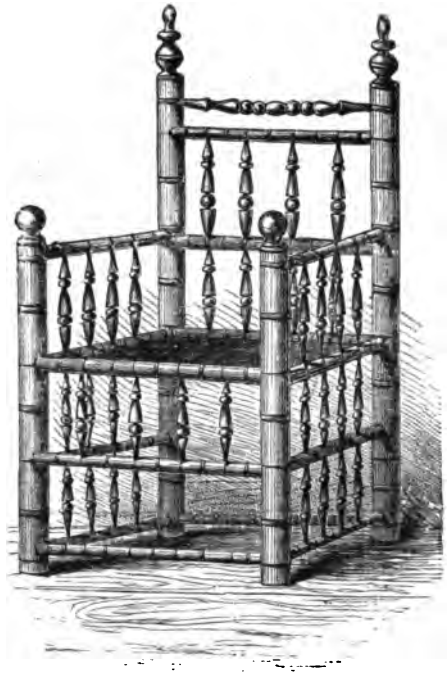
course, knew all about the country, and he told Van Twiller that he had come to trade with the Indians for furs; and, in defiance of the company's rights and the director's rage, he coolly sailed by the guns of the fort and up the river, with his English flag flying. Van Twiller was beside himself with rage, but he had a queer way of showing it, which was to order out a barrel of wine and call upon every body to drink confusion to "that Englishman." De Vries, another kind of a Dutchman, who was famous at that time, happened to be present, and told the director he should have "persuaded" Eelkins to stop with "some iron beans" from the guns of the fort. Perhaps the suggestion may have made an impression upon Van Twiller's mind, for after considering the matter several days, he sent an armed force up the river, in pursuit of the offending vessel, and compelled it to return. But the director had already forfeited the respect of his countrymen, and it was too late to recover it. At points removed beyond his immediate influence, the Dutch made some substantial progress. A trading house was put up on the South or Delaware River, and another on the Connecticut. The latter was looked upon by the English as an invasion of their territory and much complication followed.



BREWSTER'S CHAIR—PRESERVED AT PILGRIM HALL, NEW PLYMOUTH.

William Kieft, the successor of Van Twiller, was a man of great energy and strong will. He did not believe in trifling, and in 1642, he drove off a party of English who ventured to settle at the north-western end of Long Island, where they had bought some land of the Indians. The Dutch, to show all comers to whom the territory belonged, nailed the arms of the Prince of Orange upon a tree. When the Dutch were gone, the Englishmen took down the symbol and carved an absurd caricature in its place. The English had done the same thing once before on the banks of the Connecticut; and in 1631, when De Vries sent a colony to the Delaware — which settled near the mouth at a spot they called Swaanendale, or the Valley of Swans—the commander put up one of these shields with the Dutch coat of arms painted or engraved on it. This one was made of tin, and its brightness was so attractive to the savages that one of them tore it down and made pipes of it. The Dutch resented this as an insult to their nation; a feud followed between them and the Indians, and when De Vries came from Holland to look after his colonists not one of them was alive. Both English and Indians laughed at tin signs as evidence of ownership of the wilderness.

Learning that some English emigrants from New Haven had put up a factory on the Delaware, Governor Kieft destroyed the property and made the emigrants prisoners.

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In fact, the difficulties so multiplied on every hand, that the home governments more than once were on the verge of open rupture. Despite the vigor shown by Kieft, he was a man without honor or character, and soon became odious to all whom he governed. He was arrogant and tyrannical, and utterly selfish in all that he did.

In 1626, the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, set on foot a scheme for the colonization of Delaware. He provided that it should be untainted by slavery, and should be a refuge for the oppressed Christians throughout the world; but the momentous wars in which Europe was engaged, delayed operations until 1638. In that year, a small number of Swedes and Finns were guided to Delaware Bay, by Peter Minuit, the first governor of Amsterdam, who was resentful on account of the treatment of his government. They bought land of the Indians and built a fort which was named Christina, after the infant queen of their own country.

Governor Kieft looked upon this as an invasion of Dutch territory, and so notified the intruders. He was afraid, however, to attempt to expel them, and they remained, others being added to their number, until fully a hundred families were established a few miles below the present site of Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, affairs were in a bad condition in the Dutch territories. Quarrels took place between the settlers and Indians, and frightful outrages were perpetrated on both sides. Kieft sought to exterminate the whole Mohawk tribe. A dreadful massacre was committed by the Dutch soldiers, on a dark winter's night in 1643, when they did not spare a woman or child of the Mohawk village which they attacked.

The colonists themselves were shocked, and the Mohawks, roused to the highest pitch of exasperation, retaliated with such fury that the Dutch plantations were almost ruined. The hamlets, villages and isolated cabins were laid in ashes, until the peril became so great that the colonists were driven to ask the Indians to make peace.

The truce which was patched up lasted but a short time, when war broke out and raged for two years. It looked at one time as if it would never stop, until one side was exterminated; but, to the joy of all, peace was established in 1645 and a general thanksgiving was ordered. Governor Kieft being looked upon as the chief cause of all the mischief, was recalled in 1646, and sailed for England the following year. The ship in which he took passage was wrecked on the coast of Wales and he was drowned.

The successor in the governorship of the Netherlands was Peter Stuyvesant, one of the most interesting characters in the early history of New York. He assumed office in 1646, and began at once a system of just treatment toward the Indians. He persuaded his country to abolish the monopoly that had existed in trade, which was now made free to all. This added much to the prosperity of the colony, but before long Stuyvesant was embroiled with the English, who persisted in settling on territory claimed by the Dutch. He sent a protest to the English governor at Boston. The reply was very guarded and Stuyvesant was invited to an interview.

His next act was a high-handed one; being the seizure of a Dutch vessel in the harbor of New Haven, because she had not paid her dues in New Amsterdam. It was well enough, perhaps, to make the seizure, but he had not the slightest right to do so in English waters. The settlers retaliated by putting in prison three of Stuyvesant's

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servants who chanced to be within reach. He demanded their release and it was refused. Seeing trouble brewing at home, and knowing that the West India Company was also involved, the Dutch governor became more temperate in his demands. He was met by defiance, and wrote home for instructions. The reply which he received was the simple but excellent advice to do his best to get along without quarreling with his neighbors.

After considerable correspondence, Stuyvesant proposed to submit all matters in dispute to arbitration. This sensible plan was carried out and the decision promptly made. It was strongly against the claims of the Dutch, very nearly all the disputed territory being awarded to their rivals.

Having thus settled, as he hoped, his difficulties with the English, Stuyvesant next turned his attention to New Sweden, as the whole country was called on both sides of the South (or Delaware) River, occupied by the Swedes. There were still some Dutch there; but the Swedish governor, Printz, a man of despotic temper, whose great strength and almost gigantic size made him a terror, treated them with severity and contempt, hardly allowing them a foothold anywhere in the province. They held one petty military post called Fort Nassau, about a mile above the mouth of the Schuylkill, which Printz did not interfere with, because it was too far up the river to meddle with his people or their trade. Stuyvesant's first move was to build a new fort, where Newcastle now stands, which he called Fort Casimir. Printz raged and protested, but both he and Stuyvesant were more afraid of English intrusion in New Sweden than they were of each other, so they determined not to quarrel.

But Printz returned to Sweden, and a new governor named Rysingh came out, whose first act was to capture Fort Casimir. It was now the turn of "Old Silver Leg" —as the Dutch called Stuyvesant, because of the silver rings which held his wooden leg together — to storm and swear, which he did in full measure. The following spring (1655) a large force was sent to the South River. Fort Trinity was speedily retaken; Fort Christina was then easily reduced; and that was the end of Swedish rule in the province, though the Swedes themselves remained, to be, first Dutch, and then English subjects. Under the Dutch it was called New Amstel.

Meanwhile, a large force of Indians had appeared before New Amsterdam and committed many outrages in the surrounding country, but, in spite of these drawbacks, the colony prospered. There is a sturdy thrift and industry about the Hollanders, which make them the best of settlers and pioneers. There are colonies of them to-day in Texas and the west, where their frugality, enterprise and success excite the admiration of all who know them.

As Governor Stuyvesant grew older, he seemed to become more impatient with those who did not adopt his views. He was irascible and often in furious moods. He believed that only one person knew how to govern New Amsterdam; that person was himself, but unfortunately, no one else agreed with him. Being a strict Calvinist, he was as impartial in persecuting Quakers as he was in harrying Lutherans, and the West India Company were often compelled to warn him to be more considerate. Nevertheless, he continually annoyed his people by interfering with their private affairs.

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New Amsterdam, however, was a favorite asylum not only to the Dutch of Europe, but to many English, who became so numerous that they were provided with a preacher and an English translation of the laws. Some Piedmontese Protestants, who escaped the massacre of their people, were given a free passage to New Netherland, and were made welcome in New Amsterdam. So many French Protestants also went thither that a special translation of the laws had to be furnished them also.

In 1653, a general assembly of two deputies from each village of the colony met

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

in New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant was not pleased, but he had no power to prevent the meeting. The assembly drew up a bold petition, or rather demand, that no new laws should be enacted except with the consent of the people, and that no person should be appointed to office unless the people themselves consented.

This was an outspoken call for a pure democracy, such as we live under to-day, for it asked that the people should make their own laws. Stuyvesant was angered when he read the petition, and gave the petitioners a furious lecture on the absurdity of men ruling themselves. Knowing that the paper had been drafted by an Englishman, he elevated his eyebrows, and said he would like to know whether there wasn't a Dutchman somewhere in New Amsterdam able to do that work, without obliging them to ask the favor of a hostile nation.

The assembly showed a desire to debate the question with the governor, and indeed became so defiant that he resorted to summary measures. He declared the

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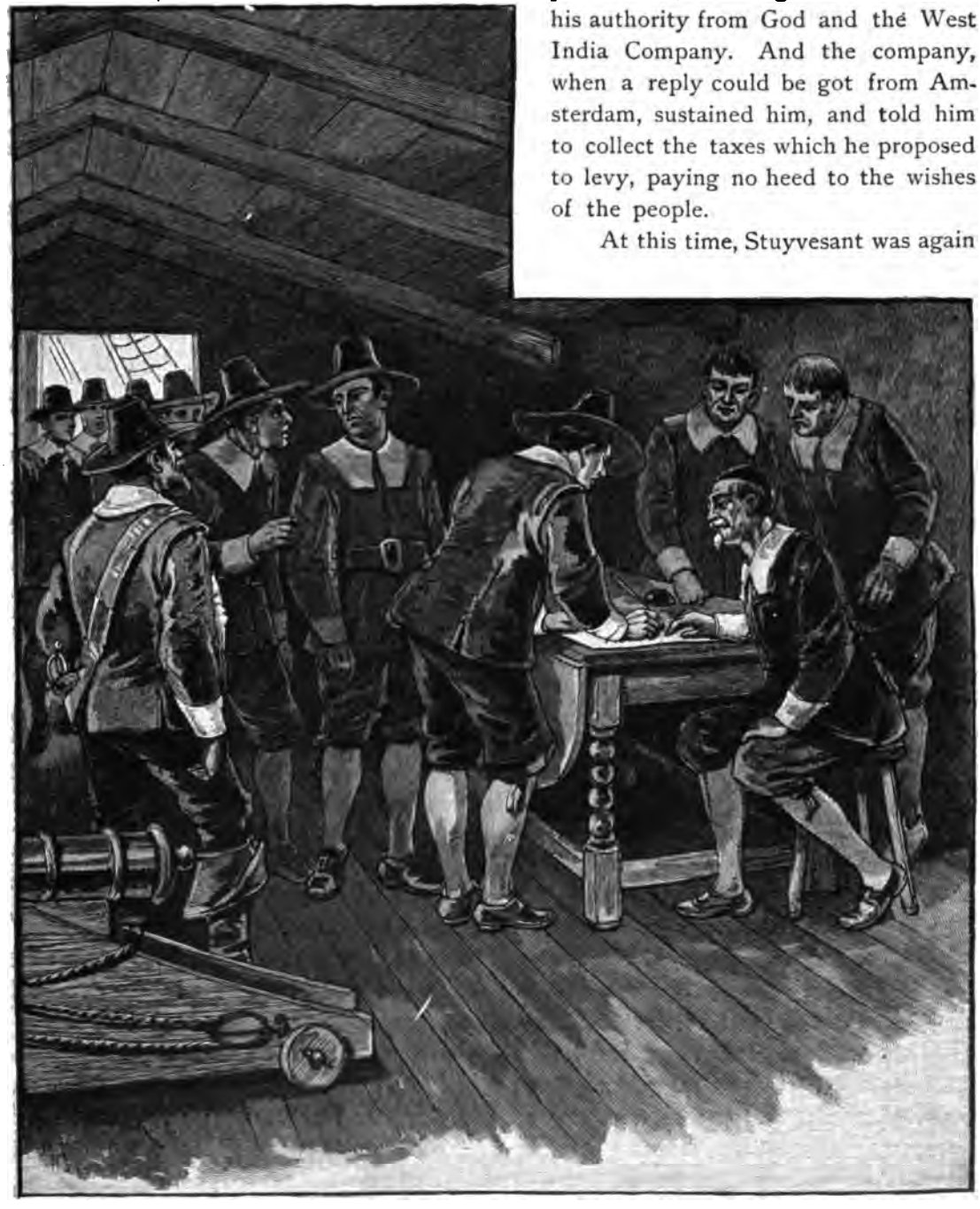
assembly dissolved, and ordered the members to disperse, under a threat of severe punishment, declaring that he derived his authority from God and the West India Company. And the company, when a reply could be got from Amsterdam, sustained him, and told him to collect the taxes which he proposed to levy, paying no heed to the wishes of the people.

At this time, Stuyvesant was again



SIGNING THE COMPACT.

involved in bitter quarrel with the New England colonies, and they almost came to

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blows. He wrangled also with Maryland, but was friendly with Virginia. From the accession of Charles II. to the throne of England New Netherland began to decay. A dry rot pervaded the whole structure of society; the English colonies encroached on Dutch territory, and Stuyvesant was powerless to prevent it; education died out; the poor became so numerous that it was scarcely possible to take care of them, and the Indians destroyed the exposed cabins and settlements.

Charles II., who had been treated with the greatest hospitality when an exile from his own country in the Dutch Republic, made a sorry return by doing the very thing which the citizens of New Amsterdam expected him to do. He claimed (what was a fact), that as Cabot was the real discoverer of the mainland of America, the continent belonged to England, and that, furthermore, the whole country between the 34th and 45th parallels of north latitude had been granted to the London and Plymouth Companies three years before Hudson saw the river named for him. On this ground, the king ceded to his brother, the Duke of York, the entire territory from the Connecticut to the Delaware.

A small fleet, with three or four hundred troops, was sent to New England in 1664. In it also went four royal commissioners, whose instructions were to gain the coöperation of the colonies in an effort to take New Netherland. The help was willingly given, Massachusetts furnishing two hundred troops. In August the English fleet was in the bay; the fortification on Staten Island was soon in the possession of the enemy, and a camp of New England volunteers was established on the shores of Long Island.

Stuyvesant went hobbling up and down the streets of the town with his cane and wooden leg, haranguing the people, and calling on them to unite in defense of the place. He denounced them as cowards; appealed to their manhood and honor, and in short did every thing he could to stir them to resistance, but all in vain. They listened to his frantic appeals; smiled and shook their heads; refused to fire a gun at the ships off the Battery, giving the enraged governor to understand either that there was no fight in them, or that they preferred the rule of the English to his authority.

Stuyvesant and the city appointed a committee which rowed out to the fleet and demanded the cause of their presence there. The reply was brought by Colonel Cartwright and a squad of soldiers, in the form of a summons for the surrender of the town. It was promised that in case of compliance, life, liberty, and property would be protected. Stuyvesant answered that he would die rather than yield, but the people held different views. The burgomasters called the leading citizens to the town hall, and demanded a copy of the letter which had been received by the governor: he savagely tore it to pieces. This exasperated the burgomasters, and the citizens refused to be enrolled as defenders of the place. Even the small number of regular troops showed signs of revolt, and nothing was clearer than that the English were sure of the town without fighting for it. A capitulation was agreed to on the 29th of August, 1664, and Stuyvesant sullenly signed it after the surrender was made. New Amsterdam became an English city, and in honor of the Duke of York the name of New York was given it.

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CHAPTER X.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE coasts of Maine, Nova Scotia, and the shores of the St. Lawrence, were explored in the earlier years of the seventeenth century, by the French, and some feeble attempts made to plant colonies. The French claimed that whole region, which they called New France. Distinguished among these explorers was Samuel de Champlain, who from the banks of the St. Lawrence marched into the interior and discovered that lake in northern New York which still bears his name. He cruised along the New England coast, entered the mouths of the great rivers of Maine and the harbor of the present town of Portland; and further south he found a great cape which, because of its long, white beaches, he named Cap Blanc—or Cape White—but to which Captain Gosnold had already given the name it still bears—Cape Cod. Champlain also visited the island which he called Monts Deserts (Mount Desert) on the coast of Maine, where, a little later, a settlement was made by the French. They planted also another colony on the Bay of Fundy, which they called Port Royal, on the spot where the town of Annapolis now stands. But both these settlements were plundered and broken up in 1613 by Captain Samuel Argall, of Virginia, on the plea that they were within the boundaries of the Virginia patent.

Meanwhile the English kept their eyes upon this region, and Sir Ferdinand Gorges, the earls of Arundel and of Southampton, all members of the Plymouth (or northern) company, sent out expeditions to explore the coast of New England. Here also Captain John Smith makes his last appearance in America. He came out with two ships in 1614, and in a boat made careful observations along the coast, giving names to capes, and bays, and islands, some of which are still retained. He made a fairly accurate map on which appears New England as the name of the whole country; the river Charles, for the river still so called between Boston and Charlestown; and a spot not far from the present site of Boston he called Boston, and he gave the name of Plymouth to the place where the Pilgrims afterward settled. This map he gave to the king's son Charles—afterward Charles I.—who declared the country should be called as Smith had named it, New England, and New England it has always been. But what most delighted Smith was the abundance of codfish in those waters, and it was this he most talked about when he returned home. The captain always had his eyes open, and saw the thing most worth seeing. Ever since then nothing has been so talked about in relation to New England as her fisheries; and to this day there hangs from the ceiling of the State House at Boston a gilded codfish as the emblem of the industry and the prosperity of Massachusetts. It is not so truly so now as it once was, but it is still true to a certain degree.

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The London Company, which was pushing its policy of colonization at and near Jamestown, was envious of its northern rival, and put all the obstacles possible in the way of its success. King James, however, in 1620 granted that company a new charter, with greatly enlarged powers. This charter gave it all the land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, lying between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, which included what is now British America, New England and New York, the upper half of New Jersey, most of Pennsylvania, and all the states and territories lying west of them. It is over a million square miles in extent, and is capable of supporting four times the present population of the United States. Surely the Plymouth Company could not complain of lack of room in which to plant and develop their colonies.

There was at this period a good deal of corruption in England in the Church as well as in the State, and those who set their faces against it were nick-named Puritans, because they professed to restore the pure doctrines of Christianity. They were devout men and women, and were cruelly persecuted for their religion's sake. They bore their afflictions with consistent resignation, hoping that on James's accession to the throne, he would do them justice, but they were disappointed. When they presented their grievances to him, he listened as though he had some purpose of relenting, but no such thought was entertained. His hatred was too deep.

A small body of these Puritans—or Separatists, as they were called, because they had separated from the State Church—lived at the village of Scrooby in North Nottinghamshire. Their leaders were John Robinson, an eloquent preacher, and William Brewster, and by the advice of these two it was decided, in 1607, to emigrate to Holland, where for more than a score of years many English Dissenters had enjoyed the protection of the equal laws of the Dutch Republic. But so fierce was the persecution with which they were pursued that several parties of them were overtaken, robbed and dispersed, and it was not till the winter of 1607–8 that they succeeded in getting away and reached Amsterdam. Although undisturbed in their worship, their situation was uncomfortable. The language and customs were strange to them, and it was almost impossible to make a living. They removed to Leyden soon after, and there won the respect of the Dutch by their godly lives. Besides, they were industrious and prospered. Nevertheless, they felt their isolation and grieved because they were not allowed to live under their own sovereign, where they could hear only the English language spoken. They sorrowed, too, on account of their children, who were likely to be merged in time into the Dutch nationality. The morals of the community exerted an evil influence on those of tender years. To sum up the whole matter, it may be said that the Puritans in Holland had become home-sick.

What was more natural, then, than that they should turn their thoughts to America, as the land of hope? What was to prevent their settlement in that country? They would be under English rule, would hear only their own language used, and would be freed from the distasteful association with the Dutch. The voyage across the ocean was dreaded, but, after all, it would be a small price to pay for the blessings they hoped to gain.

In 1617, they opened negotiations with the London Company, with a view of

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forming a distinct colony in Virginia. Their request was favorably received, but the discussion lasted so long that it was not until 1619 that the company granted the patent,

THE INDIANS' DECLARATION OF WAR.

and it was agreed that the English colony was to be transferred, like a tree digged up by the roots, from the soil of the Old World to that of the New. Two vessels, the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, the former of sixty tons and the latter of one hundred and eighty tons burden, were provided for those who wished to make the voyage across the Atlantic.

The *Speedwell* was bought in Holland and was meant to bring over those of the

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congregation who could go; the *Mayflower* lay in the Thames to receive the provisions and stores. The colony of Puritans in Leyden were altogether too numerous to take passage; they, therefore, stayed behind under the guidance of Mr. Robinson, the others being put under the care of Mr. Brewster, as presiding elder.

Before leaving, the Puritans engaged in solemn religious services, and the leave-taking was of a touching character. As they departed from the pleasant city where they had lived twelve years, "They knew"—wrote William Bradford, who was one of them and afterward became their governor in their new home—"they knew they were pilgrims;" and they have ever since been known in history as the Pilgrim Fathers. The *Speedwell* left Delft-Haven, July 22, 1620, and stopped awhile at Southampton, where the *Mayflower* joined it. But the *Speedwell* was unseaworthy, and twice she was compelled to turn back for repairs. Finally it was decided to transfer her passengers to the *Mayflower*, the weaker vessel being returned to London. On the 6th of September, 1620, the *Mayflower* sailed finally from Plymouth on her lonely voyage across the stormy Atlantic, carrying beside her crew one hundred and two persons with whom to found the settlement in the New World.

For sixty-five days they were buffeted by winds and waves. More than once a number favored returning, but on the 9th of November, they gave thanks at sight of the low, bleak lands of Cape Cod. It was their intention to settle further southward, and, for awhile they bore in that direction, but finding themselves among some dangerous shoals, they turned back. Two days later—November 11th—they dropped anchor in Cape Cod harbor (now Provincetown) and went ashore.

Among the passengers were a few who showed signs of discontent Before landing, therefore, a discussion was had over the form of government which was to be adopted. The following compact was drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and signed by all, with the exception of the men.

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

Forty-one signatures were attached to this agreement, the rest being women, children and servants. On the passage there had been one birth and one death. John Carver was chosen governor for the first year, and, uncertain whether they had selected the best spot on which to settle, Captain Miles Standish and sixteen men were sent out to investigate.

The sturdy little captain and his companions found it a hard task. The vegetation

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Landing of the Pilgrims, 1620

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LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

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was so luxuriant that their armor was almost stripped off, as they pushed through the forests. By and by they caught sight of some Indians, who avoided them, for they had evidently seen or heard of the white men before. Standish and his companions found a large iron kettle which had manifestly belonged to some earlier explorers, and they turned it to good account on discovering the winter's supply of corn, buried by the Indians in the sand. The kettle was filled, but, as the owners kept out of sight and could not be paid therefor, Captain Standish was compelled to defer the payment to some future opportunity. It came six months afterward; the same Indians were met, and the kettle was honestly paid for.

It is not easy to find a more bleak and desolate coast than that of New England in midwinter. The emigrants had arrived during the worst season, and the winters are always severe. The waves roared along shore; the wind moaned among the leafless branches of the trees and carried the snow almost horizontally against the shivering people; the driving hail stung the chilled faces like millions of needle points; the snow covered the ground in all directions and not a sign of man or habitation was seen anywhere. Thousands of miles of stormy seas stretched between them and their native land, but they had no thought of yielding, nor did they ever once lose faith; they were fervent in their devotions, and thanked God morning and evening for His mercies.

A month was spent in cruising along shore in the ship's boat in quest of a better location than the sandy beach of Cape Cod harbor. That time was sufficient to have taken them to the milder climate of Virginia, where they would have found friendly neighbors, or they could easily have placed themselves under the protection of the Dutch. They did neither, but a boat's crew continued the search for a good place for settlement, the others meanwhile remaining in their cramped quarters on the *Mayflower*.

The party was suited at last, and, on Monday, December 11th (Old Style, or December 21st, New Style), Miles Standish and sixteen companions went ashore, somewhere on the shores of Plymouth harbor. This is the true anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, though those on the *Mayflower* did not follow until a fortnight later. On Christmas Day they began the erection of a storehouse for goods and of a number of small wooden huts for dwellings. Around these they set palisades, high, strong stakes, driven into the earth, to keep off any enemies, whether men or beasts. The ground was measured off, and the company divided into nineteen families; a code of laws was adopted for civil and military government, and thus was laid the foundation of the first permanent settlement in New England.

Brave, rugged and enterprising as were those pioneers, they were subjected to exceptional hardships. Many were compelled to remain for weeks on board the *Mayflower*, where the accommodations were so poor and the scant provisions so bad that the scurvy and other diseases spread among them. It was not till the 21st of March that the accommodations for the whole company on shore were finished, and then one-half the people were dead. In April Governor Carver died, and his widow soon followed him. William Bradford was chosen governor at Carver's death. He remained in that office for many years, and the success and the character of the colony is due more to him than to any other one man.

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On the 16th of March, an Indian warrior walked out from the woods, as if to greet the colonists. His dusky face was lighted up with a smile which showed his fine teeth, and it was plain he was the bearer of some pleasant message. As he advanced toward the wondering settlers he amazed them by calling out:

"*Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!*"

He was received cordially, and it would be hard to tell whether he or the whites

JOHN WINTHOP.

were most delighted. He had picked up a few words of English, perhaps from the fishermen along the coast of Maine, whence it is supposed he had come at some previous time. His name was Samoset and he belonged to the Wampanoag tribe of Indians. Samoset was received so kindly that he went away a strong friend of the whites. A few days later, he brought back Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, whose good will was won in the same manner. He was treated with the utmost respect, and formed an alliance with the English, by which they agreed to abstain from mutual harm and to

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support each other against all enemies. This treaty was kept for fifty years. Not only that, but it was the means of leading nine other sachems to submit to King James.

With the coming of spring, the health of the colonists improved and their prospects brightened. The Indians taught them the best way to cultivate maize, and they planted a great deal of it. This was wise, for the wheat and peas from some cause did not flourish.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

The *Mayflower* returned to England in the spring of 1621, and in the following November the ship *Fortune* arrived, with thirty-five colonists. They brought no provisions, and the others were obliged, at considerable self-sacrifice, to furnish them with the necessaries of life. They did it cheerfully, however, as they always did that which duty required. They were law-abiding, and every thing went along pleasantly.

I must relate an entertaining incident: On Christmas Day, 1622, Governor Brad-

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ford and others of the old Leyden congregation left their houses to engage in work, but a number of those who had come over on the *Fortune* pretended that their consciences would not allow them to labor on that day. The governor, of course, excused them, though he half suspected it was not so much a matter of conscience with them as it was that of indolence. At noon the governor, on his return home from work, saw, to his astonishment, these very persons playing like a lot of school boys. They were throwing a ball, pitching a bar and having a right merry time. In the midst of their sport and laughter, they looked up and there stood the governor, like a stern old pedagogue, frowning upon them. With a grim smile he informed them that it was against his conscience that they should play while others worked, and he ordered them to go home and spend the rest of the day in their devotions. They dared not disobey.

The most warlike of the neighboring tribes of Indians were the Narragansetts. They looked upon the Englishmen as invaders, and not only refused to make a treaty of peace with them, but prepared for war. To show they were not afraid of the pale faces, they notified them what to expect by sending to Plymouth a bundle of arrows, wrapped about with a rattlesnake skin. It is said that at that time the Narragansetts numbered thirty thousand, of whom fully five thousand were warriors, while there were no more than fifty Englishmen at Plymouth capable of bearing arms.

Governor Bradford examined the rattlesnake skin and arrows with much curiosity. He was not certain what they meant until a friendly Indian explained that it was a declaration of war. Then the plucky governor knew what to do; he stuffed the rattlesnake skin full of powder and ball and promptly sent it back to the Narragansetts. They needed no one to interpret the meaning of such a reply. They knew these people were as ready to fight as to pray, and concluded to let them alone.

There was a scarcity of food during the summer of 1622, but the fishermen along the coast helped the colonists, and they obtained some provision from the captains of the vessels which visited them. They did not lose heart, and were determined to wrest a living from the soil. About this time a Mr. Weston of England sent out a company, which located themselves at Weymouth, but they were a set of idle knaves, with whom no honest man could associate.

It was not long before the Indians complained of their conduct. They were thieves, too lazy to support themselves, and such nuisances indeed that the savages formed a plot to kill them all. Massasoit told Governor Bradford of the danger of the poor wretches, and he sent Miles Standish and eight men to rescue them, for it would have been cruel to permit such a crime.

Miles Standish was a small man, and some of the Indians had laughed at him on that account. In fact, they expressed such contempt for the fiery little captain that he felt himself mortally insulted. He had a brisk fight, and, after driving off the savages, ran with three of his men into a wigwam, where he saw several warriors. Closing the entrance, he and his companions drew their knives and assailed the red men like so many tigers. The furious captain seized a chief by the throat and the fight between them was desperate. The warrior was larger and fully as courageous, but his assailant overcame and slew him. The rest of the Indians were killed, except one who

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was taken to Plymouth as a prisoner, and then hanged. Weston's emigrants were sent back to England; but the harm they had done was not so easily repaired. It was the first serious difficulty with the Indians, and it was provoked by the white men. The good pastor Robinson, when he heard of it, said wisely in words that have proved true for nearly three centuries: "Where blood is once begun to be shed, it is seldom staunched of a long time after."

Some months afterward, Captain Robert Gorges, the newly appointed governor of all New England, arrived at Plymouth. His jurisdiction was rather vaguely defined as extending over the mainland, known as Massachusetts, on the north-east side of Massachusetts Bay, including the coast for ten miles toward the north-east in a straight line, and thirty miles into the interior for the same breadth. He landed his stores and erected a warehouse at Weymouth, but soon went back to England. Most of the colony dispersed.

The plan adopted by the Puritans of laboring in common and on joint account, did not, and indeed never can, work well. There are always a number of indolent people in every community, who are glad of the chance to live upon the toil of others, and those who are industrious should never be satisfied to support the idle. As an experiment, therefore, it was decided, in 1623, that for a year, each settler should be allotted a certain area of land to cultivate for himself alone. This change resulted so well that, as in Virginia, the other plan was never again attempted.

The scarcity of food which marked the first few years at Plymouth, was not the only trouble of the colonists. Some of the adventurers in London were resolved to use them for their own selfish purposes. John Peirce, in whose name the first patent for the colony was taken out, in 1621, saw its certainty of success, and in 1623, procured another patent on his own account, which declared the Plymouth people to be simply his tenants. Luckily for the latter, however, Peirce met with such losses that he was glad to sell his grant for £500, which was just ten times the price he paid for it.

The worst differences were those of a religious nature. Some of the adventurers in London were Church people, and their jealousy led them to do all they could to prevent the Puritans, in Leyden, from going to America. They wanted to send another class of people, who would ultimately secure control of affairs; but Bradford, Brewster and Winslow were not only devout men, but were endowed with excellent sense, which enabled them to adopt the best means of defeating the schemes of their enemies. Winslow was sent to England, and, returning in the fall of 1623, reported to his friends the facts about the differences. He brought with him John Lyford, a clergyman, who, it was afterward proven, was an emissary of the London malcontents and a despicable hypocrite. He found an associate after his own heart in John Oldham, a member of the colony. They began plotting and stirring up mischief until their real character was suspected. They were watched, and, when it was discovered that Lyford had prepared a suspiciously large package of letters to send to England, Governor Bradford deemed it his duty to intercept and examine them. Their contents left no doubt of the treacherous business in which the man was engaged.

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Lyford, however, was not arrested until he attempted to hold a meeting in accordance with the forms and rites of the Church of England. While there could be nothing wrong in itself in such an act, Lyford had previously declared that he had abandoned the Episcopal Church, and he now secretly called this meeting. The Separatists of Plymouth could not look without misgiving upon the introduction of a different form of worship among them, but they hardly would have taken Lyford into custody unless he had committed other offenses.

Oldham was arrested at the same time. He resisted violently and shouted for his friends to rally to his defense. No one raised his hand to help him. When brought to trial, Lyford made a humble confession of the great wrong he had done the people and begged their forgiveness. The two were ordered to leave the colony, but the authorities were lenient enough to allow them several months in which to make ready.

Lyford used the grace given him to write still more violent letters to England, repeating his former charges. This time the missives reached the London Council, but Winslow, who was in London on other business of the colony, not only answered each accusation, but also showed that Lyford was a vile knave, who before going to America had been guilty of the basest crimes. The testimony of his wife in Plymouth was to the same effect, so that it became clear to those who had been his friends, that his expulsion from the colony was demanded in the interest of public morality.

Accordingly, he and Oldham were expelled. The latter had the effrontery to come back some time later, and perhaps he would not have been molested had he been civil. But he was more of a brawler than ever, and was so loud mouthed in his abuse that the people lost patience. He was committed a short time, and then when released was compelled to walk to the water's edge between two lines of musketeers, each of whom, as he passed, gave him a sound thwack with the stock of his gun. At the water side he was helped into a boat that was waiting, and bidden to go and mend his manners.

When the shameful character of Lyford was proven, and it was clear that he was the secret agent of the faction which meant to take the colony out of the hands of the Plymouth people, the company accepted his defeat as their own. It went to pieces, and the colony was now left free to fail or succeed without interference from any one.

The issue could not have been more fortunate. It developed to the highest possible point, the splendid energy and resources of the colonists. The following year they assumed all the debts of the company; the lands, buildings and domestic animals were equitably divided; they made their own laws, and each man became an independent citizen, entitled to and receiving the full fruit of his own industry. Eight leading men, by request, took charge of the whole trade of the colony, under the pledge to keep it only long enough to pay all debts, including that to the old company. They carried out this pledge to the letter.

Their friends in Leyden now joined them, for the prosperity of the colony seemed secure. Winslow returned from England in the spring of 1624, bringing a grant to himself and Robert Cushman of five hundred acres of land, besides thirty acres in addition for each actual settler for a mile and a half along the shore of Cape Ann Bay,

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now known as Gloucester. Cape Ann had previously been named Cape Tragabigzanda, by Captain John Smith, in honor of a Turkish lady of whom he had a romantic story to tell; but Prince Charles changed it to Ann, in honor of his mother, the queen, and so it appears on Smith's map.

The ship in which Winslow came went to the point named to establish a fishing station, but with only temporary success. For a number of years the merchants of England had sent vessels to fish along the coast of New England, and the proposition was now made to combine the industry with that of colonization. This was to be done by leaving the extra men, when the fishing season was over, on shore, where they could build, till, plant and hunt, until the season opened again. Rev. John White, in Dorchester, was the originator of such an enterprise in 1623. A vessel was sent out and fourteen of her crew were landed at Cape Ann; the next spring, two vessels and more men followed, and the third year, three ships were dispatched. It looked for awhile as if the venture would succeed, but it did not. Nearly all were taken back to the mother country. The few that remained in charge of the cattle brought over were under the direction of Roger Conant, who, not liking the locality, moved the same year to Naumkeag, now Salem. The Reverend Mr. White was as full of enthusiasm as ever and another party arrived at Naumkeag, in September, 1628, under charge of John Endicott.

WILLIAMS'S FLIGHT THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

No doubt at this time there were scattered settlements along the New England coast, of which no trustworthy history exists. A colony was planted at Mount Wollaston, in 1625, but it was composed of vagabonds, who fell under the control of the prince of vagabonds, in the person of Thomas Morton. Led by his example and teaching, little was done except drinking and carousing. They were not molested until Governor Bradford learned they were engaged in selling firearms to the Indians. He warned them to cease, but Morton was defiant, and Miles Standish was sent with a small command to bring him to terms. He did it in his thorough fashion, arresting the

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braggart and taking him to Plymouth. Morton was then shipped to England in charge of John Oldham, the same fellow who had been banished in such disgrace, but who, repenting, was again taken into favor.

Nothing was done with Morton in England, and he came back to the colony, where he soon fell into the hands of Governor Endicott, who set him in the stocks, confiscated his goods and bundled him across the ocean again. But back he came, some time after, and was a plague to the settlers as long as he lived. He was imprisoned for a year in Boston, because of a libelous book he published. He died about the year 1645.

In 1628, a patent was procured from the Plymouth Company in England, for lands on the Kennebec, and a settlement was planted near Augusta, the present capital of Maine. In June, 1629, six vessels entered the harbor of Salem, bringing besides their crews and four hundred passengers, one hundred and forty head of cattle, forty goats, and all the implements, tools and provisions that a new colony could need. It is worth noting that one of the ships was the *Mayflower*, which brought over the Plymouth Pilgrims nine years before. They were sent by the new English corporation styled "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Their grant extended from the Merrimac to the Charles River, and the directors in London confirmed Endicott as governor. Within the succeeding year, the council in London, after a long debate and consideration of the matter, invested the government of the colony in the resident members.

John Winthrop was made the new governor. He was a lawyer by profession with a large income and of excellent social position, and he gave up much at home that he might become a pioneer in the wilderness of the New World. He arrived in Salem, June 12, 1630, and found the outlook any thing but encouraging. During the previous winter one-fourth of the colonists had died and their provisions were well nigh gone. Indeed the history of the colonization of our country shows that every attempt, wherever made, could not escape such an ordeal.

During the summer, seventeen vessels (among them the *Mayflower*) arrived with over a thousand emigrants. They endured many privations and settled at Salem and other points. A number founded Charlestown and others Dorchester. The emigrants carried with them the ill health brought from the ships. Several hundred died during the first year. The destitution became so great that Governor Winthrop was forced to ask help from the settlers at New Plymouth. Such an appeal was always heeded. The arrival of a ship in February, 1631, with an abundance of stores, relieved the wants of the famishing colonists. The majority, however, kept their courage all through their afflictions, and Governor Winthrop wrote to his wife in England that he had never had more peace and contentment of mind than in the wilderness of Massachusetts.

The weakness of the colonists tempted the Indians to combine for their destruction; but, while making ready, small-pox, that terrible scourge of the American race, broke out among the red men. The settlers went among them and did all they could to relieve their sufferings. When an enemy is treated in that manner, his surrender is

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more certain than if he is opened upon with powder and ball. The Indians gave their white neighbors no trouble.

In the latter part of 1630, some members of the colony at Charlestown located on the present site of Boston. The Indian name of the site was Shawmut — meaning the place of many springs; and the name is not forgotten in Boston and the vicinity. The name first given by the colonists was Trimountain, from three lofty hills in the vicinity. Its present name, it is said, was given in honor of Rev. John Cotton, a clergyman of Boston, in Lincolnshire, who, coming to Massachusetts, gained such influence that he was called the patriarch of New England. The land was claimed by an Episcopal minister, named Blaxton, who having slept in a rude hut on the point of land, insisted that he owned the whole peninsula. The colonists bought his rights, or rather what he claimed were his rights, thereby showing him much more consideration than was usually shown to the rightful owners of the soil.

Without delay, the Massachusetts colonists formed the basis of their commonwealth. Several courts, consisting of the governor, the deputy-governor, and the assistants appointed by the charter, convened at Charlestown. In the same year that Winthrop arrived — 1630 — numerous laws and ordinances were passed. Civil officers were appointed, and severe punishments were decreed against evil-doers. Whipping was a common form of punishment, though careful provision was made against its infliction from personal ill-will. It is on record that Sir Richard Saltonstall was fined five pounds for whipping two persons without the presence of another assistant. The whipping-post was a common institution in many parts of our country for nearly two centuries afterward, and I have no doubt you are aware that it has not yet been entirely abolished.

Among the passengers on board the ship — the *Lion* — which arrived in February, (1631), laden with provisions, were Roger Williams and his wife. Could the more moderate people of Boston have foreseen what was to follow, they would have been willing to do without the ship's provisions, sorely as they were needed, if thereby they could have been saved from the visit of this Roger Williams.

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CHAPTER XI.

RELIGIOUS TROUBLES IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE trouble with Roger Williams was that he was a more advanced Puritan than those whom he joined. He was a clergyman of marked ability, and was so liked at first in Boston that he was elected teacher of the church. He declined the call, however, because, as Winthrop declares, they would not publicly repent for having communion with the Churches of England. Williams also asserted that the civil magistrate had no right to punish any one for breaking the Sabbath or any of the first four commandments of the decalogue. This was taking high ground, and Boston was not the place for him, and he, therefore, went to Salem.

The church there having lost its teacher called Williams to take his place. Governor Winthrop protested to Endicott, because the action was taken without consulting the council. Nevertheless Williams was settled as the minister in Salem; but the council dealt so sharply with the church that it was soon forced to send him away.

Then Williams went to Plymouth, where he served as the assistant of Rev. Mr. Smith for two years. He was out of the jurisdiction of Governor Winthrop, and was popular for a time in his new field. He was an earnest, devout man, who, while holding radical opinions, was not offensive in forcing them upon others. The most unpalatable truth he taught, though he only taught it privately, was that the Indians were the rightful owners of the land and that it should be bought from them alone. As this assumed the king to be a usurper, the view had the merit of boldness as well as truth.

Through trials and tribulations, the various colonies scattered along the coast of Massachusetts, steadily advanced in prosperity. Local affairs were intrusted to citizens in whom the majority felt confidence; then representatives were sent to the general court, which after consulting together, regulated taxation and made laws for the general government of the colony. Massachusetts Bay, as the colony was called, became a government of the people and the home government did not interfere.

The clergy exerted a powerful influence. Though they were not allowed to hold civil offices, they thundered from their pulpits, and often really directed the affairs of state. It had already been decreed that no person, unless a member of the church, should be allowed to vote.

But among the preachers, were some whose only concern was the spiritual good of their fellow men. There was one, John Eliot, whose name will be revered so long as the history of our country lasts, for no more devoted Christian ever lived. His work among the aborigines won for him the name of the Indian Apostle.

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Eliot was pastor of the first church of Roxbury, in 1632. He studied the Indian tongue until master of it. In his first sermon to a party of warriors in their own language, his appeal was so powerful that the chief who was present embraced Christianity. Not only that, but he became the leader of a band known as the "Pray-

LANDING OF ROGER WILLIAMS.
Painted by A. Chappel.

ing Indians." Some of them were made constables and magistrates in the towns of Praying Indians. Here is a copy of a warrant which one of the magistrates drew up and addressed to a constable:

"1. I, Hidondi. 2. You, Peter Waterman. 3. Jeremy Wicket. 4. Quick you take him. 5. Fast you hold him. 6. Straight you bring him. 7. Before me, Hidondi."

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Eliot's labor among the Indians was beset with difficulties which would have discouraged almost any other person. For instance, when making an appeal to one of the chiefs, the latter told him he would believe in his religion when he saw it make the white men better than the red men. How true it is that the inconsistencies of professing Christians do ten-fold more injury than all other causes combined!

Eliot labored with a singleness of purpose which well earned him the title I have named. No one can estimate the good he did among the aborigines. He translated the Bible into the Indian tongue and copies of it are still in existence. Homely and quaint as the old volume looks, it would require a considerable sum of money to buy one. The longest word is found in St. Mark's Gospel, first chapter and fortieth verse. It means "Kneeling down to him," and is printed thus, "Weetappesittukgussunnookwehtunkquoh."

Among the additions made to the colony in 1633 were John Cotton, Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone. Hooker and Stone settled in Newtown as pastor and preacher, while Cotton staid in Boston as teacher of the church in that town. Few of the early clergymen of Massachusetts are more generally known than he. His power was great and he was able and learned.

The three men I have named had been in Massachusetts only a few weeks, when Roger Williams returned to Salem from Plymouth. The church at Salem was glad to welcome him back, and for a time, he said and did nothing to give the authorities offense. The governor and his assistants, however, took time to examine the manuscript essay Williams had written respecting the Indian title to the country. He was ordered to appear at the next general court for censure. He obeyed, explaining that the treatise was written for the private pleasure of the governor of Plymouth, and that would have been the end of it, had not Mr. Winthrop sent for a copy.

But Williams was one of those people who could not keep quiet, and the council distrusted him so thoroughly that it was equally impossible for them to leave him alone. A collision was certain, sooner or later, to take place. Williams stirred up the community by declaring that modesty required the women to go veiled in public. Cotton made all haste to Salem, and preached such a powerful discourse against the heresy that the veils disappeared. So great was the triumph over Williams that Cotton treated the subject in his regular Boston lecture.

One of the most devoted followers of Williams was Endicott, who defended him so hotly against Cotton that the governor felt called upon to stop him. Indeed some of the sermons of those times would sound very strange if preached in these days. The president of Harvard College discussed the question of wigs, and, in 1649, the magistrates signed a solemn protest against men wearing long hair, and asked the preachers to give the subject attention.

Endicott lost his discretion in his headlong devotion to Roger Williams. When the preacher denounced the red cross of St. George in the English flag as a sign of popery, Endicott's wrath blazed forth. Grasping the first flag he saw in the streets of Salem, he slashed out the offensive emblem with his sword. The general court rebuked him, and, for a time, he was not allowed to take his seat in the council.

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Shortly after Williams was settled over the church at Salem, the people asked for a tract of land at Marblehead. The council refused, and the church was roused to further resistance; they wrote to the other churches, of which the magistrates were members, appealing to them for countenance. The churches made no reply, and the Salem deputies were deprived of their seats in the court. Endicott was so prominent in the controversy that he was imprisoned until he apologized for his insubordination.

This summary proceeding vanquished Endicott and the Salem church. The latter when advised by Williams to withdraw from the other churches, declined, and Endicott concluded he had had enough of strife. Thus Roger Williams found himself alone. But he was undismayed and upheld his opinions as stoutly as ever. He was summoned to Boston to answer for his heresies and he went, well knowing that every one sitting upon the case was his enemy. The substance of the charges was his denial of the right of the state to interfere with a man's religious belief, and his declaration that its sole jurisdiction over a citizen could not extend beyond his person and property.

As this was in direct conflict with the belief of the Puritans and the established order of things, there could be no compromise between Williams and his accusers. Cotton visited him and did his utmost to convince him of his error, but for once the eloquence of the great Puritan preacher failed him. The court sent Williams back to Salem, allowing him time to repent and warning him what to expect if he failed to do so.

Probably because of the sympathy shown for Williams, the court notified him that he might stay in Salem till spring. He preached his views with as much boldness as before, and when the more timid members of his church closed its doors, he adjourned to his own large house and thundered forth his heresy with undiminished vigor.

The magistrates lost their patience and ordered him to appear again before them. He replied that his health would not permit. The court sent Captain Underhill to Salem in a shallop with orders to arrest Williams and put him on board a ship about to sail for England. When Underhill reached Salem, the preacher was gone. He had been warned of his danger, and leaving his house in the darkness of night, he went forth alone into the wilderness.

There is good reason to believe that Winthrop himself gave Williams the timely warning of the intention to send him out of the country. Winthrop was not governor of Massachusetts that year, and probably he felt free to act as his strong personal friendship for the preacher prompted him. At any rate, it was creditable to his manhood that he advised Williams to make his way to Narragansett Bay and throw himself on the hospitality of the Indians there. It was not until long after Winthrop's death that the banished preacher told of the kind letter thus written him.

Roger Williams followed the counsel of Winthrop and tramped through the wintry woods to the Narragansett Indians, which, it will be remembered, was the most powerful of all the New England tribes. But they were the friends of Williams, for they knew he was a good man, who had always defended their rights. Massasoit, the old ally of Plymouth, was at Mount Hope, and he welcomed the exile to his wigwam, as did Canonicus, whose love for Williams lasted through life.

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Massasoit gave his guest some land on the Seekonk River, and, when spring came, Williams began to build a house. Five persons from Salem joined him, but Governor Winslow of Plymouth reminded them they were still within the limits of the Plymouth

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE PEQUOT MESSENGERS.

grant, and to avoid all trouble he counseled them to move a little further west. Williams and his companions paddled down the Seekonk in a canoe and round into the wide harbor below, landing on a rock which is still known as "Roger Williams Rock," and on which may be found carved the names of scores of later visitors. There, in June, 1636, they began the settlement of Rhode Island. To commemorate the goodness of his Heavenly Father, Williams named the place Providence.

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This, however, was not the first settlement in that section. Three years before, the Dutch erected Fort Good Hope, near the site of Hartford, and the Dutch West India Company claimed the entire valley. The Plymouth people were desirous of starting a plantation, and in the autumn of the same year dispatched William Holmes by sea to the Connecticut. He had on board the frame of a house ready to put up as soon as he could land. The Dutch forbade him to pass the fort, and threatened to fire on him if he did so. The captain showed his commission from the governor of Plymouth, and said he had no choice but to obey orders. He was permitted to go on, and the house was put together on the site of the present town of Windsor, six miles above the Dutch fort. The next year, Governor Van Twiller sent troops from New Amsterdam to drive out the intruders, but the Plymouth people held their ground and soon opened a profitable trade with the Indians.

This was the beginning of a large emigration from Massachusetts to the valley of the Connecticut. Many went from Newtown, Watertown, Dorchester, Roxbury and other points, and the settlement of Wethersfield was begun in the winter of 1635. These attempts, while successful to a limited extent, were irregular, but in the autumn of the year named the real permanent settlement of Connecticut was started by the son of Governor Winthrop, who is known in history as John Winthrop, the younger. He arrived with a commission as governor of Connecticut, under the patent of Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook, John Hampden, John Pym and others.

Young Winthrop came prepared "to stay." He had men, ordnance and ammunition, and was ordered to build a fort at the mouth of the river. Before he could do so, he learned that the Dutch had sent a vessel on the same errand, but, when they sought to land, they were confronted by a battery of two cannon and twenty armed men, sent thither by Winthrop. Thereupon they sailed back to New Amsterdam.

The place was named Saybrook, after Lords Say and Brook, and a strong fort was erected. Fort Good Hope was the only sign of the presence of the Dutch in that region. During the year 1635, three thousand emigrants arrived from Massachusetts. The removal of the whole church at Newtown, in June, 1636, led by the ministers Hooker and Stone was pleasing and picturesque. It was the most lovely season in the year for such a journey. The birds twittered and sang in the trees; the brilliant wild flowers gleamed among the rich green of the woods; the cool shade of the trees sheltered the travelers from the rays of the sun; there was little danger from the Indians, and no one felt in a hurry. They drove one hundred and sixty cattle and carried the old and weak people in their wagons. There were boys and girls in that happy company, and one may imagine what merry times they had chasing each other through the woods and playing different games with as much glee as if let out of school for a holiday. Two hundred and fifty years have passed since then, and the youngest of that party crumbled into dust long ago, but their shouts and laughter echoed among the forest arches with as clear and joyous a ring as that of the youngsters of to-day, who in their turn must follow them.

When the party halted and began a settlement, they gave it the name of Hartford, because Rev. Mr. Stone, one of their preachers, was a native of Hartford, England.

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Windsor and Weathersfield received their names shortly after, and Springfield was planted further up the river.

In 1634 Massachusetts was subjected to an extraordinary agitation. In that year there arrived in Boston from England, Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, with her husband (who was of small account), and her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Wheelwright. She had been a great admirer of John Cotton, when in England, and naturally he felt partial toward her. Mrs. Hutchinson was well educated, bright, keen-witted, running over with theology, and never so happy as when engaged in some theological dispute. She knew better how to treat people in sickness than most of the doctors, and, being kind-hearted, became very popular. Winthrop, Preacher Wilson, and several other leading citizens, did not like her, for they foresaw trouble with this clever woman, who knew how to speak her mind. John Cotton stood by her, and so did Sir Henry Vane, who was governor during one of the three years she spent in the colony. The doctrine she taught is called Antinomian. Those who accept it deny the need of good works—that is to say, we are saved by faith alone. Ann Hutchinson contended that a pure and sanctified life is not the slightest evidence of a state of acceptance of God, that the command to men to work out their salvation with fear and trembling applied only to those who are under the covenant of works. In other words, men are saved by special grace, no matter what they do, or fail to do.

Growing bolder, this remarkable woman assailed some of the preachers and magistrates as godless hirelings, and affirmed over and over again the right of the people to follow their own religious convictions without hindrance. The community was so rent by her preaching that the two parties into which it was divided came near flying at each other's throats. Finally a synod of the ministers of New England condemned, in 1637, the Antinomian heresies, and Ann Hutchinson and several of her friends were ordered to leave the territory of Massachusetts Bay. She was not hurried in her removal, but finally went to Rhode Island, and afterward to New Netherland. Some years later, during the troubles between the Dutch and Indians (of which mention has been made), she was killed by the savages at a place now known as Pelham Neck, near New Rochelle, on Long Island Sound.

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GALLUP'S ATTACK ON THE INDIANS.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE UNITED COLONIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

ON the 20th of July, 1636, John Gallup, of Boston, while sailing in a small fishing boat with a man and two boys, was puzzled by the action of another fishing vessel near Block Island. It was drifting about with the sails flapping, just as it would have done had it been turned adrift with nobody on board. As he saw a number of people moving along the deck, he was mystified still more, and felt certain that something was wrong.

Determined to find out what it meant, he turned his own boat toward the vessel, which he recognized as belonging to John Oldham. Oldham, it will be remembered, was driven from the colony at New Plymouth with Preacher Lyford, some years before, but he had "mended his manners," as directed to do, and regained favor with the people. Before reaching the vessel, a canoe was seen to put off from her, and, at the same time, the figures moving about the deck were observed to be Indians.

The frightful truth then flashed upon Gallup and his companions. Oldham and all his crew had been killed by savages, who were in possession of his vessel. Knowing nothing about the management of such a large craft, they were holding revel on board, running in and out of the cabin, chasing each other back and forth, flourishing swords and pikes, and scrambling after the little property on board.

Gallup was horrified, but not frightened. He coolly took account of his own armament—two guns, two pistols, and plenty of buckshot.

"Steer straight for the vessel," was his order, as he stationed himself at the bow, and opened fire on the Indians. He was a capital marksman, and every time his gun flashed, some one was hit. He bore directly down on the drifting craft, as though he meant to cut her to the water's edge, and some of the savages, like frightened children, ran below, to escape the shot whistling through the rigging and burying itself in their bodies.

Crash went the bow of Gallup's boat into the side of the other, shaking it from stem to stern, and so terrifying the warriors that six of them leaped overboard. Rebounding from the shock, the boat struck a second time, and several other Indians sprang into the sea. This left only four, and Gallup and his companions bounded over the gunwale and made for them. Two fled below deck, where they were secured, and the other two screeched for mercy, which was granted by making them prisoners.

The Indians concerned in this murder belonged to the Pequot tribe. On learning

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JOHN ELIOT CONVERTING THE INDIAN CHIEF. (*See page 113.*)

Drawn by J. A. Oertel.

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the particulars, Governor Vane resolved to begin operations at once against them. He dispatched ninety men to Long Island Sound, under the command of Endicott, with other experienced officers, one of whom was Captain John Underhill. This force attacked the savages on Block Island, scattered them, burned their lodges and cut down their corn, and then returned to Boston without the loss of any of their number.

MONUMENT AND ROCK AT PLYMOUTH TO MARK THE SITE OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

This campaign was on too small a scale to scare the Pequots into a peaceful disposition. It served rather to exasperate them, and they determined on bolder measures against the whites. Their scheme was of that vast and far reaching character, which nerved the arm of King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and many a dusky sachem

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before and since — being the utter extermination of all the settlers in their section, if not in the entire country.

But to carry out such a grand campaign, it was necessary to have the help of the neighboring tribes. Their former enemies, the Narragansetts, could place five thousand warriors on the war path; if they would join forces with the Pequots, there certainly was reason to believe the settlements were doomed. The Pequots sent messengers to the Narragansetts, who were as persuasive in their way, as was the great preacher, John Cotton. They showed very clearly that the English were overspreading the country, and, unless checked very soon, no land would be left for the red men. The Indian is not fond of meeting an enemy in open battle, and the embassadors, therefore, explained to the Narragansetts that their policy was to avoid conflicts of that nature. Instead of fighting openly, they would lie in ambush, lurk in the woods, kill the cattle, burn the cabins, and, in short, conduct the campaign precisely as the American Indian always carries on war.

It was not long before this, that Roger Williams and his few friends had established themselves at Providence, in the neighborhood of the Narragansetts. They were the best of neighbors to him, and from them he learned the presence of the Pequot messengers among the Narragansetts. He lost no time in notifying Governor Winthrop of the danger which threatened the settlements. The governor sent back an urgent entreaty for Williams to do his utmost to prevent the success of the Pequot emissaries.

This was hardly necessary, for the preacher's sense of duty led him to make the effort, in which he was more likely to succeed than any other person. He was a long ways from the headquarters of the Narragansetts, but he sprang into a small canoe and paddled with might and main along the coast until he reached the place where stood the imperial wigwam. Scarcely stopping to draw his little craft up the bank, he hastened to the lodge of the chieftain.

The first persons on whom his eye rested, when he stepped within, were the Pequot messengers who were seeking to persuade the Narragansett chieftain to rally his immense array of warriors for a campaign that would not leave a white man on the soil of New England. Williams understood the Indian tongue, so that every thing said was as plain to him as if spoken in English. The good man trembled when he saw that the Narragansett chief was wavering and strongly inclined to take his army on the war path. Had he done so, this history would read very differently; in all human probability, the combined Indian campaign would have been resistless.

Roger Williams did not hesitate. He addressed his old friend, the chief, with the direct and earnest words which their attachment to each other justified. The Pequots were quick to read his errand, for he used the tongue familiar to them. They glowered upon him as though about to leap upon him, but the good man never abated one jot of his persuasive eloquence.

The momentous subject laid before the Narragansett leader occupied his thoughts for the greater part of three days and nights, during which Williams and his Pequot enemies were the guests of the Narragansett sachem. In describing the occurrence,

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Williams said he expected to wake up in the night with the furious warriors at his throat. No doubt they would have been rejoiced to slay him, but that would have roused the wrath of their ally and defeated their scheme.

In the face of such personal peril, Williams remained with the chief until he gave his pledge not to join the Pequots in their campaign against the settlers. Not only that, but he obtained from the leader his views as to the best plan of conducting a campaign against the Pequots — who were among the most courageous warriors in New England. Williams sent the suggestions to Governor Winthrop, and their value was beyond estimate, as were the services of the banished preacher to the cause of colonization in America.

Failing to induce the Narragansetts to join them in their crusade, the Pequots went to the Mohicans. They did not succeed there either; then, well knowing how desperate were their chances of success, they plunged into the war alone.

They carried on the hostilities just as they had told the Narragansetts they meant to do. Instead of making open attacks, where the settlers had any thing like fair play, they cut off stragglers, burned exposed cabins and shot down the men at work in the fields. Such whites as could be taken prisoners were tortured to death in the most shocking manner. By the middle of the winter of 1636, they had slain over thirty people. They became so bold that they assailed the little town of Weathersfield, killing a number and very nearly capturing the place. They had fully a thousand men on the war path, and the number was likely to be increased as the hostilities continued.

Connecticut saw she was in danger of extermination and begged Massachusetts and Plymouth to come to her help. Ninety soldiers were sent without delay. They were under the command of Captain Mason, who had served with Sir Thomas Fairfax, in the Netherlands. The night before leaving Hartford was spent almost entirely in prayer, Rev. Mr. Stone leading the devotions. Seventy Mohicans, under Uncas, a sachem of their tribe, went with the English. There was some misgiving about the loyalty of these allies, but, though they were not of much use, they remained true to the English.

Mason was joined by Underhill in command of the Connecticut troops, and they held a long debate as to the best method of pressing their campaign. The directions to Mason had been to attack the Pequots on the western side of their position, that side being the nearest to the Connecticut settlements. Mason wisely insisted, however, that the right plan was to assail them from an unexpected quarter. It was finally agreed to do so in the rear, by marching through the country of the Narragansetts.

Accordingly, the three small vessels carrying the troops, sailed easterly along the coast, and on the evening of May 20th, entered Narragansett Bay. As the morrow was the Sabbath, it was spent in religious exercises. A storm followed, which delayed the landing of the troops until the evening of the 23d. Understanding the enormous difficulty of the work before him, Mason obtained the help of two hundred Narragansett warriors. These, like the Mohicans, proved to be more of an encumbrance than a help. The next day a number of Niantics joined them, and they began the march toward the Pequot encampments which now lay to the west.

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Meanwhile, the ships sailing back along the coast had been seen by the Pequot scouts, who, not comprehending the significance of this action on the part of the invaders, reported that the expedition was given up; not one of them suspected the truth. For this reason the vigilance of the savages seems to have been relaxed and their sentinels allowed themselves to yield to their fancied security instead of keeping their usual alert watch.

Just as darkness was closing, on the evening of the 25th, Captain Mason came in sight of the enemy's stronghold. It stood on high ground on the bank of the Mystic, which protected it on one side, and was very strongly fortified by the nature of its position. The fort itself consisted of a circular inclosure, containing more than an acre. This was surrounded by palisades a dozen feet high, set so close that not even a child could force its body through, but there was enough space left between to allow the warriors to discharge their arrows. Inside of the palisades were rows of wigwams. Thus in its general features and arrangements the fort resembled the stockades which always formed an essential part of the white settlements, and provided the only refuge from the sudden and crafty attacks of the savages.

As the assailants crouched in the woods and listened, they could hear the sounds of mirth and revelry within. The red men, secure, as they believed, against all peril, were enjoying themselves in their rough, boisterous fashion. Perhaps they had some prisoner, whose screams, as they tortured him to death, caused the uproarious laughter which fell on the ears of those who were awaiting the signal to begin the attack; or perhaps they were exulting over the failure of the enemy to accomplish their purpose, and congratulating themselves that the white men had given up the hope of carrying out their plans.

A cautious reconnoissance made in the darkness of the night showed that there were two entrances to the stronghold. They were opposite to each other, and had only a few bushes by way of protection. It was decided to make a simultaneous rush through these openings, and to surprise the Indians within before they could put themselves in a state of preparation.

As many of the Englishmen had already anticipated, they found that they had to rely on themselves, now that the crisis was at hand. Their Indian allies, who had been so brave at the outset, now rapidly lost courage as the march progressed. One sight of the Pequot stronghold was enough for the rest. Their bravery oozed away, and they slunk out of sight, only a very few remaining to take part in the attack.

It lacked two hours of sunrise, and the moon was shining brightly on the 26th of May, 1636, when a watch dog near the eastern entrance caught sight of several shadowy figures creeping over the ground toward the fort. He barked sharply, and the drowsy sentinels started up, shouting that the Englishmen were coming. But the warning came too late, for as soon as he saw that secrecy was at an end, Mason sprang through the bushes and opened the fight single-handed, holding his ground until his soldiers could tear the bushes aside and dash after him. Underhill at the other entrance was quick to interpret the sounds, and he immediately led his men to the assault.

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UNCAS AND MIANTONOMOH. (*See page 130.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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The fighting was of the fiercest character. Though the Pequots were asleep, when the first gun was fired, they bounded to their feet prepared to battle to the last. They were brave warriors, and they fought with such desperation that the whites were compelled to give ground. Mason snatched up a firebrand from a wigwam and whirling it into a blaze, flung it on the roof; the dried leaves and twigs caught fire and rapidly spread. Almost at the same moment, Underhill started the flames at the other end of the inclosure. Then the soldiers ran outside, and, surrounding the fort, stood with loaded guns ready to shoot the warriors, squaws, and children as they appeared.

The slaughter was fearful. As the figures leaped through the openings in the frantic effort to escape, they were seen darkly outlined against the roaring flames behind them. The report of the rifles sounded above the crackling of the blazing timbers and they fell pierced by many bullets. If they came faster than they could be shot down, the whites finished them with their swords, or the other Indians, who were prowling in the woods, and were almost as cruel as the civilized men, fell upon them.

The loss of the Pequots, including their women and children, could not have been much less than a thousand. Two of the whites were slain and a large number wounded. On their march to Pequot Harbor to their ships, they met three hundred more warriors. A battle opened, but Mason got in the rear of his enemies, and retreated fighting his way until he reached the harbor, where the vessels were awaiting him with a detachment of Massachusetts soldiers.

No campaign could be prosecuted more remorselessly than this was against the Pequots. Mason, with a strong column, scoured the country from the neighborhood of New London to the English fort at Saybrook. Of the Indians who surrendered, some were sent to the Bermudas, some were enslaved in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and others were absorbed by the neighboring tribes. The Pequots, although not destroyed in a day, were soon blotted out from the earth and were known no more. Then came a long and complete peace to the New England colonies.

From the time of the first permanent settlement in New England, at Plymouth, in 1620, and as the colonies thrived, settlers went out through the adjoining territory. Thus towns were not only planted in what composes the present state of Massachusetts, but they passed over into Connecticut, Rhode Island and into New Hampshire, Maine and also Vermont.

Not that all these places were directly settled by emigrants from Massachusetts, for a great many of the pioneers who came across the ocean never went near that province, but located either south or north, in some little settlement of which they had received pleasant accounts from friends who wished them to make their home there.

When Ann Hutchinson was expelled from Massachusetts, she and a large number of her followers meant to go southward beyond the boundaries of New England, but Roger Williams persuaded them to stop at Aquetnet — now Rhode Island — the largest island in Narragansett Bay. This Miantonomah, the Narragansett chieftain, gave them for forty fathoms of white beads. Nineteen persons settled there, and William Coddington was chosen the first judge. Mrs. Hutchinson joined them soon after, and stayed until 1642, when, afraid she was not yet safe from persecution by the Plymouth colony,

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she moved, as has been already related, to the territory of the Dutch, where she was murdered by the Indians. She was a widow at the time, and all her family were killed, except a small daughter eight years old. This child remained a captive for four years among the savages and was afterward recovered through the efforts of the general court of Massachusetts.

The New Haven colony was begun at about the same time as Rhode Island. Its leaders were John Davenport, a Puritan minister, and Theophilus Eaton, a London merchant. They believed that a model state could be formed on the Scriptural rules, and the attempt was made. The settlers were mostly London tradesmen, and the title to their lands was obtained from the Indians, whom they found in possession. Starting with only a hundred people, the increase was so rapid that in a few years Milford, Guildford, Stamford and Greenwich sprang up on the shores of Long Island Sound.

In October, 1636, the general court of Boston voted to give £400 toward a place of superior tuition, this being the first time the representatives of a people in this country decided to expend their own money in founding an educational institution. This was at the period when the Pequot war was raging, in which Massachusetts took part, and when she was distracted by the Antinomian controversy. The Rev. John Harvard left half his estate, about £800, in those days a large sum, for the erection of the building at Cambridge — then Newton — three miles from Boston. He died shortly after, and the court, in 1639, ordered the college to be named for him. . The college was opened in 1638, and in 1650 was incorporated. There was a printing-press attached to the college, the first, and for many years the only one in North America. The reverend founder bequeathed his large library to the college, but in the fire of 1764, all the books, with a single exception, were destroyed.

Fortunately for the New England colonies, the mother country was in such turmoil at home that she interfered very little with them. In December, 1641, a general "Body of Liberties" was agreed upon, by which every citizen was given by law all the rights which until then he had enjoyed by favor. The general court of Massachusetts established a hundred fundamental laws, which were to be read and considered in every general court held within the ensuing three years. Then, those not repealed or altered were to become the laws of the commonwealth.

The body of the laws were written by Nathaniel Ward, formerly a Puritan clergyman, but then a lawyer. They have been modified a great deal, as a matter of course, since then. Some of them sound very odd to-day, and would not be tolerated, but under the circumstances of the time they were quite fair and liberal.

Ten offenses were named for which the punishment was death, among them being idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy and treason against the commonwealth or king. Women, children, servants, foreigners and animals were protected by various penalties. The Massachusetts Bill of Rights sanctioned slavery.

Every one was ordered to attend church under a severe penalty. Persons can not be made good by such means. There is no doubt that, despite the stern morality which the Puritans attempted to enforce by law, there was at times as much vice as was found in communities where no such laws existed

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WINSLOW'S VISIT TO MASSASOIT. (*See page 120.*)

Drawn by Francis Christy.

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In 1641, New Hampshire and its scant settlements were annexed to Massachusetts, and the present state of Maine was added in 1652–53. Other additions took place, so that Massachusetts, from an early date, led all New England in power and influence. Connecticut and New Haven also enlarged their borders, and colonization in that section was more active than ever. The different colonies now felt the need of a more perfect understanding and union.

In May, 1643, a general court was held in Boston, at which two commissioners each from Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven were present, while Massachusetts, on account of its importance, was represented by the governor, two magistrates and three deputies. The result of their deliberations was a federation known as the United Colonies of New England, which united themselves into a league for offense and defense, mutual advice and help upon all proper occasions. Each settlement was secured in its local jurisdiction. The federal government was vested in eight commissioners, two for each of the four colonies, named by their respective general courts, whose province it was to determine on all affairs of war and peace, leagues, aids, charges and numbers of men to be employed in hostilities, and, in short, all matters not belonging to the individual jurisdictions. The commissioners were to meet regularly once a year, or oftener in case of emergency, the places of meeting being alternately Boston, Hartford, New Haven and Plymouth, until some more central place could be agreed upon. So long as the confederation lasted, which it did till 1684, it was confined to the four colonies that first formed it. A colony in Maine, which adhered to the Church of England, was not admitted to the league, because it was not Puritanical enough. The colonies at Providence and Rhode Island were excluded, because they were too Puritanical.

MILES STANDISH'S SWORD, POT, AND PLATTER—PRESERVED IN PILGRIM HALL, NEW PLYMOUTH.

The extermination of the Pequot Indians had brought peace for the time, but in 1643 hostilities threatened to break out again. The two most powerful tribes were the Narragansetts and Mohicans. The country of the Pequots lay between these tribes, and now that the former were dispersed, hostilities broke out between the other two. Both were anxious to secure the friendship of the English, who were more inclined to believe the charges made by Uncas, the chief of the Mohicans, against Miantonomo, the Narragansett chief, than those brought by him against Uncas. Mian-

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tonomo was summoned to appear before the council of the colonies at Boston to explain the general suspicion against him. He obeyed, and denied the charges, though the Massachusetts magistrates alone accepted his explanation. Soon after Uncas attacked and destroyed a Narragansett village, and killed a number of its people.

These feuds concerned the English, because they had made a treaty with both tribes for the preservation of peace. Miantonomo now complained of Uncas, as Uncas had before complained of him. If Uncas was the aggressor, there was no reason, the Massachusetts magistrates said, why Miantonomo should not protect himself. Accordingly the Narragansetts prepared for war, and surprised the Mohicans near where the present town of Norwich stands. Uncas and his warriors were so outnumbered that he, fearing defeat, proposed to settle the quarrel by a single combat between the two chiefs. This Miantonomo refused, perhaps because he was an old man and Uncas younger and stronger. Then the attack was made, the Narragansetts were defeated, and Miantonomo, weighed down by armor, which an English friend had given him, was unable to escape and was taken prisoner. There is a tradition that he was betrayed by two of his own men, and that Uncas, while profiting by it, killed them both for their treachery. It may be true, but it does not seem probable; for had Uncas meant to be magnanimous he would have released Miantonomo.

Uncas carried his prisoner to Hartford, where he was thrown into jail. It was now the province of the English to decide what should be done with him. The Massachusetts magistrates did not believe, and the magistrates of the other colonies, whatever they might believe, had no evidence that Miantonomo had plotted against the English. But it was plain enough that he was a dangerous enemy to Uncas, and as the arbitrators between the two Indian tribes, the English decided that he must die. Uncas was ordered to be his executioner, and the unfortunate chief was taken back to the place where he was captured and there killed.

Long before these events, William Bradford had succeeded the first governor of New Plymouth, John Carver. He was an admirable ruler, strict but mild and impartial; nor was the Puritanism of Plymouth ever so extreme as that of Massachusetts. Bradford took an occasional year of rest, but of the thirty-six years of his life after the landing of the Pilgrims, he was their governor for thirty-one.

The Plymouth colony had less trouble than they had in Massachusetts Bay with the Indians. Miles Standish was the military commander, and when required, the fiery captain was prompt in rushing to the front. Several times, with his little company he burst like a thunderbolt among the plotting natives, who learned to fear him (despite his small stature) more than any other man. Massasoit, the Wampanoag chief, being well treated by the colonists, remained their steadfast friend. When he was dangerously ill, Edward Winslow, who was afterward governor, made a long journey through the forest to visit him, and, doubtless, by his skill and good nursing, though Winslow was not a physician, saved the chief's life. When Massasoit died, in 1660, he left several sons, one of whom was among the most remarkable Indians that ever lived on this continent. You will learn something of him by and by.

Roger Williams visited England in 1644, and through the influence of powerful

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friends and the general respect felt for him, he was granted a charter which united the towns of Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport into one community by the name of the Incorporation of Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay, in New England. He returned to America, the following year, taking with him the charter and a letter from several members of parliament, commending him to the good offices of the magistrates of Massachusetts. He must have experienced strange emotions, when passing through the colony from which he had fled a hunted fugitive less than nine years before. But it was not till 1663 that a charter was obtained which put aside several that had preceded it, and the province was finally established under the name of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

Massachusetts was not friendly to this sister colony, and there had been from the beginning bitter, and sometimes bloody, disputes between them. Questions of boundaries, and, still more, questions of religious doctrine, were at the bottom of these. The Massachusetts Puritans, though they had fled from persecution in England, became persecutors themselves when the power was in their hands, and they would not forget that those who founded the colony at Providence and on Rhode Island were men whom they had driven out of Massachusetts because of their religious belief. There settled at Shawomet—since known as Warwick—on Narragansett Bay, one Samuel Gorton with a few friends. He had some peculiar theological notions, for which he had been banished from Massachusetts, though perhaps they would have done no harm to any body had he been let alone. Under a pretext that the lands he and his friends had settled upon were within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, these poor people were cruelly treated, their cattle and household goods destroyed, and they themselves carried off as prisoners to Boston.

Then there were the Anabaptists, or, as they called themselves, the Baptists, who believed as the sect now bearing that name still believe, that baptism should be by the immersion of those only who were old enough to understand the significance of that rite when they were prepared to become members of the church. The doctrine was offensive to the Massachusetts Puritans, and they passed laws to punish by banishment and otherwise, those who accepted it. Many fled to Rhode Island, as the Puritans had fled from England, to escape persecution because of their religion. Three of these Rhode Island Baptists, one of them the minister of the church, went to Lynn, Massachusetts, to hold religious services with a venerable brother who was too old and ill to leave home. They were arrested, imprisoned and fined, and one of them, who refused to pay the fine, was publicly stripped and cruelly whipped.

But the Friends, or Quakers, as they came to be called, fared still worse. George Fox was the founder of this sect, and they were called Quakers because he said of a certain justice of the peace, who had sent him to jail, that the magistrate and those about him "should tremble at the word of the Lord!" The justice, says the historian, took this weighty saying with such an airy mind, that from thence he took occasion to call him [Fox] and his friends, scornfully, Quakers! The derisive name was accepted by the mob, but for two hundred years now has been a name of respect and reverence.

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They suffered great persecution in England. From 1651 to 1657, nearly two thousand were imprisoned, of whom twenty-one died. Massachusetts knew all about them and was determined to keep them out of her jurisdiction.

The Quakers did something, no doubt, to exasperate those around them. They declared that it was an abomination for a church to pay its ministers; that God did not

GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE.

dwell in human temples; that they were forbidden to take off their hats to any one; that every man and woman should be addressed as *Thee* or *Thou*, no matter how exalted the station; and that it was wrong to say "Good-morning," or "Good-evening," since to do so, implied there were mornings and evenings which were not good. Some of them went much further. It is said that several of the Quakers appeared on the streets stark naked, declaring that they did so for a testimony, and the same thing took place in this country.

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In July, 1656, a vessel reached Boston from the Barbadoes, bringing among its passengers two Quaker women named Mary Fisher and Anne Austin. They were expelled, but a few weeks later another ship arrived with five male and four female Quakers. They were allowed scarce time to take a peep at the little town of Boston, when they were shipped to England. Satisfied that the sect was resolved to come to America, Massachusetts persuaded the general courts of all the united colonies of New

CECIL, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.

England to pass laws against these people. It was agreed that they should be expelled or imprisoned. Massachusetts was the most severe. She imposed a fine of a hundred pounds on any shipmaster who brought one of them into the territory and required security for his return to the port whence he was brought. It also decreed that all Quakers should be imprisoned and severely whipped; that the circulation or concealment of a Quaker book should be punished by a fine of five pounds and that persons who attempted to defend them should be punished.

Mary Clarke from London was whipped in August, 1657. Christopher Holden and

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John Copeland, who after being banished to England had returned to Salem, were scourged and sent to jail, and the man and wife that had sheltered them were imprisoned. Some Quakers in jail who refused to work were flogged so cruelly that one came near dying under the lash.

All these persecutions failed to stamp out the hated sect and the penalties were made more severe. The fine for harboring them was increased to forty shillings an hour, and it was ordered that every Quaker who came back after expulsion should have one ear cut off; the second time he came back, the other ear was to be cut off; the third time he returned, his tongue was to be bored through with a hot iron. Surely this was cruel enough to suppress them in the Massachusetts colony, but persecution strengthens the persecuted.

In 1658, Christopher Holden, John Copeland and John Rouse, having returned the second time after expulsion, lost their right ears by the knife of the hangman. This was the only time the barbarous sentence was ever executed in New England, nor did any Quaker ever have his tongue bored through with hot iron.

But the anger against them grew more intense. In the autumn of 1658, the federal commissioners in Boston recommended the general courts of the four colonies to decree the death of all Quakers returning to their respective jurisdictions after being twice expelled. They could only escape by a public renunciation of their "cursed opinions and devilish tenets."

Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven did not go so far as the Boston magistrates advised, and Rhode Island was the only one which, reasonable as well as merciful, decided that while in its opinion the Quaker doctrine was bad, their persecution was much worse: and therefore it was best to let them alone. Here, then, like other heretics, they could live in peace.

But some of them were too zealous to be peaceful, as the way generally is with those who believe they have some new and vital truth to teach the world. William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson went to Boston in the summer of 1659. There they were joined by Nicholas Davis and Mary Dyer. The four were at once arrested, and ordered to leave. Davis and Mary Dyer obeyed, but Stevenson and Robinson came back to Boston, and shortly after Mary Dyer followed them. The three were re-arrested, taken before the general court, where upon their own confession that they had returned from banishment, they were sentenced to be hanged on the eighth day following.

It must be stated that this sentence was not popular, and a guard of a hundred soldiers was deemed necessary to conduct the prisoners to execution. On the 27th of October, 1659, they were taken to the scaffold. They made several attempts to address the crowd, but their voices were drowned by the rattle of drums. Those who stood near them caught enough words to understand the men to declare they were suffering for conscience' sake, and that they died for Christ.

The halter was placed around the neck of Mary Dyer, who stood in that dreadful attitude until the execution of the two men was over. Then she was told she was free to go with her son, who had come from Rhode Island to beg for her life. But she

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returned again the following spring, in obedience to the dictates of her conscience, which required that she should bear witness in Boston, the place of most danger, to what she believed to be the truth. She was again arrested and condemned to death. At the foot of the gallows she was offered her life, if she would promise simply to keep out of the colony. She would not consent, and was hanged.

In 1661, William Leddra, a foreigner, having defied the law by coming back to Massachusetts after banishment, was executed in the same manner as the others. These four were all that suffered death on account of their religious belief. Their execution was one of the most shocking crimes in the early history of our country. The sober second thought of the settlers showed them the great wrong of which their magistrates and ministers were guilty. The law was modified, and after a time the persecutions ceased altogether.

With occasional difficulties with the Indians and some dissensions among themselves, the colonies advanced in population and prosperity. While they professed loyalty to the mother country, the latter governed with a very lax rein. Oliver Cromwell held them in high esteem. When he died and his feeble-minded son Richard reigned for a brief while, New England knew not the difference. They had not proclaimed Oliver, nor did they proclaim his son, who attempted no interference with them.

The years were passing, and the original founders of New England were passing away. Brewster died in 1644, Winthrop in 1649, John Cotton, one of the original pastors of Boston, in 1652, Winslow in 1655, Miles Standish in 1656, and Bradford in 1657.

When Charles II. ascended the throne in 1660, a new era opened, not only for England, but for the American colonies. The royalist settlements in Virginia and that section had nothing to fear from the restoration of the Stuarts, but the Puritan colonies were filled with misgivings. They were much relieved, therefore, when a dispatch, dated February 15, 1661, was received full of friendly expressions, promising liberty and respect to conscience, and complimenting them on their enterprise and progress.

This was very pleasant to the Puritans, but the situation was complicated shortly after by an order from England for the arrest of Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goffe. They were two of the late king's judges, and were therefore regicides, all of whom the son of the executed king was determined to put to death, if he could get them into his power. These two were known to have taken refuge in Boston. The truth is they were received with great cordiality, for the Puritans strongly sympathized with the Revolution in England. Endicott had been requested by a royalist who knew Whalley and Goffe to take them into custody on their arrival, but he replied he could not do so without a commission from England.

When the order came for their arrest, the regicides were advised to place themselves outside the jurisdiction of the colony. They did so, proceeding at a leisurely gait to New Haven, where they were hid in the house of Davenport. Some weeks later a peremptory command arrived for their apprehension. Governor Endicott,

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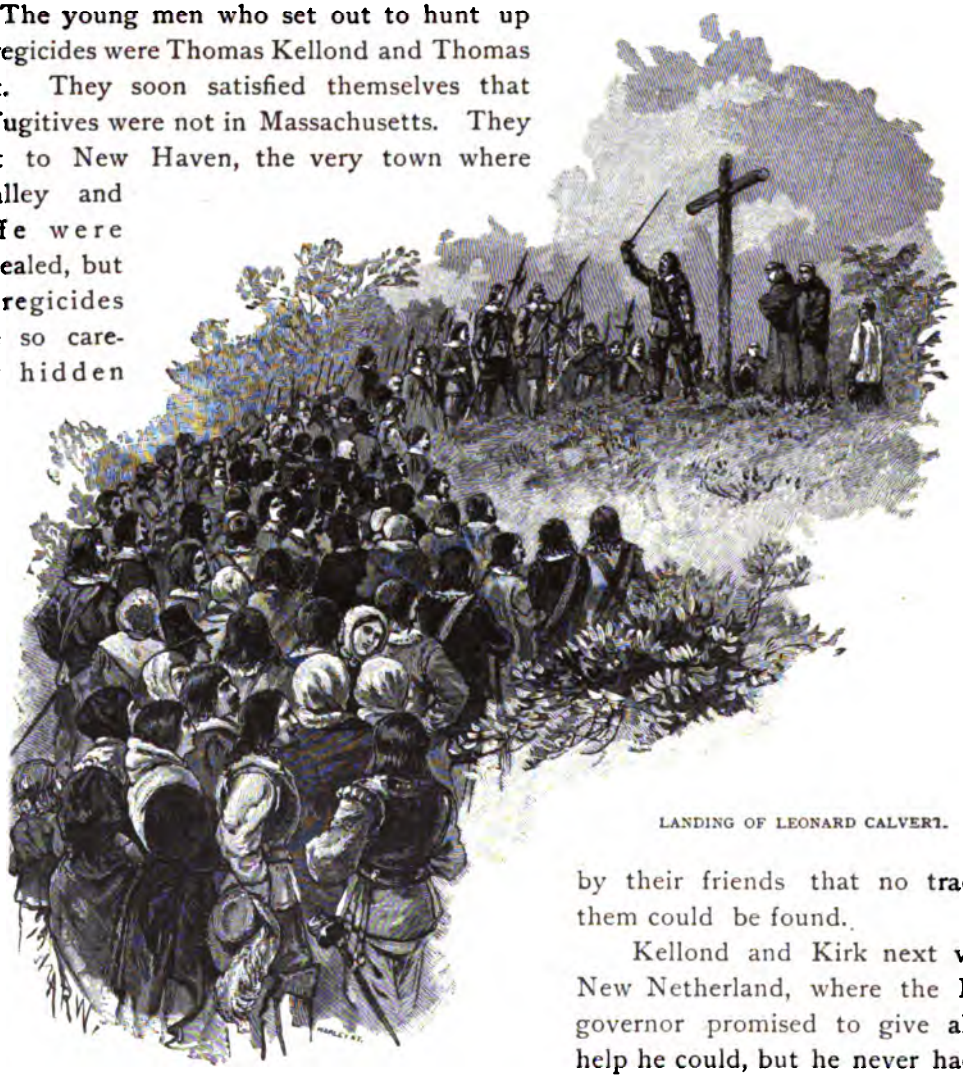
making sure they were safely concealed in New Haven, sent two agents to search through Massachusetts for them. He was obliged also to commend them to the other colonies, but he knew the latter would take good care to keep the fugitives beyond reach.

The young men who set out to hunt up the regicides were Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk. They soon satisfied themselves that the fugitives were not in Massachusetts. They went to New Haven, the very town where Whalley and Goffe were concealed, but the regicides were so carefully hidden by their friends that no trace of them could be found.



LANDING OF LEONARD CALVERT.

Kellond and Kirk next visited New Netherland, where the Dutch governor promised to give all the help he could, but he never had any to give. The fugitives knew they were among good friends who would take care of them.

Whalley and Goffe were shifted from place to place as the search was pressed. Sometimes they lived in houses, then in cellars or in mills, and four weeks were spent in a cave near New Haven, where food and water were taken to them. The large rewards offered for their arrest never increased their danger, for it would not have been safe for any one to disturb them. After awhile they appeared in public, and led the devotions of some of their neighbors, but more vigorous measures were set on foot for their apprehension, and they fled to Hadley, Massachusetts, where they lived for

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years. It is said that once when Hadley was attacked by Indians, who were likely to massacre all the inhabitants, one of the regicides rallied the panic-stricken people, drove back the assailants, and then disappeared. Many believed he was a messenger sent by heaven.

A day in August, 1661, was appointed in Massachusetts for public thanksgiving for

A QUAKER TRIAL.

the many mercies which God had given them, and especially for the favor received in the eyes and heart of their king. The king was formally proclaimed, and Plymouth, New Haven and Connecticut also acknowledged the anthority of Charles II.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

SIR GEORGE CALVERT, or Lord Baltimore, shortly after the settlement of Jamestown, applied to the king for a grant of lands lying in Virginia. He was a Roman Catholic nobleman, who wished to found a colony where those of his faith would be safe against the persecution they suffered in England. He had first attempted to plant a colony on Newfoundland, which he called Avalon; but that was a failure, and he turned his attention to Virginia.

Lord Baltimore died in 1632, but his plans had been completed, and the patent was issued in June of that year to his son Cecil. The new territory was called Maryland, in honor of Queen Maria, and it included, in addition to the state now known by that name, Delaware and a part of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The whole was carved from what was then Virginia.

Remarkable privileges were given the Lords Baltimore. They were to be absolute lords of the province; they were not required to render any account of their administration to the king, nor was it provided that he should interfere with them in any manner at all. In short, the colony was to be entirely independent.

Not only were political rights secured to the colonists, but there was no discrimination in favor of or against any sect within the limits of Christianity. It would be hard to frame a constitution more liberal than that under which the first settlement in Maryland was made.

Cecil Calvert—who had become Lord Baltimore—meant to lead the first expedition, but something prevented, and his younger brother, Leonard Calvert, took his place. The whole number, including servants and laborers, was about three hundred, who sailed from Cowes, Isle of Wight, in *The Ark*, accompanied by a pinnace, *The Dove*, on Friday, November 22, 1633.

After a long and tempestuous voyage, the vessels sighted Point Comfort, February 24, 1634. Though there was much hostility toward the colonists, on account of the grant to Lord Baltimore, Governor Harvey, of Virginia, was the nobleman's warm friend, and treated him with great hospitality. A few days later, the two vessels sailed up the beautiful bay, in their search for a new home. Every one was charmed with the prospect, the romantic effect of which was heightened at night by the twinkling of the Indian camp-fires along the shores.

March 25th, a landing was made, on a small island, a little more than thirty miles above the mouth of the Potomac. The ceremonies were solemn and impressive. Mass was celebrated on the beach, and the governor led a reverent procession to the highest

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part of the island, where all kneeled around a large cross of wood, while the litany was read. Leonard Calvert concluded the ceremonies by proclaiming their right to the region of which they took possession for the Saviour and the king of England.

While ascending the river, the Indians showed evidence of hostility. Calvert spent a couple of days in exploring the stream in the *Dove*, taking along a small pinnace, bought in Virginia, and leaving behind the *Ark*, with most of the emigrants. They saw that the Indians had gathered on the bank, and were carefully watching their movements. As the whites were anxious to show their friendliness toward the red men, they soon were understood. Visits were made back and forth, and in a short time all were on the best of terms.

Meanwhile, Calvert and his little party in the *Dove* were equally successful with the red men whom they met, and amicable relations were established with them all. At Piscataway they found an English trader, named Captain Henry Fleet, who lived among these Indians. He gave great help to the colony, afterward joining them and becoming a member of the general assembly.

Directed by Fleet, the explorers dropped down stream to the mouth of a river, which they called St. George. A portion of the wide harbor at the mouth was christened St. Mary's, the entire stream now being known by that name. The colonists landed at or near Chancellor's Point, and, tramping a mile or so through the woods, reached the spot where it was decided to locate the future town. The river bank was high, a delightful valley lay a half mile away from the stream, springs were numerous, and every thing joined to enchant the hearts of the devout pioneers.

The Indian village was near, and almost the first proceeding of Leonard Calvert was to make a treaty with the natives. A few gaudy trinkets, some tools, cloth and trifles were paid for the privilege of sharing the town of the red men until the end of the harvest; then the site was to be bought, the Indians agreeing to pack up and move away.

What a lesson is given by the settlement of St. Mary's, as Leonard Calvert named the village! The Indians and whites lived side by side, working and hunting together, as though they were brothers. The dusky barbarians taught their civilized friends how to make "pone" from Indian corn, while the industrious housewives showed the squaws more about the mysteries of English cooking than they ever dreamed of.

As agreed upon, the Indians moved out, at the end of harvest, and St. Mary's sprang almost full grown into a town. The climate was soft and balmy, the soil fertile, and the Indians friendly. The first trouble of the settlers came from those of their own race.

The Virginians, despite the friendship of Governor Harvey for Lord Baltimore, were resentful toward the Catholic colony for intruding, as they believed, on their own domain. The patent of Lord Baltimore was unquestionable, but that perhaps increased the anger of the settlers at Jamestown. A member of the Virginia council, and the secretary of Virginia under Governor Harvey, was William Clayborne, who drove a profitable trade within the territory covered by the patent of Lord Baltimore. He had established a trading post on Kent Island, in Chesapeake Bay, where dwelt a number of

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settlers whom he hired to barter with the savages. Clayborne traded under what was known as a royal license, which authorized him to explore from the thirty-fourth to the forty-first degree of north latitude.

The boundaries of Lord Baltimore's grant took in Clayborne's trading post, but the grant itself specially excepted lands already occupied. The indignant proprietor, therefore, insisted that his rights could not be ignored in the summary manner proposed by Calvert, and the majority of the Virginia authorities were of his way of thinking.

Clayborne had protested to the king against the Maryland patent, and, when the colonists stopped at Jamestown, he also tried to dissuade them from going further, by saying the Indians were arming to resist them. Failing in these efforts, the trader became infuriated. He urged the friendly Indians to drive out the English, whom he represented to be Spaniards. The savages were alarmed, and at one time were on the point of revolting, but the uniform kindness of the settlers soon disarmed them.

Instead of yielding, Clayborne became more determined and energetic than before. Knowing his resolute character, Lord Baltimore ordered him to be seized, but he easily eluded those sent to arrest him, and slipping over the line into Virginia, spent weeks and months in urging the leading citizens to aid him with force in maintaining his rights. He succeeded in winning over all to his views except the governor.

Early in the spring of 1635, Clayborne sent his small vessel on its usual trading voyage, as if to defy the Maryland authorities to interfere if they dared. The Marylanders were ready, and two armed pinnaces, under Commissioner Cornwallis, seized the trading vessel as soon as she entered their jurisdiction. When this reached Clayborne's ears, he sent Ratcliff Warren with an armed boat to recapture her or seize any Maryland vessels that might be met.

The first Maryland boat which Warren encountered was one of the pinnaces under Cornwallis. A sharp fight instantly opened in which Warren and two of his men were killed, and one also of the Marylanders. The captured craft and Thomas Smith, the successor of Warren in command, were taken to St. Mary's.

The wildest excitement followed. Virginia justified Clayborne, and the people in Jamestown were roused to the fighting point. The first assembly was in session, and, when a demand reached it for the surrender of Clayborne, for having violated the king's charter, this indignation was intensified. Governor Harvey dared not comply with the demand, but he insisted that Clayborne should go to England to answer to the home government.

The Virginians called on Harvey to order the instant return of the captured pinnace, to recognize Clayborne's right to Kent Island, and to join his protest with theirs against the Maryland patent. The governor refused point blank, and then came the crisis.

A public meeting was called at the house of William Barrene, the speaker of the assembly. Those who met were orderly in their proceedings, and could not have been more unanimous in their views. The next day an armed force surrounded the governor's house and arrested him on the charge of treason. Some days later, the general assembly convened and elected John West governor. Harvey was sent to England for

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Fight with the Maryland Pinace

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FIGHT WITH THE MARYLAND AND PINNACE

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trial, and Clayborne also went to obtain what Virginia, though very willing, was unable to give him. When the authorities on the other side heard the facts, they declared the action of the Virginia assembly a piece of intolerable insolence, and ordered the return of Harvey and his resumption of authority at once, even if only for a day. That decision, of course, disposed of Clayborne for the time.

This summary ending of what threatened at one time serious trouble was followed by several years of peace and prosperity in Maryland. Both above and below

OPECANCANOUGH IN CAPTIVITY.

St. Mary's on the east bank of the river, were farms and plantations which showed thrift and enterprise. The population increased so fast that a more complete code of laws was required. The first submitted by the assembly in 1635 was not satisfactory to the proprietary, Lord Baltimore, and the second assembly of the province was called together January 25, 1638. When the suggestions offered by Lord Baltimore came up

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for consideration, they were voted down by a large majority. Long and warm discussions followed, and it was not until March 24th, that a draft of "twenty laws" was approved and signed.

Meanwhile the assembly gave its attention to other matters. An inquiry was made into the fight between Commissioner Cornwallis and Warren, the agent of Clayborne. The natural result was the acquittal of all Marylanders concerned, the indictment of Clayborne, and the passage of a bill of attainder against him. Thomas Smith, who succeeded to the command of the Virginia pinnace on the death of Warren, was tried and sentenced to be hanged.

The Susquehanna Indians became angered toward the settlers, probably because of the favor shown other natives, and began assailing outlying plantations and isolated cabins. These hostilities became so serious in 1642 that the militia were organized and sent out to retaliate. The war continued in a desultory fashion for two years, when treaties of peace were made with the savages.

The first serious shock to the prosperity of Maryland came from within. It has been said that Lord Baltimore and the Catholics were unusually tolerant of other religious denominations. They guaranteed perfect liberty to every faith, and acted toward those of different views with as much courtesy as if they were the most pronounced Roman Catholics. So liberal indeed was Maryland that many Puritans, dissatisfied with their treatment in Virginia, settled in the former colony. Governor Calvert sent a special invitation all the way to Massachusetts, to those who were persecuted for opinion's sake to make their homes in Maryland. Some of the members of the assembly and council were Protestants.

At this time there was great strife between the Catholics and Protestants in England. Lord Baltimore was an ardent supporter of the king, but he tried to keep on good terms with the parliament, whose action he had good reason to fear, in case that body should triumph over the monarch. Matters became so threatening that in 1643 he sailed for England to consult with his brother. He left Giles Brent (probably a distant relative) to act as his deputy during his absence. In the same year, the king, who was at Oxford, authorized Lord Baltimore, through his colonial officers, to seize any ships from London belonging to the parliament party on which the settlers could lay hands. Such a seizure was made some months later on the arrival of a vessel at St. Mary's. The commander, Richard Ingle, escaped to England. The occurrence naturally caused deep feeling in Maryland and Virginia, and widened the breach between the Catholics and Protestants.

Meanwhile, Clayborne, who held a life appointment as treasurer of Virginia, saw his chance to retaliate upon Lord Baltimore while absent in England. He stirred up the parliament faction in Maryland to open rebellion against the administration of Baltimore. Making his way to his old quarters on Kent Island, he took possession of them without opposition.

Calvert came back in 1644 and found Maryland in a state of anarchy. Right behind Baltimore arrived Richard Ingle in charge of a ship under a letter of marque from the parliament—that is, he was authorized to make reprisals on the shipping and

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property of those who still adhered to the king, among whom, of course, were Lord Baltimore and the Catholics in Maryland. Ingle and Clayborne found so strong a party around them that they were able to drive Calvert from the colony and to elect Captain Edward Hill, a Virginian, as his successor.

The rule of Hill, who was only a tool in the hands of Clayborne and Ingle, was stormy. The government was oppressive, and those of their own faith became disgusted with the turbulence. Calvert, who had fled across the border into Virginia, secretly gathered his adherents during the winter succeeding his flight. They were not numerous, but they were brave, and under the skillful leadership of the fugitive governor they captured St. Mary's, where Lord Baltimore resumed his governorship in August, 1646, with as much suddenness as he had dropped it. Clayborne probably was at Kent Island and Ingle in England. Calvert went to Kent Island, and placed Robert Vaughan, a Protestant, in charge. Clayborne fled again, and after a time something like peace came to the distracted province. Governor Calvert died June 9, 1647, appointing, on his death bed, Thomas Green as his successor.

The history of Virginia at this point becomes so closely interwoven with that of Maryland that we must study them together. It will be remembered that when Virginia sent Governor Harvey to England, in 1635, to stand trial for treason, the king declared he should go back and rule the insolent colonists, even if it was only for a day. This threat was carried out, and Harvey came back within the succeeding two years, accompanied by Jerome Hawley as colonial treasurer, and Richard Kemp as colonial secretary.

It was not to be expected that Harvey would feel well disposed toward those who had used him so ill. He was naturally stubborn and overbearing, and the two officers whom he brought with him supported every thing he did. The records of his administration are so meager that we have few particulars. He would not allow any assembly to be called, and he permitted his treasurer to sit as a member of the Maryland assembly of 1637–8, which condemned Thomas Smith to be hanged for acting for Clayborne in the fight with Commissioner Cornwallis.

The resentment of the Virginians toward the Marylanders was as bitter as ever, and as Kemp, Hawley, and Harvey remained the steadfast friends of Lord Baltimore, it is easy to understand how odious they became to the people. Harvey ruled, however, for only about two years, when Sir Francis Wyat succeeded for the same period. His administration was not marked by any incident worthy of note. He gave way in turn to Sir William Berkeley, who assumed the reins in 1642. He was received with great enthusiasm, and all hoped that better times were at hand.

There were two strong parties in Virginia, representing respectively the Puritan and the Royalist sentiments. The Royalists were in the ascendency, and adhered to the king, who was engaged in a struggle at home for his throne, which struggle terminated in the loss of his head January 30, 1649. The Puritans were devoted supporters of the parliament which condemned King Charles to be executed. The Virginia assembly was in full accord with Berkeley in his bitter hatred of the Puritans.

In March, 1643, the assembly passed a bill which strictly forbade any minister,

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unless he belonged to the Church of England, to teach or preach publicly or privately in Virginia. All non-conformists, upon proper notice, were required to leave. There were at that time three Puritan churches in different parts of the province, each with its regular preacher. These were broken up, and the congregations, after meeting for a time in private houses, departed, some to Maryland, some to New Netherland, and others went back to Massachusetts. A few sturdy Puritans remained, hoping that speedy parliamentary successes would end the persecution. But the first diversion came from an altogether unsuspected quarter.

On the 18th of April, 1644, the Indians, under Opecancanough, then nearly a hundred years old, broke into sudden revolt, which aimed at the extermination of the English. In a few hours nearly five hundred settlers were massacred. Then, from some unknown cause, the savages became panic-stricken and fled to the woods.

The red men had good reason for their enmity, because the assembly, only a short time before, on account of the crimes of a few warriors, had outlawed the whole race. Sir William Berkeley now assailed the savages with the entire force of the colony, which was far more powerful than when desolated by the fearful massacre of twenty-two years before. The Indians were hunted down without mercy, and finally Opecancanough himself was made prisoner and brought to Jamestown.

This chief, one of the great men of his race, was a pitiful object when carried through the streets of the town, on a rude litter. His great age had subdued his strength, so that he could not stand on his feet, and paralysis had so weakened him that he was unable to lift his eyelids to look upon what was passing around him. But, wasted as was his frame, his will was as strong as iron. As he lay on his bed in his prison, the settlers continually passed in and out to look upon the mighty chieftain, who had ruled their enemies so long. His attendants, when asked, raised his eyelids that he might see the faces of those who looked upon him with so much wonder. It is said Berkeley meant to send him to England, to show the people the American monarch who was held in far greater respect than any chieftain of modern times has ever been thought worthy of. But one day one of the guards deliberately discharged his gun at the stricken chief, inflicting a wound from which he died soon afterward.

With the death of Opecancanough passed away all danger of an organized attack from Indians. His successor kept up hostilities for awhile, and then signed a treaty of peace with the settlers. There were isolated attacks and collisions, but nothing like the massacres which marked the early history of the colony.

In 1644 Sir William Berkeley sailed for England, intending to be absent for a year, leaving his deputy, Richard Kemp, in charge. The governor reached his native land when civil war was raging, and it was not long before the king was overthrown. Berkeley concluded that the safest place for him was in Virginia and he returned without delay.

During the four years which followed, England left Virginia to govern herself as she pleased. As it was the only colony which showed the least respect for the fallen king and his cause, a large number of those who had been Royalists took refuge in Jamestown. Many of them were shabby cavaliers, ready for a brawl or carousal, hating

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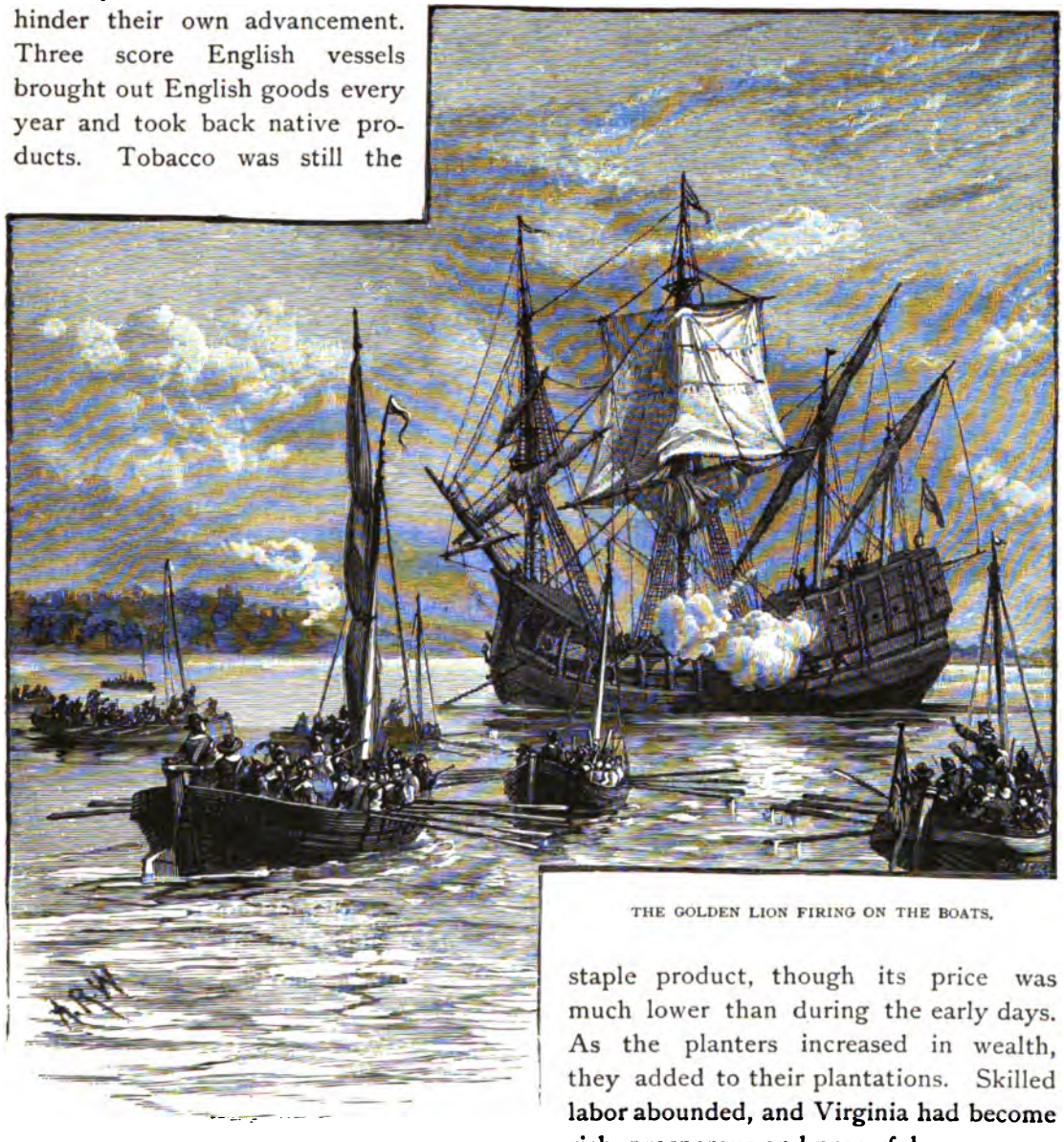
work and bringing little good to the colony. Among them, however, were a few, who, philosophically facing the changed condition of affairs, set to work with zeal to suit themselves to the new order of things.

The Virginians could not but feel a deep interest in the civil war raging at home, but they were too wise to let it hinder their own advancement. Three score English vessels brought out English goods every year and took back native products. Tobacco was still the staple product, though its price was much lower than during the early days. As the planters increased in wealth, they added to their plantations. Skilled labor abounded, and Virginia had become rich, prosperous and powerful.



THE GOLDEN LION FIRING ON THE BOATS.

By and by the Long Parliament, as it was called, thought it was time to give some attention to the colonies which still clung to the royal cause. Barbadoes, Bermuda and Antigua would not recognize the Commonwealth, and Virginia dared to denounce the execution of the king. More than that, her assembly declared it treason to slander his

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memory or question the lawful succession of his son. Lord Baltimore, who certainly showed a marked ability in accommodating himself to any situation, was distrusted, but he strove hard to win the good will of parliament.

In October, 1650, parliament prohibited all trade with the defiant colonies, and sent commissioners to bring them to terms. The fleet reached James River, in March, 1652, and summoned Jamestown to surrender. Berkeley's situation was very like that of old Governor Stuyvesant, when a similar demand was made upon him twelve years later: he couldn't help himself.

The colonists were treated with such liberality that one is almost puzzled to understand why it was they were asked to surrender at all. They were granted amnesty for all past offenses; no taxes were to be imposed without the consent of the province; all land grants, deeds, debts and rights of private property were unaffected by the change, and the governor and council were at liberty to wait a year, if they desired, before swearing allegiance to the new government. Still further, the use of the book of common prayer was permitted for one year ensuing, on condition that those portions referring to the king and royal government should not be used in public.

Among the commissioners who came with the fleet were two upon whom the power and responsibility devolved: they were Richard Bennett, a Virginia Puritan, and William Clayborne, who gave so much trouble to Governor Calvert, some years before. These two created a provisional government with Bennett at the head, the colonists submitting with ready cheerfulness. The rulers showed great wisdom and moderation. Clayborne, it may be said, held Maryland at his mercy, but he was too magnanimous to show any resentment toward those who he believed had deprived him of his possessions.

Under the orders of parliament to reduce all plantations within Chesapeake Bay, the commissioners sailed to St. Mary's, the capital of Maryland, and demanded of Governor Stone (the successor of Thomas Green, whom Calvert appointed on his death bed), an oath of conformity to the laws of the Commonwealth of England, promising, if it was given, to interfere in no way with the government. Stone refused at first, but, when deposed, he changed his mind, asking and securing permission to reserve to himself his oath to Lord Baltimore as proprietor of the province till "the pleasure of the state of England be further known."

Lord Baltimore, in August, 1652, petitioned the Long Parliament for redress, urging that while Virginia had clung to the king, Maryland, like New England, had not declared against the parliament. He obtained little encouragement, and it was not until January, 1654, that the governor and assembly of Virginia were notified that the differences between Lord Baltimore and the Virginians would be settled by Cromwell himself.

It began to dawn upon Lord Baltimore that his humility would avail him nothing with the Long Parliament. He therefore wrote to Stone, his governor of Maryland, taking him sharply to task for compromising with the commissioners, and ordering him to restore the proprietary government and to require the oath of fidelity to himself from the land-holders of the province.

It is hard to serve two masters. A few weeks after issuing the orders as commanded

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by Lord Baltimore, news came that Cromwell had dispersed the second parliament. Stone sent out another proclamation, acknowledging Cromwell as the lord protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland and the dominions belonging thereto, of which Maryland was one. As is often done on similar occasions, the governor pardoned most of the offenses that had been committed in the province. He excepted from this general amnesty those who had been guilty of higher crimes, including rebellion or interference with the rights of the lord proprietary over the province. But this declaration shut out Bennett and Clayborne, the parliamentary commissioners, and there could be no doubt that it was meant to do so. Instead of being frightened, they immediately issued an order removing the Catholic officers, and appointing a board of commissioners to govern Maryland in the name of the protector. After giving vent to his sentiments in very forcible language, Stone resigned his office.

A brief peace followed; but the deposed governor had been rid of the cares of office only a short time, when a letter arrived from Lord Baltimore, in England, denouncing his cowardice for the betrayal of his trust. To give impressiveness to the message, it was taken across the Atlantic by an agent of Baltimore, who was so vigorous in his language that Stone agreed at once to put matters in proper shape by overturning the established order of things. Early in the year 1655, he commissioned such officers as he needed, and gathered his partisans together. Their first step was to recover the archives which the commissioners had taken from St. Mary's and placed in a house on the Patuxent. Finding a quantity of arms and ammunition in the house, Stone confiscated them, as he did in the case of other citizens. When the commissioners sent officers to demand the meaning of such proceedings, Stone made them prisoners.

Any enterprise which promises adventure and danger is sure to have plenty of followers. In the course of a couple of months, Stone found more than two hundred men gathered around him. All were well armed and ready for fighting. Hitherto the governor had made some pretense of friendliness toward the Puritans, insisting that he merely wished to restore the proprietary government, but now he felt so bold that he carried matters with a high hand. He determined that the Puritans of Anne Arundel County should be compelled to submit to his rule.

Accordingly, he embarked his men on a number of vessels, and started up the Chesapeake Bay to the Severn, the small river opposite Kent Island. He did this because nearly all the Puritan settlements were clustered in that neighborhood, as most of the Catholics were around St. Mary's. The Puritans sent messengers to meet Stone, who indignantly protested against his course, declaring that if he persisted in it, they would resist him to the death. Such being the case, Stone thought it a good thing to reduce the number of such brave men, so far as he could: accordingly, he ordered the messengers to be made prisoners. Most of them were captured, but several escaped and hastened back with the news.

In fact Stone did not allow any one to be in doubt about his sentiments. Wherever he caught sight of a commissioner, he made him prisoner, when possible, and was

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bold enough to fire upon a Puritan vessel. He demanded the surrender of the Puritans, adding the surprising statement that he had no hostile intentions, but was merely seeking to bring them back to their proper allegiance. A few days later he followed in his vessels and anchored off the Severn.

Now, it so happened that a large merchantman, the *Golden Lion*, lay in the Severn. Her commander had been officially requested to aid in the defense against Stone, and he promptly complied. As soon as the boats came within range, he sent a cannon ball

OLIVER CROMWELL.

among them, and another startled the soldiers as they were landing near the present site of Annapolis. Stone sent his vessels further up the creek and marched inland beyond reach of the guns of the *Golden Lion*.

Stone was in high spirits, and his men shouted all sorts of bad names and tantalizing threats at their enemies. At daylight, however, he was astonished to discover the *Golden Lion* and several small vessels so close that they opened fire upon him again. He and his men were compelled to scurry further inland. As they stopped to take breath, they saw a force of Puritans almost as numerous as themselves, who had hastened out for the purpose of checking them. Stone was in a desperate dilemma, but

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he and his men were doughty foemen, and they assailed the Puritans with impetuous courage. Their enemies were fully as brave, and the fight which followed, though brief, was of the fiercest character. The Puritans prevailed, and soon routed the Catholics, killing and wounding fifty, and capturing all the rest excepting three or four. The victors lost four men.

The four leaders on the Catholic side were tried by court-martial and hanged. Stone was also sentenced to death, but he and others were spared. Puritan rule seemed firmly established at last, but numerous complications followed. The representatives of the rival governments were continually pleading their cases before Cromwell, and with varying success. Finally in November, 1657, an agreement was reached in England

VIEW ON THE ASHLEY RIVER.

between the respective agents, which was confirmed in the following March by the two provinces in America. Amnesty was granted for all past offenses; full liberty of conscience was guaranteed; the Puritans then residing in Maryland were not required to take an oath of fidelity to Lord Baltimore, but were simply to agree to submit to his authority as lord proprietor; land warrants were to be granted, and the action of past assemblies were to be held as legal, without regard to the political disturbances that had taken place.

For a number of years all was peaceful in Virginia and Maryland. It may be said, however, that the soil was not suitable for Puritanism, for, after the death of Cromwell, it steadily declined, until its presence was not felt in the direction of affairs. From the spring of 1659 to the spring of 1660, Virginia had no governor; the people saw what was inevitably coming in England, and quietly awaited events.

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In March of the latter year, Sir William Berkeley was re-elected governor, and he was afterward confirmed by a commission from the king. Virginia was now as ever strongly royalistic in her sentiments. Quite a change was made in the character of the government. The assembly which met in 1661 authorized the governor and council to levy taxes for three years. There was no necessity, therefore, for calling the House together, except triennially, unless some sudden emergency arose. The same assembly granted the right of prorogation; as a consequence there was no popular election for the following fifteen years. They made the compensation of each member two hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco a day, equal to eight or nine dollars. One of the first things the legislator learned, was to provide for himself. Indeed, those early lawmakers placed a high value on their services, for the salary of the governor equaled the entire expenditure of the the colony of Connecticut. There were, however, commendable features in the laws passed from time to time. Virginia seemed to have awakened to the fact that the Indians had some rights which the settlers were bound to respect. Trespassing upon their lands was forbidden, and to protect the red men against fraud, the purchase of the lands was prohibited. None was to be sold as a slave, and all were guaranteed full protection of the law.

Virginia suffered much from the Navigation Act of England, which was made very oppressive by parliament. It provided that all colonial commerce, whether exports or imports, should be carried on in English ships, trade between the colonies was heavily taxed for the benefit of the government, and tobacco could be sold nowhere except in England. Virginia continued to raise large quantities of tobacco, neglecting the cultivation of the more useful productions. Her material prosperity, however, was shown in the report of Governor Berkeley, made in 1670, at the request of the commissioners of foreign plantations. There were forty thousand people in the province, of whom only two thousand were slaves. There were six thousand white servants, bound out to service for a stated number of years. Eighty ships passed back and forth each year between England and Virginia, exchanging the tobacco of the colony for English merchandise.

The militia of Virginia was eight thousand strong. There were two forts on the James and one each on the Rappahannock, the York and the Potomac. The number of parishes was forty-eight, though some of them were sparsely settled, and had little religious teaching. Governor Berkeley was a devoted churchman, and had little patience with those who persisted in traveling toward heaven by any road other than that of the Church of England. In one of his reports he made this amazing declaration:

"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best governments. God keep us from both."

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAROLINAS.

SCATTERED and unsuccessful attempts were made to settle the Carolinas during the years preceding the first permanent foothold of the pioneers in that favored region. Adventurers from Virginia invaded it in quest of trade with the Indians, while others were probably led by the restlessness they felt under the rule of the stronger province. As early as 1609—the year in which Henry Hudson sailed up the river which bears his name—plantations are known to have been under cultivation in the neighborhood of the Nansemond River. Though no record exists, it is certain other attempts at settlement were made during the few years which followed.

In 1630, Sir Robert Heath, attorney-general of England, under Charles I., secured the grant of a large portion of Carolina, on condition that he should colonize and convert the Indians to Christianity within a reasonable period. Neither Heath nor Lord Maltravers, to whom he transferred his title, succeeded in making any permanent settlement, and, when an attempt was made to revive the claim, including another by the heirs of Sir Richard Granfield, it was disallowed, on the ground that the terms had not been fulfilled.

In 1663, the king granted to a number of gentlemen a tract of country, south of Virginia, extending from about the thirtieth to the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude—that is inclusive of all the territory lying between the southern boundary of Virginia and the St. John's River, in Florida. The western limit was the South Sea, as the Pacific Ocean was then called, which, at that time, was not believed to be a quarter of its real distance from the Atlantic. Two years later the charter was amended, so as to extend half degree further north and one degree more to the southward.

The patentees who received this enormous grant were Clarendon, the lord chancellor, Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, Lord Berkeley, Lord Ashley, Sir George Carteret, Sir John Colleton, and Sir William Berkeley, of Virginia, the younger brother of Lord Berkeley. These distinguished patentees had been strong supporters of the king in his fight for his throne, and he gave them the vast tract as a reward for their help in the great struggle, known as the Restoration. Lord Ashley, who afterward became the Earl of Shaftesbury, had more to do with the colonization and development of the Carolinas than all the rest together.

A few years previous, a number of New Englanders had settled upon a tract of land at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, but they became discouraged and abandoned the colony. In 1663, a party from Barbadoes, who were searching the coast for a suitable spot on which to start a colony, found a piece of writing fastened to a post. It had

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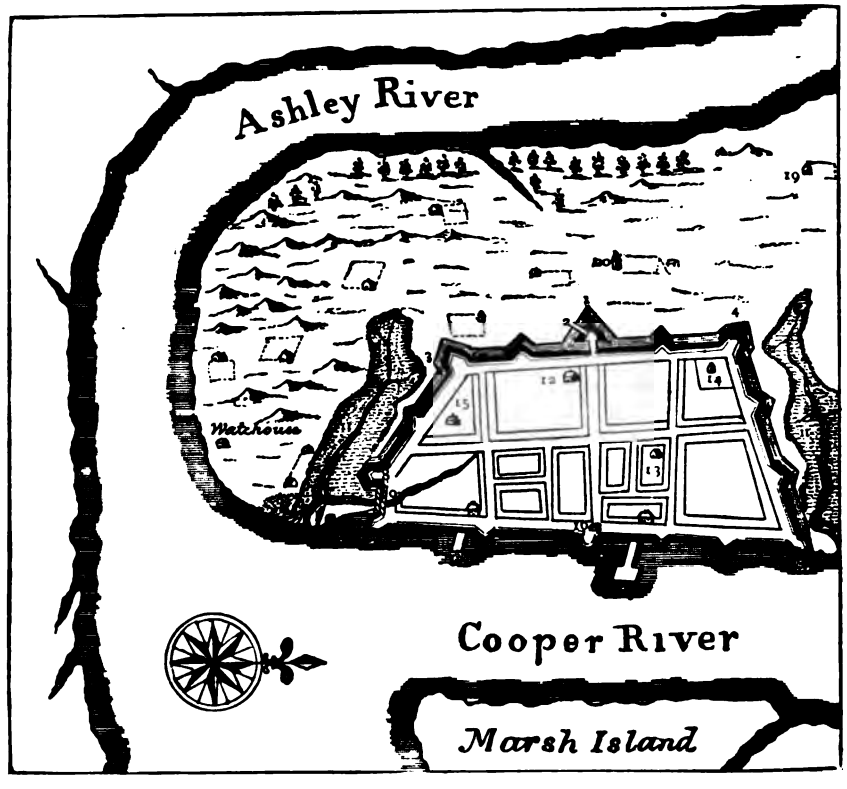
been left there by the disgusted New Englanders as a warning to all who might contemplate settling in a country which they condemned in the strongest language. Those who read the message were angered, for they felt that the section did not deserve any such censure. They bought from the Indians a tract thirty-two miles square and proceeded to settle on it.

A few months after the proprietors received their patent—September, 1663—they



A DRAUGHT OF THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF CHARLESTOWN.

(*From "A Map of the Dominions of the King of Great Britain on the Continent of North America," by H. Moll, 1715.*)

1. Johnson's raveline.
2. Drawbridges.
3. Colleton's bastion.
4. Carteret's bastion.
5. Craven's bastion.
6. The half-moon.
7. Granville's bastion.
8. Ashley bastion.
9. The palisadoes.
10. Blake's bastion.
11. The creek on both sides.
12. The English church.
13. The French church.
14. Presbyterian church.
15. Anabaptist church.
16. Court of guard.
17. Col. Rhett's bridge.
18. Anothea Kea.
19. The minister's house.
20. Quakers' meeting-house.

wrote to Governor Berkeley, asking him to establish a government for the people who had already settled on both banks of the Chowan. They stated that the form of government agreed upon accorded full liberty of conscience to all; that the governor and assembly were to be chosen by popular election, and duties from customs were not to be enforced. Berkeley appointed William Drummond governor, with a council of six. These, with an assembly chosen by the people, were to enact the necessary laws, subject to the approval of the proprietors. New grants of lands were made and posses-

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OLD VIEW OF NEW YORK. (*From Popple's American Atlas*, 1730.)

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sions confirmed, while an allowance of three years was permitted for the payments of quit-rents.

Sir John Yeamans, with a company of several hundred, landed at Cape Fear River, May 29, 1664. The party from Barbadoes asked the proprietors to confirm their purchase from the Indians. This request was not granted, but satisfactory terms were given. The province or county over which Yeamans was made governor extended from Cape Fear to the St. John's in Florida and was named Clarendon.

For a system of government for the Carolinas Lord Shaftesbury called to his help the famous philosopher John Locke, who after some years of careful thought and labor, elaborated a constitution for the new country. It was one of the most complicated schemes of the kind ever devised. It would be monotonous reading to give the details, but it may be said that it provided officers and orders of nobility, hedging them about with all manner of privileges, recognized serfdom and slavery and governed even the amusements of children and the fashion of the gowns worn by the women. This extraordinary constitution is known in history as the Grand Model: a more appropriate name would be the Grand Failure, since it was totally unfitted for the rough pioneers in the settlement of a new country, and it can not be said that it was ever in force. While the projectors were getting the cumbrous machinery in shape, the people of Albemarle provided their own simple form of government. Besides the colonists from Barbadoes and those who came from England with Yeamans, emigrants from Virginia, from New England, and from Bermuda were scattered all along the northern shore of Albemarle Sound. In October, 1667, Drummond retired, and the proprietaries authorized the establishment of a new government under Samuel Stephens as governor, to be assisted by a council of twelve, one half of whom were to be chosen by popular election.

In July, 1669, Captain William Sayle was appointed governor of that part of Carolina south and west of Cape Romain. He and Joseph West left England the following year with two ships loaded with emigrants and supplies. After a roundabout and lengthy voyage, they sailed up the present harbor of Charleston and landed some three miles above the mouth of the Ashley River, naming the settlement Charles-town. Sayle died soon afterward, and Sir John Yeamans succeeded him as governor. The climate was unwholesome, but a greater cause of trouble was in the character of the colonists themselves, most of whom were idle vagabonds or broken down knaves whose presence would be an injury to any community. There were, however, among them many excellent and enterprising men, who saved the colony from going to ruin. The proprietors sent over supplies, and as might have been expected, most of them went to the pauper portion of the population. Where it was all outgo and no income, the result was inevitable. In a few years, a heavy debt had rolled up, and Governor Yeamans seemed to care for little else than to add to his own wealth. Greatly to the satisfaction of every one but himself that officer was removed in 1674, and Joseph West succeeded him.

West proved an energetic and capable ruler. He inspired such confidence that emigrants came at their own expense. The proprietaries turned over to him their stock, unused supplies and overdue debts in the province, so that he had the strongest motive,

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for developing to the utmost the resources of the colony. Under his wise rule affairs put on a new and better aspect.

Meanwhile, every thing was going wrong with the Albemarle folks. They paid no attention to the code of laws provided by the proprietors, and the suspicion spread that the latter meant to give the settlement to Sir William Berkeley. Governor Stephens died in 1674, and Carteret, chosen in his place until the arrival of instructions from England, cared so little for his duties that he sailed for home at the end of a year. In 1675, an address was sent to the proprietors protesting against the dismembership of the province, and giving the Albermarle portion to Sir William Berkeley, of Virginia. The proprietors replied that they had no intention of doing any such thing, but the settlers were still suspicious. Thomas Miller, whom they believed to be plotting against them, was charged with sedition and sent to Jamestown for trial. He was acquitted, much to the dissatisfaction of the Carolinans, who had protested against his being sent out of the colony for trial. In 1676, Thomas Eastchurch, speaker of the assembly, was dispatched to England to lay a statement of the disorganized condition of the colony before the proprietors and to secure a competent governor. Eastchurch obtained his own appointment and a set of instructions which he believed would bring order and contentment.

A curious complication followed. Miller, who went to England about the same time, pleaded his own case so effectively that he was made collector of the customs, secretary, and Lord Shaftesbury's deputy in Carolina. Eastchurch and Miller sailed together, but when they landed in the West Indies, on their way to the colony, Eastchurch fell in love with a young lady, and stayed behind to woo her, sending Miller to the colony as his deputy. Miller reached Albemarle in July, 1677, and assumed the governorship.

The new ruler found his hands full. The population was a mixed one of Puritan New Englanders, adventurers, lawless refugees, and idlers, with little in common among them. The principal trade was with New England, and the one thing they agreed about was to evade, if possible, the English customs-dues. These may have been oppressive, but it was Miller's duty to collect them, and to do all he could to break up smuggling. His efforts brought him into collision with the people and caused an insurrection. Miller and several deputies were imprisoned by the insurgents, a new assembly was called, and the entire administration of affairs was assumed by the rebels.

When matters were in this unsettled condition, Governor Eastchurch arrived with his bride from the West Indies. He applied to Virginia to help him secure his rights, but before any thing could be done he died. The proprietors being appealed to, the agents of the quarreling factions were puzzled for a time as to the proper course for them to take. Finally, a commission was issued to Seth Sothell, as governor, who had become a proprietor through the purchase of the share of Lord Clarendon.

While Governor Sothell was on his way to assume his duties he was captured by the Turks. He was taken to Algiers, and John Harvey was appointed to rule the colony until the arrival of Sothell. Harvey, however, was a failure, and in the summer of 1680 John Jenkins succeeded him for a few months. In the following February Captain

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Henry Wilkinson became the executive. Finally, Sothell, having escaped from the Turks, arrived in 1683, and found affairs in Carolina in as bad a shape as ever.

While these disorders prevailed in the north, the people at the south, as I have already said, enjoyed several years of peace and prosperity under the wise rule of Joseph West. There was a steady emigration from England, and the persecuted Huguenots of France found grateful refuge in the mild climate of the Carolinas.

The Ashley people became satisfied of their mistake in locating so far up stream, and in 1680 the settlement was removed to "Oyster Point," at the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, on the site of the present city of Charleston.

The treatment of the Indians in the Carolinas was so similar to that of most of the other colonies that the red men retaliated, and war broke out before Charleston was a year old. Governor West pushed it with such energy that it was soon ended, the red men being glad to sign a treaty of peace. Popular as Governor West had been, he was a man of too positive convictions not to make many enemies; and these at length became so numerous that in 1683 the proprietors were induced to remove him. Joseph Moreton became his successor.

Moreton found not only the old troubles on his hands, but plenty of new ones. The proprietors had made Charleston the capital of Southern Carolina, and divided the lower part of the province into three great counties—Craven, embracing most of what had been known as Clarendon; Berkeley, the immediate neighborhood around Charleston; and Colleton, the country lying south and extending to Port Royal. Governor Moreton called for an assembly to meet at Charleston to make the necessary laws for the province.

There was still some attempt to follow the scheme laid down in the "Grand Model," and it was ordered that the lower house of the parliament should consist of twenty members. It was when the election of these took place that trouble came. Craven County was so sparsely settled that it was not considered worth while for her to elect any deputies at all. Colleton was allowed to choose ten, and the rest were assigned to Berkeley. The latter having her population crowded in the town was unwilling that the scattered settlements in Colleton should have equal privileges with them. Accordingly Berkeley elected the whole twenty deputies, who met and made the laws that were approved by Moreton and the council. The proprietors indignantly ordered them to disperse, but they refused; and it was not till years afterward, when the population of the other counties had grown too large to be any longer disregarded, that they were allowed any representatives.

Among the laws decreed by the parliament was one similar to that passed in Albemarle which suspended all prosecutions for foreign debts. The proprietors were so incensed at this high-handed act that they ordered the removal of every officer who favored it. As a consequence, Governor Moreton stepped down and West took his place until a new governor should be sent from England.

There were many notable accessions to the settlements in the Carolinas. Joseph Blake, brother of the famous admiral, brought a company over in 1683, and the next year a party of Scotch Presbyterians under Lord Cardross, afterward the Earl of

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Buchan, located near Port Royal. They had secured through their agents from the proprietors such privileges that they were virtually independent, but on reaching their destination they found to their disgust that their neighbors were more powerful than their nominal masters, and forbade any such arrangement. Cardross would not remain, but the emigrants bowed to

A DUTCH HOUSEHOLD.

that which could not be helped.

For a long period, the West Indies were the favorite resort of vessels, which, beginning as privateers continued their depredations after the close of the wars in which they first engaged. They thus became buccaneers, roving whither they chose, giving their principal attention to Spanish commerce. They thereby gained immunity from the English government, and secured the friendship of the southern colonies, who for a long time were never free from the dread of a Spanish invasion.

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The Spaniards, it will be remembered, had long been in possession of Florida, and they resented the English settlement of South Carolina as an intrusion upon territory which belonged to Spain. In 1670 they sent from St. Augustine, the oldest city in the country, an expedition to uproot the colony on the Ashley River, but, reaching Stono Inlet, they learned the English were ready for them, and so for that time gave up their purpose. This danger of possible Spanish invasion, led the citizens of Charleston to look with special favor upon the buccaneers, who waged war upon the commerce of their enemies. Indeed the welcome given the rovers was so open that the proprietors issued stringent laws against it. They were of little avail, however, until 1687, when King James sent a powerful fleet to put down piracy, and the Carolinans were frightened into obedience.

The Spaniards retaliated on the colonies for the friendship shown the buccaneers, and, as is too often the case, their vengeance fell upon those who least deserved it. In 1686, three Spanish galleys suddenly landed their crews at Port Royal and attacked the little colony of Scotchmen that had been brought over by Cardross. They were able to offer no effective resistance and soon surrendered. The Spaniards treated them with ferocious cruelty, killing some and whipping many of the prisoners almost to death. Having destroyed that place the invaders sailed up the coast, and landed at a small settlement on Edisto River, a short distance south of Charleston, and sacked it. The leading colonist was a brother of Governor Moreton, who was made prisoner. Further hostilities were averted by a violent hurricane which drove one of the galleys ashore Unable to get the vessel off, the Spaniards set fire to her, burning to death Mr. Moreton who was in chains, on board. The blood of the Carolinans was up, and they made preparations to attack St. Augustine, but the proprietaries peremptorily forbade it, as they clearly saw that in the end the colonists would be the greater sufferers.

Governor Moreton had tried hard to do his duty, but his enemies persuaded the proprietaries to depose him when he had governed a little more than a year. James Colleton, his successor, called a parliament in the autumn of 1686, but the members were unmanageable. They refused obedience to the constitution, drew up their own code of laws and sent it to the proprietaries for their approval. It was rejected, and the opposition party increased in numbers and boldness; a new parliament refused to provide for the militia, and the complaints from every quarter were so numerous, and the confusion so threatening that the governor declared martial law. This was a most unwise step, for the soldiery that of necessity were to enforce martial law were the citizens themselves, who were divided into so many warring factions. All that was now needed was a leader around whom the opposition could rally. Such a leader appeared in Seth Sothell, the governor of Northern Carolina.

Sothell, having escaped from the Turks, had arrived in Northern Carolina in 1683 and assumed his office as governor. But so corrupt was his administration of affairs, faithless alike to the proprietaries and the colonists, that he was finally arrested, brought to trial, found guilty of official crime, and sentenced to perpetual disqualification from office and to banishment for a year. Sothell shook the dust from his feet and went to South Carolina, arriving just at the time the malcontents were casting

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about for a leader. They were ready to take any one with the shadow of authority; and, as Sothell claimed his rights as a palatine, he was eagerly accepted. He seized the government in 1690, called together a parliament composed of his own partisans, brought Colleton to trial, who, with some of his associates, was found guilty and their property confiscated to find its way into Sothell's pockets. The Charleston people were soon filled with disgust at his conduct, and within a year he was hated as heartily as he had been in Albemarle. He was finally removed by the proprietaries and went back to Albemarle, where he died in 1694.

Philip Ludwell was next appointed governor of both provinces, with his residence at Charleston. He went about his duties with the best intentions, but unfortunately he lacked the ability to enforce any order of the proprietaries which the colonists objected to. He was instructed, for instance, to suppress piracy, but when he arrested a crew of buccaneers and brought them to trial, they were all acquitted. In fact poor Ludwell proved such a nobody that he also was soon removed and a Sonth Carolina planter named Thomas Smith was appointed to take his place.

Smith's administration was also brief, for he was wise enough to see, and candid enough to tell the proprietaries in England, that it was useless to try to govern South Carolina by a deputy, and that they must send over some one of their own number as governor. The constitution written by Locke was therefore put aside; the parliament became a popular assembly; and John Archdale, a Quaker, who had bought the interest of one of the early proprietors, was appointed to take Smith's place, in 1695.

A better choice could not have been made. Archdale was honest, liberal and possessed great tact—one of the most valuable traits in a person called to rule his fellow men. On reaching Charleston, he at once applied himself to the duties before him, and addressed wise and conciliatory words to the assembly which he called together, and they replied in equally happy language. He soon gained the thorough respect of all parties, for he was considerate, though when necessary, stern and inflexible. Even the hostile savages became his friends, which after all was not remarkable, for no people are quicker to recognize an honest man than the American Indians. When members of his own sect asked to be excused for conscience' sake from military duty, he consented, provided it was shown that conscientious scruples and not mere cowardice prompted the request. Though a Quaker himself, he looked as closely after the military affairs of the province as General Grant could have done had he been in his place. In short, too much can not be said in praise of his administration. He sailed for England at the close of the year 1696, leaving as his successor Joseph Blake, who ruled wisely and well until the opening of the eighteenth century.

Before closing this chapter, I must mention one thing which happened while Thomas Smith was governor and proved to be of the greatest importance to South Carolina. In 1694, an English vessel on its way from Madagascar stopped at Charleston, and the captain gave to the governor a small quantity of seed-rice, which the latter planted and induced others to plant, as an experiment. The marshes along the river proved to be the best soil in the world for this valuable product, which throve wonderfully, and has ever since been one of the chief staples of South Carolina.

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CHAPTER XV.

EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

WHEN New Amsterdam surrendered to the English in 1664, its name, as you remember, was changed to New York. That now vast city and metropolis of the New World numbered at that time about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The

SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

houses were made of brick and stone, roofed with red and black tiles, and the quaint old town had many signs of the substantial comfort which the honest Dutchmen show in their own country.

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As soon as Colonel Nichols, the English commander, had taken military possession of the place, he was proclaimed deputy-governor, and in 1667, when peace was declared between Holland and England, New York was ceded to the English.

The change of masters was scarcely felt by the citizens of New York. No doubt old Governor Stuyvesant, as he stumped about the streets with his cane and wooden

ARREST OF CARTERET.

leg, was the angriest man in town, but he could harm no one, and I am quite sure the people rather enjoyed the savage scolding the fiery veteran gave them for their refusal to rally to the defense of the town against the English, when they demanded its surrender.

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In truth, the Dutch found greater liberty than under their own rulers. Their new masters were very considerate. The towns were allowed to elect their own magistrates, and Manhattan, now New York, was permitted to choose deputies to discuss public affairs. The Navigation Act was suspended for six months, during which free intercourse with Holland was carried on. That part of New Netherland, lying between the Hudson and the Delaware as far north on the latter river as forty-one degrees and forty minutes, was assigned by the Duke of York to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, proprietors of Carolina. This new province was given the name of New Cæsarea or New Jersey, in honor of Carteret's defense of the island of Jersey, in 1649, against the forces of Cromwell.

There were very few settlers in the present state of New Jersey in 1664. Several Swedish and Dutch families had located there, but little is known of them. Nichols was unaware of the grant until June, 1665, when Captain Philip Carteret arrived as the new governor of the province. There was no questioning his credentials, and Nichols received him with great courtesy and cordiality. Carteret's ship arrived at New York in July, and shortly after anchored in the Kill von Kull, opposite the place now known as Elizabethport, and landed her thirty emigrants. Carteret placed himself at their head, and with a hoe resting on his shoulder, led the way a short distance inland to the point where he had decided to locate his settlement. He named the place Elizabeth in honor of Lady Elizabeth, the wife of Sir George Carteret. This may be considered the first real settlement made in New Jersey, though, as I have said, scattered families had erected their cabins at a still earlier date. When Elizabeth was given the name which it has borne ever since, it consisted of only four rude dwellings, and was the capital of the province.

The site of the present city of Newark was bought from the Indians in 1666, by a party from Milford, Connecticut. Before the close of the year, others from the same section joined them. Abraham Pierson was chosen minister of the first church in the settlement, which was named Newark, as a compliment to him, whose home in England bore the same name.

The liberal constitution provided by Carteret and Berkeley, the proprietors, and the fertile soil and favorable location of New Jersey, caused it to prosper almost from the first. Every thing went well till 1670, when the shock came. In that year the first quit rents fell due and were demanded by the proprietors. The settlers refused to pay them. All sorts of complications existed. The lands on which stood Newark and Elizabeth had been bought from the Indians: in the former case, Carteret had given his consent, and at Elizabeth the purchase was made under Governor Nichols of New York, before the arrival of Carteret. There were farmers scattered through the neighborhood who had erected their cabins before New Jersey came into the possession of the English, and they united with the two towns in resisting the demands of the proprietors. Just at the time the people were ready for revolt, a leader made his appearance in the person of James Carteret, the second son of Sir George, and a worthless fellow.

An assembly was called at Elizabethtown, in the spring of 1672, which formally deposed Philip Carteret and elected his cousin James in his place. Philip was without

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the means of resistance, and he, therefore, appointed a deputy and sailed for England with the intention of laying the question before his superiors.

He had been gone only a short time, when James Carteret proved his utter incompetency. In May, 1673, Captain Berry, Philip Carteret's deputy, was acknowledged as governor and James Carteret sailed for Virginia. He returned to New York a few years later and wandered about the country, sleeping in barns and begging of the farmers, just as the miserable tramps do at the present time.

Philip Carteret resumed the government in 1675, and the collection of quit rents was postponed; liberty of conscience was guaranteed, together with representative institutions, and the entire course of the governor was so liberal that contentment and prosperity once more returned to the province.

It must be borne in mind that the grant to the Duke of York included all the land between the Connecticut and the Delaware. Thus a large part of the present state of Connecticut was included. The settlers of New Haven and the other towns along the Sound had resisted annexation to Connecticut under the Winthrop patent, but they were now more bitterly opposed to the rule of the Roman Catholic brother of the king. As the Connecticut patent and that of the Duke of York covered the same territory, it was finally settled, after much negotiation, that Long Island should remain a part of New York, while the boundaries of Connecticut were made almost substantially as they are to-day.

Nichols had asked to be relieved of the governorship of New York that he might return home. Permission was finally given, and Colonel Francis Lovelace was made his successor, arriving in 1668. He was familiar with the wants of the colony, and received so much help from Nichols that his difficulties were trifling. Contentment, comfort and prosperity were on every hand.

New York was a Dutch town long after it came under the rule of England. The sturdy old Hollanders gave a character to the place which lasted many years, and the memories of which indeed will never die out. Washington Irving, in his delightful history of the Knickerbockers, relates many incidents which are meant only to amuse, and which, of course, are purely imaginary, but some of the pictures he drew are true to life.

The Hollander and his sons and their sons sat in their broad, high-backed chairs by the huge tiled fire-place, smoking their long-stemmed clay pipes, gazing into the glowing fires, and probably for a long time thinking absolutely of nothing at all; the floor, scoured so white that you would not have hesitated to eat from it, was strewn with white sand, swept into graceful curves and figures; the large cupboard with its glass doors; the enormous linen chest; the great curtained bed and the scrupulous cleanness everywhere, were the most noticeable features of the Knickerbocker homes of old New York.

The gardens were exuberant with tulips and hyacinths, and over the Dutch gable of the house danced the weathercocks, as if in an eager effort to express their delight. No homes could have been more hospitable, and the old-fashioned tea parties, the balls and the summer excursions, proved that if the Dutch were not the most pro-

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gressive, they were the most contented and happy of all the people who settled our country.

The rule of Lovelace, on the whole, was quiet and uneventful. He showed his temper, however, when the Long Island towns refused to contribute to renew the New York fortifications, by ordering their votes to be publicly burned. France and England declared war against the Netherlands March 17, 1672, and on the seventh of August following, a fleet of twenty-three ships, carrying sixteen hundred men, anchored in the outer bay of New York, a short distance below Staten Island. The Dutch within the city were delighted to see their countrymen, who were surprised to learn from them that the place was in no condition to make an effective defense, the fort in fact having a garrison of less than a hundred men, while most of the guns were dismounted, the governor absent, and the people dissatisfied with the English rule.

The visit of the Dutch fleet was unexpected. While Lovelace was in Connecticut, Manning had charge of the city, and he did his utmost to rouse the people to a defense against the enemy, but his experience was similar to that of Stuyvesant nine years before. The citizens would not respond. Being repeatedly summoned to surrender, he tried to gain time, until the Dutch commanders lost patience, and announced that only thirty more minutes would be allowed him. That there might be no mistake, an hour-glass was set up to mark the time. When this had run out, fire was opened on the fort and several were killed and wounded. Manning, weak as were his forces, returned the fire, but six hundred Dutch were landed just back of where Trinity Church now stands, and advanced to the assault. Manning then surrendered.

With Dutch rulers again came Dutch names. The province was again called New Netherland, and the town, instead of either New Amsterdam or New York, was named New Orange, in honor of the Prince of Orange. There was little disagreement, however, between those of the different nationalities, Dutch and English, and in a short time every thing was moving along in the same peaceful channel as before. Anthony Colve was appointed temporary governor, and, leaving him two ships of war as a protection, the fleet sailed away in September. The towns along the Hudson quietly submitted, and New Jersey and Delaware made no resistance. Some of the settlements on Long Island required a sharp summons, which being given, they yielded. When the news reached New England there was much anger and alarm. In Hartford, many urged an attempt to retake the city, but Massachusetts held back. Colve, however, busied himself in preparing for an attack which he believed was more than likely to come from that direction.

He and his officers were thus employed in May, 1674, when two men entered the town from Connecticut, bringing with them a rumor of a treaty of peace between England and Holland, by which the Dutch province was restored to the British crown. The citizens of New Orange were so infuriated that they arrested and punished the innocent messengers for bearing such bad news. They swore that they would never consent to the surrender, but would fight to their last breath before they would give up the town again. But the news was true; England and the Netherlands had made a treaty of peace, one article of which was the surrender of the Dutch possessions in

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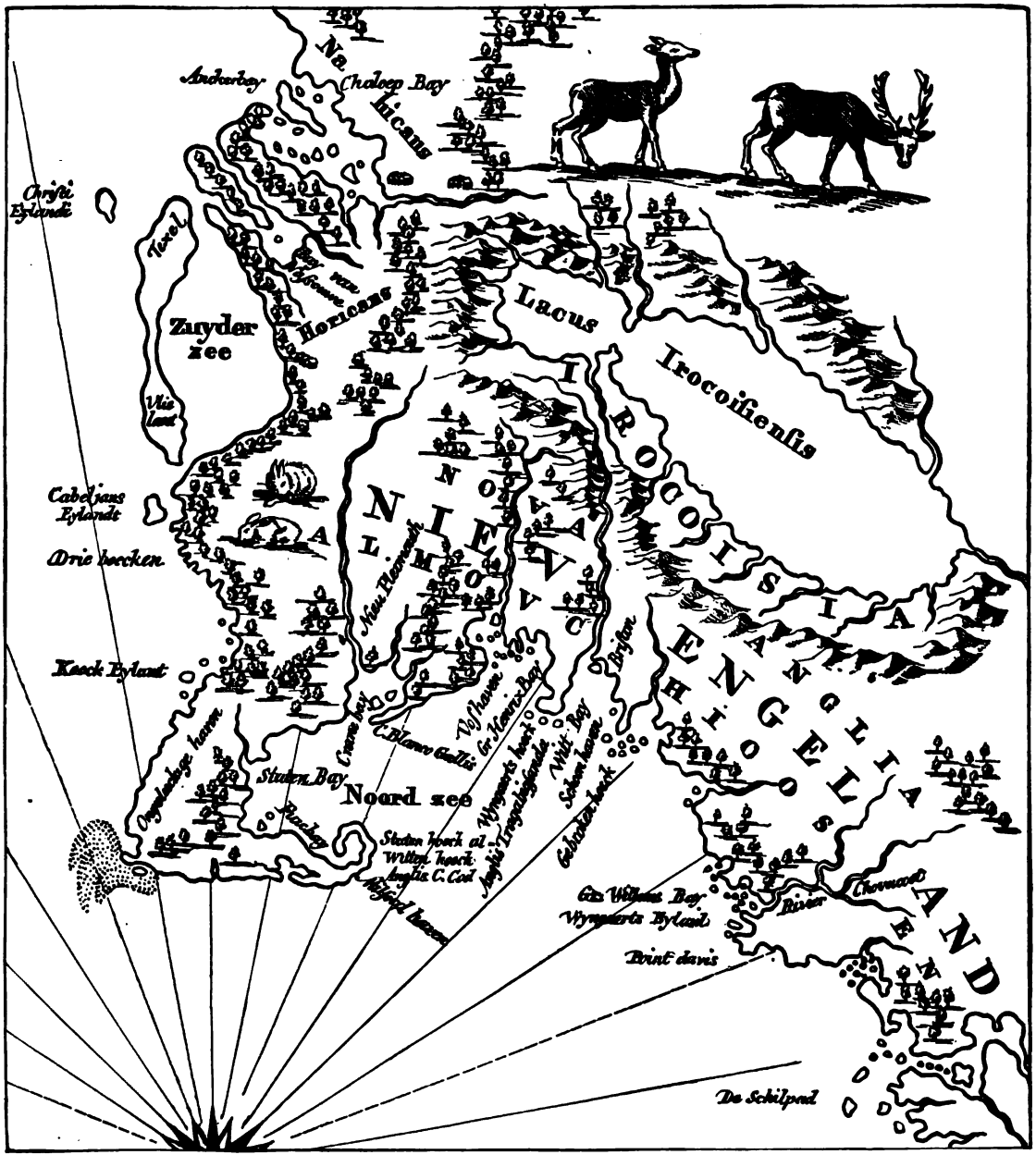
America. Of course Colve had to obey; New Netherland once more changed hands, to remain henceforth, so long as it was a colony, the English colony of New York.



NEW ENGLAND IN 1660.

From Blaew's Theatre Monde. (In this curious map the north is at the bottom and the south at the top.)

As the re-conquest of New Netherland by the Dutch had extinguished the grant made to the Duke of York when the country first came into the possession of England,

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so now, as the province had again changed hands, it was necessary to renew his patent. This was done in June, 1674, and he appointed Major Edmund Andros as governor of the territory. But any question of the loss of the Duke of York's title involved also the title of Carteret and Berkeley to New Jersey, which they had held under grant from the duke. When, therefore, England once more gained possession of the territory by treaty in 1674, Carteret went to the king and got from him a grant of all New Jersey before the duke had moved for a renewal of his patent. Carteret, moreover, was shrewd enough to leave out of this arrangement his old partner Berkeley, and this brought up a new question. For Berkeley had sold out his share of the old grant from the duke to Edward Byllinge, for whom it was held in trust by John Fenwicke, to whom Byllinge was in debt. Here then were three serious controversies involving the whole province of New Jersey: first, between the Duke of York and Carteret; second, between Carteret and Byllinge and Fenwicke; and third, between Byllinge and Fenwicke themselves, who disagreed about the debt in security for which Fenwicke held Byllinge's title to that part of the territory he had bought of Berkeley. An agreement was reached at last, however, among all concerned by dividing the province into two parts, to be called East New Jersey, to belong to Carteret, and West New Jersey, to belong to Penn and his associates, the line between them running from Little Egg Harbor on the coast to latitude 41° 40′ on the upper Delaware River.

All these difficulties being thus disposed of for the time, Penn and his associates published proposals to Friends in England to form a colony, promising political and religious freedom, and all the land they wanted, to all who joined it. Fenwicke had already gone to West Jersey with a few persons and settled near Delaware Bay at Salem; and in March, 1677, a company of two hundred and thirty Friends, induced by Penn's representations of how much they might better their condition by going to America, sailed from London in a ship called the *Kent*. They stopped at New York, where Governor Andros detained them for some time, questioning their right to settle in New Jersey. Allowed at length to go on, the *Kent* reached Newcastle on the Delaware, August 16th. Three months more passed before the place of settlement was agreed upon, but finally the site of the present town of Burlington was selected. It was named Bridlington, as the larger part of the emigrants were from a town so called in the county of Yorkshire in England; but gradually the name changed from Bridlington to Brellington, and then to Burlington.

Meanwhile the proprietary right to the Jerseys remained unsettled, notwithstanding all the previous negotiations and agreements. Andros and Carteret kept up their quarrel about jurisdiction in East Jersey, and at one time Andros sent a file of soldiers to Elizabethport who took Carteret out of his bed and carried him a prisoner to New York. But at last, in 1680, the commissioners, to whom the various questions involved were left for decision, decided against the Duke of York; and he abandoned all claim to West Jersey, and gave a deed of East Jersey to George Carteret, the grandson of James. Two years afterward Penn and nine of his associates bought East Jersey of its new proprietor, and both the Jerseys thus came into the possession of the Friends.

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CHAPTER XVI.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND KING PHILIP'S WAR.

THE region now divided between the states of New Hampshire and Maine, though earlier known than any other part of New England, except the shores of Massachusetts Bay, was settled more slowly. In 1623 the Plymouth (or northern) company, in England, granted to two of its most active members, Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason, all the country lying between the rivers Merrimac and Kennebec, bounding it at the north on the St. Lawrence, and westward on the Great Lakes. A western boundary at that period, however, had hardly any meaning; it was often made the Southern (or Pacific) Ocean, and how far that meant, nobody knew. Gorges and Mason named their grant Laconia; but in 1631 they divided it between them, Mason taking the western part and calling it New Hampshire, after the county of Hampshire, in England; and Gorges, the eastern part, which after a while came to be called Maine, for at that time it was common to speak of any long stretch of coast as the main, or, as we say now, the main land.

Settlements were made from time to time along the coast, which at first were only trading-posts, whence fish, timber, and furs were shipped to England. Some of them grew into towns, as Strawberry Bank — now Portsmouth — Kittery, Exeter, Dover, and York, where a great city, to be called Gorgeana, was projected; but it never came to any thing beyond a project. Gorges and Mason were good loyalists and faithful members of the Church of England; and many of the settlers were of their way of thinking. But there were many more to whom the proprietary government of Gorges and Mason was irksome; who preferred, like the Massachusetts people, to govern themselves, and who inclined to the Puritanism of that colony. At the request of this portion of the inhabitants, New Hampshire came, in 1641, under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and so remained for about forty years.

It was a stormy period in the history of that province. The heirs of Mason got decisions in the courts of law in their favor, but the people resisted all attempts to collect rents, or to eject them from their houses and farms. The king, Charles II., at length interfered, and made New Hampshire a royal province in 1679. But that did not mend matters in the least. The people were as impatient of royal governors as they were of proprietary rule, so long as these governors attempted to enforce the proprietary claims.

As an evidence of the temper of the people, it may be related that when a sheriff tried to make an arrest during divine service, one of the young maidens brought down a

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folio Bible on his head with such a thwack that he went over with his heels in air. The rest of the worshipers rallying around the damsel, the whole posse was put to flight. In many of the houses, the wives kept a goodly quantity of boiling water, with which to douse the odious officials when they presented themselves. In 1685 Walter Barefoot was the royal deputy-governor. Two sturdy settlers called on him one day to give him

A WARM ARGUMENT.

a piece of their mind, for his too eager devotion to the interests of the Mason heirs. Robert Mason, the son of John, the original proprietary, was present; hot words were soon passing back and forth, and the visitors were ordered to leave the house.

To hurry matters Mason attempted to put one of them out of doors. Quick as a flash, the settler caught him by the throat, and tumbled him into the fire-place. Bare-

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MRS. ROWLANDSON AND THE INDIANS. (*See page 177.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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foot rushed to the help of Mason, when he too was served in the same fashion, and handled so roughly indeed that a couple of his ribs were cracked. Mason rushed for his sword, but the other visitor stopped laughing long enough to take it away from him. Some of the liv coals in the fire-place had got into the deputy-governor's breeches, and his antics as he danced about the floor and yelled for some one to put out the conflagration, brought in the neighbors, who rescued him and Mason from a situation as painful as it was ludicrous.

This Robert Mason bequeathed his land-title to his two sons, who were glad enough to sell it to Samuel Allen, of London, he having received a commission to govern the province. John Usher, the son-in-law of Allen, was appointed lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire during the absence of Allen. The troubles were renewed, the settlers showing the same sturdy resistance as before. They felt the more outraged because, at that time, the Indians were actively hostile and inflicted great suffering on the colonists.

The litigation went on from year to year until early in the next century, when the settlers, heartily tired of the interminable wrangling, agreed to pay Allen £2,000 for an absolute quit claim to all the lands in dispute. Before the proposition was presented to Allen, he died. His son, who seemed to long for a taste of litigation, renewed the claim in 1706. Young Allen was defeated, but as usual he appealed from court to court. Before the final hearing was reached, he, too, died in 1715, and the remarkable lawsuit was never renewed.

In order to complete this story, I have been compelled to go far in advance of more important events taking place in New Hampshire and the adjoining colonies. During the Pequot war, the history of which has been told, the settlers in New Hampshire suffered little, because they were a long distance away; but their turn came in 1675, during the memorable King Philip's war, the most serious Indian war that ever occurred in New England.

One of the pleasantest incidents in the early history of Massachusetts is the lasting friendship between Massasoit, the great Wampanoag sachem, and the Plymouth Pilgrims. He pledged his good will to them through life and the pledge was never broken. He died in 1660, and was succeeded by his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacom, whose English names were Alexander and Philip.

In 1662, there were so many reports that Alexander was plotting with the Narragansetts against the English that he was summoned to answer before the general court at Plymouth. He did not obey and was taken there as a prisoner. He suddenly died, either then or not long after. The English believed that his sickness was caused by excessive mortification and rage at his arrest; but the Indians said the English had poisoned him.

Philip, the younger brother, and one of the most remarkable men of his race that ever lived, succeeded him as chief sachem of his tribe. The English felt so many misgivings about his intentions that he was summoned to Plymouth to explain. He obeyed and solemnly denied that he either knew of, or was concerned in, any plot against the English; and he offered his younger brother as hostage until the truth of what he said

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could be established. The court declined the offer and renewed their former covenant of friendship. Philip and five of his subordinate sachems signed a paper binding themselves to peaceful and loyal conduct as subjects of the king of England, while the court agreed to give Philip and his tribe such help as they might need. Five years of peace followed.

The real causes of Philip's war can never be known with certainty. Doubtless he had many personal grievances against the whites, and perhaps he believed, as the widow of his brother Alexander always insisted, that her husband had been poisoned by the English. Possibly his soul was roused by the steady increase of power on the part of the whites and the certain extinction of his own race unless they rose in rebellion and swept the invaders into the sea. Certain it is that he was long looked upon with distrust by the settlers, and much as we must sympathize with the dusky leader, it is only reasonable to believe that the colonists had some grounds for suspecting his enmity.

In 1671, a white man was murdered by Indians near Dedham, Massachusetts. Philip was suspected of instigating the crime, but the real criminal was afterward discovered and executed. The chieftain was called upon again to explain his intentions, for many rumors of hostility were afloat. Taunton Green was named as the place for the interview. Philip naturally was suspicious of those who constantly distrusted him, and, when he appeared, it was at the head of a party fully armed and in their war paint. The English company was as powerful, and held their arms ready for instant service. The two halted and glared at each other, and Philip refused to advance further, until the English captain left several of his men with the savages as hostages during the conference. Philip and his followers were required to surrender all the firearms in their possession; and, though they obeyed, it was with great reluctance, and their hearts were filled with bitter and revengeful thoughts when they scowlingly went back to their village.

Several more years passed, however, before the rumors assumed an alarming character. Among Eliot's converted Indians was one named Sausaman, who moved freely among the white and red men alike. To the former he repeated all he knew or could hear about Philip. The Indians distrusted him, and one winter day in 1674, his body was found under the ice of Middleborough Pond. When it was examined, the marks showed he had been killed. An Indian was finally found who asserted that from the top of the adjoining hill he saw three of his people slay the warrior and then thrust his body under the ice. The accused were arrested and tried before a jury of six Indians and six white men, were promptly convicted, and put to death.

By this time, Philip had resolved on war. He was continually suspected and accused, and the settlers refused to believe any thing but evil of him. He and his warriors boldly displayed their firearms, as they marched toward the head of the peninsula where they lived — a ridge of woody hills near the present city of Bristol. The white men watched him closely, and other Indians were seen making their way toward the same point; the squaws and children were sent to Narragansett, and the sounds of beating drums and the firing of musketry left no doubt of the hostile intentions of Philip and his warriors.

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The alarm was so general that the 24th of June, 1675, was appointed as a day of fasting and prayer that the horrors of the impending war might be averted. In Swansea — the small town nearest Philip's territory — while the people were returning from church, they were suddenly fired upon by Indians. One of the settlers dropped dead and several were wounded. Two white men dashed off after a surgeon, but both were killed by Indians, who slew six others near the garrison, and mutilated their bodies. After burning several barns and houses, the assailants withdrew as swiftly as they had gathered to the spot.

The New England villages were so scattered that they were especially exposed to

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.

Indian attack, and they speedily felt the weight of Philip's terrible blows. At Rehoboth, mills, barns and houses were burned, and Middleborough, Taunton and Dartmouth were assailed with great fury.

The war at first was confined to Plymouth colony. At that time John Winthrop, the younger, was governor of Connecticut and New Haven, Leverett of Massachusetts, and Winslow of Plymouth. Rhode Island, although opposed to the war, could not keep clear of it. A score of houses were burned at Providence, and a number of persons killed at Tiverton.

In August it was clear that the Nipmuck Indians, living on the northern tributaries

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of the Thames, were making ready to go upon the war-path, and Captain Edward Hutchinson and twenty troopers were sent to hold a conference with the savages. When near Brookfield, they fell into ambush and eight were killed and four wounded, Captain Hutchinson being among the latter. The survivors managed to reach Brookfield by a circuitous route and gave the alarm.

Every one in the little village knew what was coming, and the inhabitants, numbering less than a hundred, ran pell-mell into the only house which was strong enough to offer any chance of defense. The men had barely time to catch up their guns, sling the strings of their powder-horns and bullet-pouches over their necks, when several hundred Indians rushed into the village like a cyclone. Their ear-splitting screeches filled the air, and the dusky warriors were seen dashing hither and thither, many with a musket in one hand and a blazing torch in the other. The gleaming knife and tomahawk thrust in the girdle at the waist, and the hideously painted faces caused many a mother to shudder and press her infant to her breast, while the fathers compressed their lips, raised the flints of their muskets, and took careful aim.

KING PHILIP'S ARMS.

Every house was fired except the one in which the settlers had taken refuge. Whenever an Indian attempted to steal up to that with a torch, he was riddled with rifle balls. No more thrilling incident can be found in the early history of our country than the attack and defense of this single house at Brookfield.

The first volley which the Indians poured into the structure mortally wounded one of the men. Another, who ventured near enough to be seized, was flung to the earth, his head cut off and kicked about for a football. When tired of this horrible sport, the head was stuck on a pole and set up in front of his own home.

Twice a skilled messenger started out in quest of help, but the Indians were too watchful, and he was barely able to get back in time to save his own life. The night which followed was dreadful beyond description. The savages were on the alert, darting hither and thither, firing at every opening that could be detected between the logs, and continuing their efforts to destroy the structure by means of firebrands, tied to the ends of long poles. The defenders, crowded together so there was barely room to move about, were equally vigilant. While the tired children slept, the mothers peered through the crevices, and gave their husbands what help they could. Sometimes in the gloom, a flickering torch revealed the warrior, creeping stealthily among the ruins of the buildings, and a sturdy rifleman sent a ball through his body. The savage would leap high in the air with one piercing death-shriek, and that was the end of him.

Finding such attempts too dangerous, the Indians wrapped their arrows with burning tow, and launched them against the building, but providentially the little twists of flame

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died out without communicating to the wood. The dense darkness was relieved after midnight by the full moon, which, however, disclosed an alarming fact: the Nipmucks had heaped a large quantity of combustible stuff at one corner of the building to which they set fire. Under cover of the marksmen, a number of settlers dashed out and scattered the burning material. This was twice repeated. During the excitement, one of the defenders reached the woods without detection and started on a desperate journey to obtain help. He had a long way to travel to obtain assistance and the fate of the defenders was likely to be settled before it could reach them.

The attack continued without abatement all that day and the succeeding night. At times, the air was filled with flaming arrows, many of which, curving high overhead, came down with such force on the roof that they stuck fast, and the smell of burning wood warned those within of their danger. Holes were hurriedly chopped through the roof and water dashed on the fire — this being repeated again and again until it seemed that one party must tire out and stop. On the third day, it looked to the brave defenders as though all hope was ended. A wagon was piled high with flax, hemp, hay, dry wood and other inflammable material, and set on fire, and then with long poles the savages shoved it against the building. When the choking smoke poured through the crevices between the logs, and the crackling flames began communicating, the defenders were in despair; but, at that terrible moment, a violent shower of rain came down, and not only quenched the flames, but made it impossible to rekindle them.

During the same day, Major Simon Willard, of Boston, and about fifty men, learning of the sore strait of the Brookfield people, made all haste thither. The major, who was fully seventy years old, was on his march westward, and had to ride thirty miles over a bad road to reach the imperiled settlers. He and his soldiers did it in gallant style. The sun was setting when they dashed into the town, and without a minute's hesitation, they went at the Indians right and left. In the course of a few hours, not a live warrior was in the neighborhood. The number killed by the major's party, added to those that had fallen by the bullets of the defenders, was eighty.

King Philip was unceasing in his efforts to rouse the Indians. His agents appeared in the Connecticut valley, and finally were able to bring over most of the Christian or praying Indians to his support.

Those were stirring times in New England. When the men walked to church, they carried their loaded muskets over their shoulders and looked right and left for the lurking red warriors. At the church door the guns were stacked and one or two sentinels paced back and forth, watching the woods and ready to give instant alarm if necessary. The sentinels might catch a few words of the sermon and perhaps glanced within, while passing in front of the open door, but they dared not stop nor cease their watchfulness. More than once, the minister was launched in his long sermon and was thundering forth the truth, when the sharp crack of the musket outside ended his discourse in the middle of a sentence. Down he bounded from his pulpit, as eager as the rest to catch up his gun and beat back the painted warriors swarming from every direction.

Just such an attack was made at Hadley, Connecticut, on the first of September, which was fast day. The assault was so terrific that the settlers were forced back toward

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ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

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the meeting-house, where the women and children were huddled together. At the critical moment, when it seemed as if every thing was lost, a stranger suddenly appeared among them. He was of tall, soldierly appearance, with a long grizzled beard. The manner in which he handled his sword proved that it was not the first time he had drawn that weapon. He threw himself at the head of the men, signaled them to follow, and in a twinkling the savages were scattered like chaff. Then, when the settlers looked around, nothing was seen of the stranger: he had vanished as unaccountably as he had appeared.

Such is the legend that is two centuries old. Doubtless it is substantially true, for at that time, it will be remembered, Colonel Goffe, the regicide, was living in concealment in the house of Mr. Russell, at Hadley, and nothing could have been more natural than for him to rush out to the help of the villagers, where he must have known his presence would have great weight in deciding the issue of the hour.

On the same day that Hadley was attacked, several houses and barns were burned at Deerfield. During the same month, the block-house at Northfield was besieged, a dozen men killed and most of the dwelling-houses burned. While Captain Beers and thirty men were on their way to its relief, they were attacked by Indians in ambush and twenty killed, including the leader. Once more Deerfield was attacked, this time while the people were on their way to church. The farmers fled in such panic that they abandoned a large quantity of grain partly threshed. To prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy, Captain Lathrop and eighty men of Ipswich were sent with eighteen wagons and teamsters to complete the threshing and bring in the grain. The work was done, the grain loaded into the wagons, and the company set out on its return.

Early on the morning of the 18th, they halted near a grove through which ran a small brook. The pleasant shade and the abundant grapes led them to forget their usual caution. Their guns were flung into the wagons and the men separated to gather the clusters of luscious fruit. This was precisely what the Indians, who had stealthily followed their trail all night, were waiting for. Seven hundred of them suddenly opened a murderous fire on the helpless soldiers, and Captain Lathrop and all his men, except seven, were killed. Captain Mosely, who, with a small force, had been left behind at Deerfield, heard the firing, and, knowing what it meant, made all haste to the spot. When he arrived, the Indians were scalping the dead. Mosely charged upon them with great impetuosity, killing many. The fight lasted from noon until dark, when Mosely being reinforced, the savages were driven off, with severe loss. Ever since that lurid day, the little stream has been known by the name of Bloody Brook.

The Federal commissioners met often and the settlers were horrified by the tremendous onslaughts of the Indians. The warriors were not only numerous and daring, but they moved with such noiseless swiftness between remote points that no one could tell where the next blow would be struck. It was manifest that the war could be ended only by a crushing campaign, in which it was necessary for the New England colonies to join. The powerful Narragansetts were the allies of Philip, and it was decided to march against them. Massachusetts furnished five hundred and twenty men, Plymouth one hundred and fifty-nine, and Connecticut three hundred.

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One hundred and fifty Mohican warriors joined this force, which was placed under the command of Governor Josiah Winslow of Plymouth.

Winslow learned from a prisoner, that 3,500 Narragansetts were gathered in their

DEATH OF PHILIP.
(Pen drawing by Wand.)

fort at South Kingston, Rhode Island. This defense covered several acres, and stood on high ground insulated by a swamp. It was inclosed on every side by strong palisades, driven deep into the ground, the only entrance to the fort being over a bridge

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of logs, roughly thrown together. The stronghold was one of the finest ever erected by American Indians.

The resolute New Englanders struggled through the deep snow and came in sight of the fort near noon, December 19th. Pausing only long enough to gain the needed knowledge of the position, the attack was made by the entire force. The Narragansetts delivered a heavy fire against the Massachusetts men, who were in the advance, and they were obliged to fall back. Six captains were killed during this first assault, besides a large number of soldiers. Captain Benjamin Church, with a party, attacked the rear of the fort, where the defenses were not quite so strong, and, after a furious struggle, in which he was shot three times, he led the way into the inclosure. Church protested against firing the wigwams, for he saw they were filled with corn, but it was plain that the warriors could be driven out in no other way. The torch was applied, and in a few minutes the whole six hundred wigwams were ablaze.

WILLIAM PENN'S BOOK-PLATE.

At that moment, Samuel Hall, of Fairfield, lay bleeding in the snow, shot through both thighs. Knowing he would be burned to death if he stayed where he was, he struggled to his feet and cut his way out of the inclosure. The flames did what the soldiers could not do, — they expelled the Indians, who came swarming over the palisades and through the entrance. They continued the battle outside with the same fury, and only after a most determined struggle, were they driven through the swamp and into the open country. Fully seven hundred Indians were slain, including a score of chiefs, while the whites lost eighty men killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The weather was bitterly cold, the food exhausted, and the sufferings of the men on their homeward march were so great that many died. The Indians fared still worse.

The victory was decisive and ought to have ended the war; so it would, had Philip been among the slain, but he was still alive and the end was yet to come. The following year the outrages were continued, in the interior of Massachusetts. Lancaster was attacked in February by the Wachusett Indians. Among the prisoners carried away by the savages was Mrs. Rowlandson, wife of the resident minister, and her little girl six years old. A single bullet fired during the attack wounded both mother and child. With that devotion which is part of the nature of a mother, she carried and nursed the little one for nine days, when it died in her arms. The

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parent endured many hardships, and was a captive among the Indians for about three months, when she was ransomed for twenty pounds.

Growing insolent because of their repeated successes, some of the Indians took possession of the deserted acres at Deerfield and began planting them. Captain Turner, of Boston, learning this from escaped captives, hastily gathered more than a hundred troopers and rode the intervening twenty miles during the night, reaching the Indian encampment at dawn of May 10th. The attack was a complete surprise to the savages. Many ran to their canoes, but, in their panic, left the paddles behind, and were carried over the falls. Others were shot while making for the river, and scores who took refuge among the rocks were hunted out and slain. While the settlers lost but a single man, it is estimated that three hundred Indians were slain. In addition, large quantities of food were destroyed, and two forges, which the warriors used in repairing their weapons, were demolished.

Unfortunately, however, a large party of Indians in the neighborhood heard the firing and hurried to the spot. A rumor that Philip himself was at the head of a thousand warriors threw the whites into a panic which made them easy victims to the ferocity of their pursuers. Captain Holyoke took command of the rearguard, and by his coolness was able to bring off the main body, but he afterward died from the exertions of the day. Captain Turner and about one third of the men were killed.

Despite these successes of the Indians, the settlers were steadily gaining ground. Philip's attack on Hadley was defeated. When the attempt was renewed by seven hundred savages, they were again repulsed with a heavy loss, and victories were gained in other quarters. The general court of Massachusetts passed laws for the impressment of soldiers, prohibited all trade with the Indians, and enforced such severe measures that the red men began to lose heart. The war shifted to the south, and the adjoining settlements in Connecticut and Rhode Island were in a state of constant alarm.

Captain Church, who had recovered from the severe wounds received in storming the Narragansett fort, did sturdy service. He captured many of Philip's warriors, and in the summer of 1676 made an expedition into the country of the female sachem of Saconet. With admirable tact, he persuaded her and her people to withdraw the support they had been giving Philip. The Massachusetts government sent out a proclamation promising to pardon all who would submit within fourteen days. Hundreds came in and laid down their arms, so that by the middle of summer the war was over.

But King Philip had no thought of submission. He was too proud to yield, and with several of his devoted followers flitted from place to place, the chieftain narrowly escaping capture more than once. He cut off his hair, which, preventing his recognition, doubtless saved his life. Once his uncle was shot down by his side, when Philip himself would certainly have been the victim had the soldier recognized him.

One of Philip's warriors approached him with the advice to surrender, but he had scarcely time to utter the words when the wrathful chieftain smote him to the earth. The brother of the victim went to Captain Church at Tiverton, and told him that Philip and his men were on a small piece of land at the south end of the swamp, near the foot

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of Mount Hope. Church knew the spot, though the dusky deserter offered to act as his guide.

Carefully guarding every outlet, Church sent a party in to rout out the sachem and his warriors. The latter were startled by a volley, and springing to his feet, half dressed, Philip ran like a deer straight toward a point where a settler and Indian were awaiting him. Both raised their guns and pulled the triggers at the same time. The white man's weapon flashed in the pan, but the bullet of the Indian was driven directly through the heart of King Philip, who fell forward into a pool of water, and never stirred.

The great leader was dead, but hostilities did not entirely cease for several months. The settlements had suffered to an appalling extent. Six hundred men had been killed and many more disabled; thirteen towns were destroyed and more than five hundred buildings burned; but a death blow had been given to the power of the Indians in Southern New England.

While Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island were engaged in this bitter war with King Philip, New Hampshire (as you were told in another place), had to take her turn. Philip did nothing to stir up the Eastern Indians, because the French priests and officers saved him the trouble. The settlers themselves were cruel in more than one instance, and intensified the revengeful feelings of the red men. One day some sailors, who were talking about the skill of the Indians in swimming, fell into a dispute as to whether the art did not come as natural to them as it does to quadrupeds, which, you know, swim the first time they enter the water. To settle the question they upset a boat containing the wife of the sachem Squando and her pappoose. The terrified mother saved her babe, but it afterward died from the shock.

When the news of King Philip's doings reached the settlers around the Kennebec, they ordered the Indians to surrender their arms. They refused, and shortly after a settler and his family at Falmouth were killed.. The war having fairly opened, was prosecuted very much as it was further south. At Saco, the savages tried precisely the same means as were adopted at Brookfield. Filling a wagon with combustibles, they pushed it toward the block-house. The two attempts, however, failed from unexpected causes. In the first instance, one of the wheels dropped into a hole, which caused such a lurch of the wagon that the Indians, who were shoving it laboriously along, were suddenly exposed to the fire of the defenders, and scampered to cover. On the second trial, the wheels sank so deep in the mire that it was impossible to move the vehicle another inch.

At Berwick, a young servant girl saw a party of warriors making for the house of Richard Tozier. She darted in ahead of them, and slamming to the door, resolutely held it against their assaults, till the fifteen women and children within had time to scramble out at the rear and get well on their way toward the block-house. The savages hacked down the door, struck down the girl with a tomahawk, and pursuing the fugitives, killed two of the children while they were climbing a fence. It is a pleasure to state that the brave girl recovered and lived to be an old woman.

The same place was attacked again in October, by a hundred Indians, who killed

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three soldiers. Old Roger Plaisted went out with a team of oxen and twenty men to recover the bodies, but fell into ambush. The terrified soldiers and team fled, but Plaisted and his two sons stood their ground and kept back their assailants until the three defenders were slain.

The winter that followed was so severe that the hostiles did little. Driven by hunger they signed a treaty of peace and restored all the captives. But the fires of hate blazed out again, when some of Philip's men, fleeing from Massachusetts, settled among the Eastern Indians.

Mindful of her duty to New Hampshire, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1676, sent a hundred and thirty men to Dover as a re-enforcement to Major Waldron, who commanded there. Having been ordered to seize all Indians who had committed murder, Waldron invited those that wished to make peace to visit him under a flag of truce. A large party accepted the invitation, and the Massachusetts soldiers recognized a number of Philip's warriors among them. They insisted that the whole party should be taken into custody. Major Waldron consented, but, to prevent bloodshed, he asked the Indians to take part in a sham battle. They did so, and two hundred were thus entrapped. This act, beside being a breach of faith, unworthy a civilized nation, was badly managed, for a good many innocent were taken with the guilty, and sent to Boston, where they were sold as slaves and sent abroad. The other savages were incensed and retaliated with revolting cruelty.

Captain Hathorne, in the autumn of 1676, started at the head of one hundred and sixty men in pursuit of the Indians, but his experience was similar to that of the soldiers of the present day, when they set out to chastise the Apaches of the Southwest. He was often on the heels of the warriors, as may be said, but never got near enough to seize them.

In the fall of the same year, a leading sachem of the Eastern Indians came to Portsmouth to make a treaty. He was sent to Boston, where he concluded one with the magistrates, by which he agreed that all hostilities should end, the prisoners be restored, and thereafter no ammunition should be bought from any one except an agent of the government. The chief took the treaty to the sachem of Penobscot, who signed it for his tribe, doubtless doing so in good faith. Claiming that it was necessary to visit the other tribes to secure the release of their captives, the chief departed and did not come back. He had played the traitor from the first, and was doing all he could to stir up the other Indians.

The people at Portsmouth were so frightened that they induced the government to send Major Waldron with a strong force of English and Natick Indians to the Kennebec and Pemaquid. This was in February, 1677.

During an interview with some Indians, the soldiers discovered that, contrary to their pledges, they had firearms with them. A wrangle followed, during which several warriors were killed, and in spring the war broke out with its old vigor.

The sachem who had acted so treacherously with the treaty was killed while leading an attack on Black Point, but at the same place, a few days after, a company of soldiers were ambushed, and sixteen of them killed. The Indians even ventured from

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shore in their frail canoes, and stealthily approached the fishing vessels, which, unless vigilantly guarded, were boarded by the savages, who, after killing every one, destroyed the cargoes, and then paddled swiftly ashore. The skies were lit up at night by the fires of the burning cabins, and the people in the larger settlements often trembled for the safety of themselves and families.

The general court of Massachusetts sent agents into the Mohawk country to stir

WILLIAM PENN (*Ætat.* 50).

up that tribe against their ancient enemies, the Eastern Indians, who, in defending themselves, might be compelled to leave the Maine and New Hampshire settlements in peace. The errand was successful, though the Mohawks blundered at first by attacking the friendly Indians under Major Waldron.

Hostilities continued in a desultory fashion for awhile longer, but in April, 1678, a treaty of peace was made, which it was hoped would be lasting, since the leading chiefs were parties to it. Some disturbances took place shortly after, and, in 1688, the out-

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break aroused general alarm along the frontier. A number of the Indians whom Major Waldron had taken prisoners during the sham battle and sent to Boston to be sold as slaves had escaped and rejoined those in the East. They easily persuaded others to join them in assailing the whites, who again suffered severely.

The most experienced Indian fighters are often led to believe there is no danger, when the peril is the greatest. In the town of Dover were five block-houses inclosed by palisades, and each capable of making a strong defense. The guards were careless, and, when some of the people were alarmed by the number of Indians passing in and out, Major Waldron laughed and replied that no cause for distrust existed: if it did he could detect it at once, and he advised his friends to give their thoughts to planting and leave the care of the red men to him.

On the evening of June 27th, two squaws asked for lodging at each of the block-houses. The Indians had often been given such privilege, and the only thing noticeable about the occurrence was that the same request should be made, at the same time, at each block-house. Only one of the latter refused to admit them. The squaws, however, were admitted only into one, the dwelling of Major Waldron. They were escorted by a chief who held a pleasant conversation with the major. So complete was his confidence in the good will of his visitors that he showed them how to undo the fastenings of the gates, in case they should wish to go outside during the night. Then, bidding them good evening, he withdrew to his own apartment.

In the dead of night, the two listening squaws heard a slight noise without, for which they were waiting. It was the signal agreed upon. They rose silently to their feet, withdrew the bars from the gates, and a number of warriors entered as noiselessly as so many shadows. They were in search of Major Waldron, and it took them but a few minutes to find his room.

The major was four-score years old, but he leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and drove the party out. He was stunned a moment later by a blow from a tomahawk and overpowered. His captors then deliberately slashed and mutilated him, uttering taunts, the meanwhile, until he died. The block-house was pillaged and burned. Another was served in the same way, after the men had been killed and the women set aside for captivity. A dog gave the alarm at the third, just in time for the men to rally and drive back the Indians. The fourth was pillaged. Twenty-three persons in all were killed and twenty-nine taken to Canada and sold to the French.

Massachusetts sent several companies to New Hampshire, and Captain Church went from Plymouth. He was remembered as the conqueror of the mighty Philip, and the Indians fled on his approach. He dealt many severe blows, but the trouble was the enemy were afraid to fight him, often burning their villages and scattering in every direction, when they heard he was coming.

Peace between England and France was made soon after, and the French restrained the Indians from further hostilities.

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CHAPTER XVII.

PENNSYLVANIA AND DELAWARE.

WILLIAM PENN, who, as was related in a previous chapter, had a great deal to do with the settlement of New Jersey, was the son of a distinguished English admiral and was born in London in 1644. He inherited from his father great force of character and sprightliness of disposition, and from his mother a strong religious temperament. He entered Oxford University when only fifteen years old. During his first year he was deeply impressed by the preaching of Thomas Lee, an eminent Friend. He formed an intense dislike for the forms and ceremonies of the Anglican Church, and not only refused to wear a surplice himself, but persuaded some of his comrades to join him in tearing off those of the other students. This caused his expulsion. The impression made by the Quaker preacher seemed to have worn away, for Penn spent some time in traveling through Holland, Switzerland, France and Ireland, and led a gay life. But providentially he met the same Quaker preacher who had stirred him so strongly a couple of years before, and he then became an earnest convert to the doctrines of the Friends, giving up his luxurious method of living, and adopting their dress and manner of speech. He spoke and wrote so zealously for his new belief, that he was thrown into prison for heresy; but he used his time there in writing with more fervor than before, and seemed absolutely without fear, and conscientious down to the smallest detail of life. Penn inherited a large fortune, and was held in high respect by the Duke of York, both for his own sake and that of his father. When James became king he continued his esteem for Penn and his sect, perhaps from sympathy with their sufferings, for his own Roman Catholicism had made him unpopular. Thus matters stood when Penn became interested in the subject of American emigration.

Among the effects which descended to him was a claim of £16,000 for arrears of the admiral's pay. Penn proposed to the government to pay the debt by a grant of land in America. The proposition was accepted and Penn received the grant of forty thousand square miles, the charter for which was signed March 4, 1681. Penn wished to give the name of New Wales to the territory, but the king, who you must know was quite a merry fellow, after making Penn promise not to scalp the Indians, and to be indulgent toward the members of the Church of England, insisted on calling it Pennsylvania, and it was so done.

Being secure in his grant, Penn now proceeded to carry out his carefully formed views. He made wide proclamation that he meant to establish a righteous government,

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PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.
From an old print.

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which might serve as a model to all. The foundation principle was absolute freedom of conscience. He went further even than New England, and declared that no person should be compelled to attend any religious worship, place or ministry whatever. Murder and treason only were punishable with death. Chief Justice North insisted on this provision, but during the lifetime of Penn no person was hanged in Pennsylvania.

Some of Penn's theories were worthy of a most enlightened age. For instance: a prison should be devoted to the reformation of the criminal; arbitration should take the place of litigation, even between nations, for wars are not only wrong but useless; an oath is unnecessary; so are cock-pits, card-playing, and drunkenness: lying is a

PENN'S RESIDENCE IN SECOND STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

crime and punishable as such. Jury trial was established, and in all cases in which an Indian was interested, it was ordered that the jury should consist of six Indians and six white men.

Land in the new province was offered at forty shillings per hundred acres, and servants were allowed to hold fifty acres in fee simple. So universal was the respect for and confidence in Penn that a large emigration began from many countries, generally including the most industrious and desirable class of people.

Three vessels were sent out in 1681, but one was frozen in the Delaware at Chester and could go no further. The emigrants dug caves in the river bank and occupied them

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till the weather moderated. Penn had become so much interested in the New World that as soon as he could make his arrangements, he set sail in the ship *Welcome*. This was September 1, 1682, a hundred passengers sailing with him, most of whom were Friends from his own county of Essex. The voyage was long and tedious, thirty of the passengers dying with small-pox on the way. Finally the Delaware was entered, and a landing made at Newcastle, October 27, 1681. The Dutch and Swedes gave him hearty welcome. Calling them together the next day, in the old Dutch court-house, he displayed the royal patent, the deeds and charters, after which he received from the Duke of York's agent a formal surrender and transfer of the dominion. Penn then made an address so admirable and conciliatory in tone that it won the good will of all. He naturalized the inhabitants, renewed the commissions of the magistrates, and, when his listeners begged that Delaware might become a part of the province of Pennsylvania, he told them he would consider the request.

Bidding his friends good-by for the time, Penn continued up the Delaware to the Swedish town of Upland, now Chester. He there met a number of settlers and his cousin Markham, whom he had sent over the preceding year to manage his affairs. The first general assembly was held in the Friends' meeting-house at Chester, the Delaware settlers taking part in the proceedings. Several weeks were spent in distributing the land. Eight thousand acres around Pennsbury were reserved for Penn, whose three infant children were each to have a share. He retained two estates of ten thousand acres each for his royal patron, the Duke of York, and a thousand acres, free of all cost or charge, were set aside for his revered instructor, George Fox. The rest of the lands were sold publicly at fourpence an acre, subject to a yearly quit rent of one shilling for each hundred acres, as a source of revenue to the governor.

Penn next visited the adjacent provinces of New Jersey and Maryland. He met Lord Baltimore, but the two were unable to agree upon a boundary, and the question whether Delaware was or was not a part of Maryland was left for the decision of the higher authorities in London.

There is a famous picture of Penn making a treaty with the Indians, painted by the great artist Benjamin West. This meeting was held, as near as can be determined, October 14, 1682, under the spreading branches of an immense elm, at Shackamaxon, on the bank of the Delaware. It was an old resort for Indian councils and is now known as Kensington, a part of the city of Philadelphia, which, as perhaps you know, covers more ground than London, the most populous city on the globe. Under this tree at Shackamaxon, the spot where it stood being now marked by a monument, Penn met the leading warriors, sachems and chiefs of the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, and made the treaty which deserves to serve as a model through all time.

"We meet," said the great and good Penn, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will. No advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. I will not compare the friendship between you and me to a chain, for that might be rusted by the rain; or a falling tree might break it. But let us feel that we are the same as if one man's body were to

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live in two separate parts; for we are one in mankind; we are all one flesh and blood."

Such was the substance of the speech interpreted to the Indians, who listened with the closest attention. The Lenni-Lenape were half naked, their muscular bodies being fantastically daubed with red, blue and yellow paint, and decorated with belts of hides and fur, and shells and plumage of birds. They must have contrasted with the broad hats, large-flapped coats and waistcoats, knee breeches and boots of Penn and his comrades. The presiding sachem was Taminent, who wore a chaplet, ornamented with a large horn. When he replied in a similar friendly strain through an interpreter, not an Indian moved or smiled. In fact it is a rare sight to see an Indian smile at all. The treaty was engrossed on a roll of parchment. Penn not only paid the Indians the price agreed upon, but made them numerous presents besides. The treaty thus made remained unbroken by the Indians for sixty years.

The site of the capital of Pennsylvania was at the junction of the Schuylkill and Delaware, the Indian name of which was Wicocoa, and to which Penn gave the name of Philadelphia, meaning in New Testament Greek, "The City of Brotherly Love." It was bought of three Swedish colonists, who had occupied it before. On this excellent site was projected a beautiful city of squares and shaded avenues, many of which still bear the name of the trees that were most numerous. The first landing made by Penn was at Dock Creek, opposite an unfinished house, afterward known as the Blue Anchor Tavern. This was a small structure kept by a man with the appropriate name of Guest, who was succeeded by a long line of hospitable Friends. Those of my readers familiar with Philadelphia know that it is one of the best laid out cities in the United States. As I have already told you, it covers more land than any city in the civilized world, its streets being numbered by a system which makes it impossible for an intelligent person to lose himself. In this respect it is in strong contrast to Boston.

Philadelphia, it may be said, was born in the summer of 1682, and it throve rapidly from the first. Two years later it had six hundred houses. Its riverside quays permitted the loading and unloading at them of vessels of five hundred tons burden. The "Blue Anchor" served also for the corn exchange and the post-office: the town was soon furnished with schools, chapels, and even a printing office. In one year more than seven thousand emigrants arrived and settled in the province. Its first legislative assembly met at Philadelphia in March, 1683, when the population was very small. Some necessary changes were made in the manner of legislation, to suit the wishes of the settlers, but every thing done was in harmony with the Golden Rule, which had long been the governing law of William Penn's life.

Having done a work in America which will cause him to live forever in the grateful remembrance of our country, William Penn sailed for England in August, 1684. Several causes led him to depart. Lord Baltimore had already done so, and was striving to secure a confirmation of his claim to the country along the west side of the Delaware, from Philadelphia to Cape Henlopen. This was an old quarrel between Baltimore and Stuyvesant, when governor of New Netherland, and Penn took it up on his own behalf. After a long trial, the committee on trades and plantations decided in favor of Penn.

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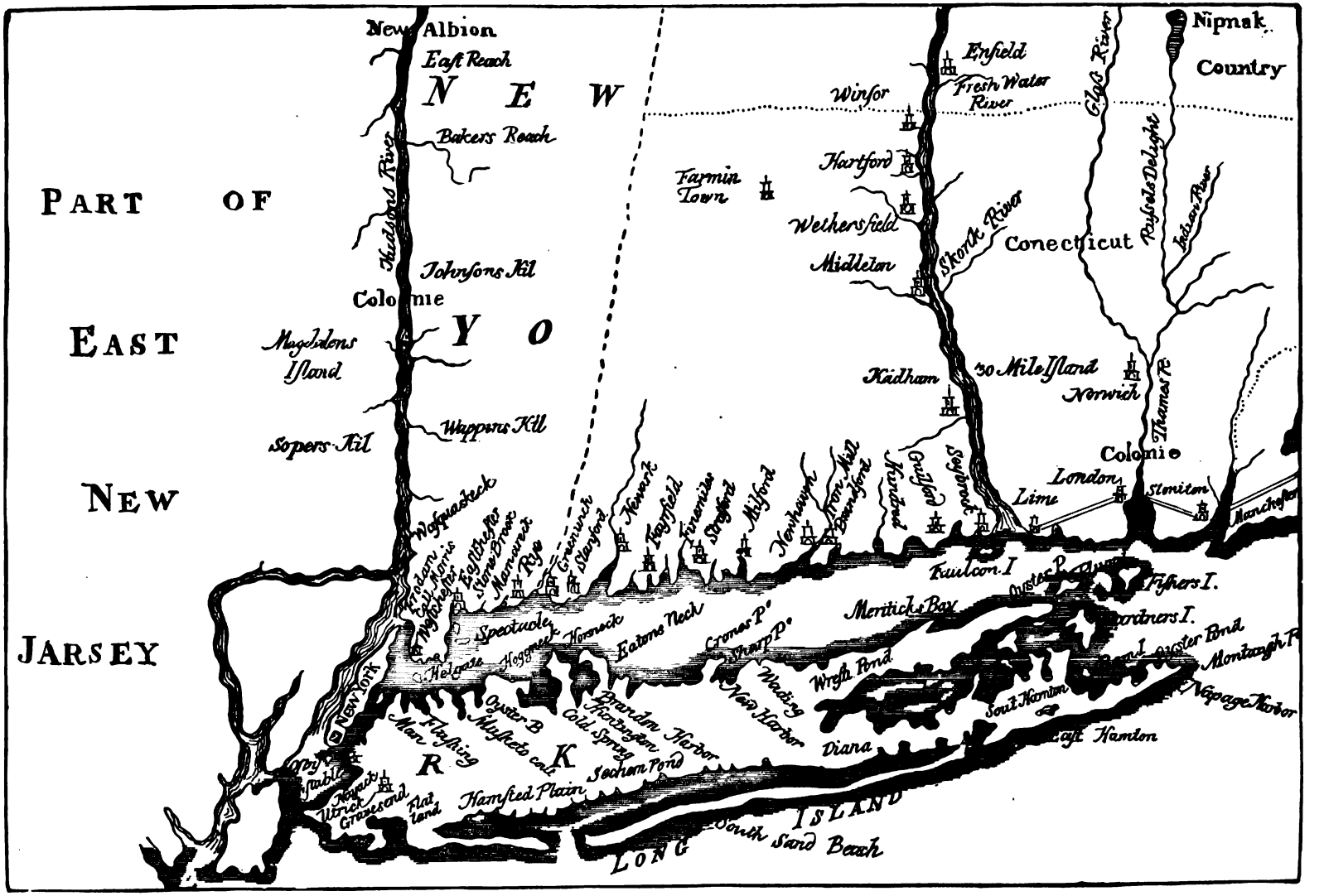

NEW YORK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (*From Mother's "Magnalia."*)

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Another reason for Penn's return to England was the accusation that he was helping the Jesuits to secure the supremacy of James II., who would have been glad to see the Roman Catholic religion prevail throughout England. Those who have fully investigated this charge generally agree that it was unjust to accuse Penn of double-dealing on any question whatever.

Penn did all he could for the interests of Pennsylvania, while at home, but the many difficulties in which he was involved, through no fault of his own, kept him abroad until December, 1699, a period of fifteen years. When he came back, he found a province containing twenty thousand inhabitants, while Philadelphia had more than two thousand houses. He saw many of the streets bearing the names by which they are now known, such as Chestnut, Mulberry, Vine, Arch, etc. He took as his city residence the "Slate Roof House," in Second Street, at the southeast corner of Norris's Alley. His country seat, to which he moved in the spring, was a few miles above Bristol, on the Delaware. This place is still known as "Penn's Manor," or more commonly "The Manor."

The province was in a most flourishing state, but Penn's authority was about gone. In the war between England and France, King William, as a prudential measure, put the detached provinces, including Pennsylvania, under a military governor at New York. Although this lasted only from 1692 to 1694, it brought much financial and political trouble to Philadelphia. The moral power which Penn had relied upon when in the province before had vanished. Prosperity is often more trying than adversity.

Penn sailed for England, in October, 1701. Before leaving he gave the colony a new charter, under which it was ruled until it ceased to be a proprietary province. Very reluctantly he signed the new constitution, which allowed the southern counties — now the state of Delaware — the right to a separate government. His last act was to grant a special municipal charter to the town of Philadelphia. Andrew Hamilton was appointed deputy, with Penn's devoted friend, James Logan, as secretary.

Penn reached England in December. Two months later the king died, and Anne coming to the throne continued the same marked friendship to Penn which had been shown by her father. The proceedings against his charter were stopped, and undoubtedly he would have gone back to his loved Pennsylvania, but for causes which existed in the commonwealth itself. Every thing seemed to be going wrong. Hamilton had died and was succeeded by John Evans, who was unpopular; the new municipal government of Philadelphia worked ill; strong opposition was shown to the payment of the quit rents, that were falling due. Besides, the steward to whom Penn had entrusted his affairs in England swindled him out of enormous sums — so much indeed that the good man was hopelessly ruined and lay in prison nine months for debt. A compromise was finally agreed upon, by which Penn mortgaged his province to a number of his friends, to meet the payment of a debt of £8,000. At the same time, he entered into negotiations for the sale of the province to the crown. While the matter was dragging along, Penn was stricken with paralysis, so as to unfit him for business. The negotiations were dropped, though he lived until 1718.

Governor Evans's administration in Pennsylvania was odious in the extreme. He was grossly immoral, and oppressed the people by his tyrannical measures, until more

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than once they were on the verge of revolt, and it was a great relief when, in 1709, he was succeeded by Charles Gookin.

After William Penn's death, it was found that he had willed all his property in England and Ireland to William, who was his eldest son, and a worthless scapegrace. But the proprietorship in his American colony was left to his wife and her three sons, John, Thomas and Richard; and in them, and after them their heirs, it remained till the American Revolution made Pennsylvania an independent state.

Charles Gookin, who became governor in 1709, was a stern, uncompromising ruler, held in light esteem by those whom he governed. Soon after his arrival, he made a requisition on the assembly for the quota of the province in men, or their equivalent in money, to be used against the French. This placed the assembly in an embarrassing position, for it was against their conscience to do any thing toward supporting war.

As a rule, however, a Quaker is rarely lacking in worldly wisdom. The assembly, with the warmest assurance of their devotion and loyalty to the queen, begged to be allowed to decline, because of the scruples of a majority of the people of the province, but, at the same time, they asked the privilege of making a present to their beloved queen. This present was in the form of money, and you may be sure it was large enough to satisfy the sovereign.

Gookin was continually quarreling with his people upon one question or another. He refused to accept an affirmation, instead of an oath, which the Quaker will never take, and the discussion was not ended when he went out of office in 1717. Sir William Keith, his successor, had too much sense to reopen the dispute. Friends were allowed to affirm as before, and, in 1725, by an act of assembly, they were released from all obligation to take an oath.

Keith was removed from office in 1725, but was afterward chosen a member of the assembly. Patrick Gordon succeeded him as governor. The province flourished wonderfully. Indeed, the immigration was so great that an attempt was made to check it by imposing a tax of five shillings on every immigrant who settled in the province. This was aimed especially at the Irish and Germans, who were coming in such numbers that the supremacy of the Friends was threatened. Gordon died in 1736, and the venerable Logan filled the interval for two years, when George Thomas assumed the reins of government, which he held for nine years, James Hamilton succeeding him in the fall of 1748.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK.

MASSACHUSETTS, after about fifty years of contest with the parent government in England for the right to govern herself, in 1684 lost her charter. In 1685 Charles II. died. The Duke of York succeeded him, as James II., and the next year he sent out Sir Edmund Andros as governor-general of all the New England colonies united into a single royal province. Andros had been the Duke of York's governor of New York and New Jersey for years, and was therefore well known in America. The New Englanders knew just what they had to expect from him, and they were not disappointed.

He was, nevertheless, received respectfully by the magistrates and people of Boston, but he soon showed his hand. He imposed various oppressive taxes on imports, on real estate and personal property, an excise on liquors, and a poll-tax; and he brought with him from New York his own creatures who were ready enough as officers to enforce the payment of them all.

This was irritating enough, but Andros went further. He issued an order that no marriage should be solemnized except by a clergyman of the Church of England. He sneered at Puritan ideas, and demanded the use of the Old South meeting-house during a part of the Sunday for the Episcopal service. The regular attendants were shocked, but could not help themselves.

The Puritans believed it idolatrous to kiss the Bible when taking an oath, their way being only to raise the right hand. Andros introduced the form of kissing the sacred book, which so offended the people that many refused to serve on juries, though they thereby became liable to a penalty. Inordinate fees were demanded for various legal proceedings which until then had been free; the laws were not printed as formerly, and finally it was decreed that new patents must be taken out for lands that the occupants had already paid for, had held and cultivated for many years.

It having been ordered that a compulsory assessment of taxes should be made in July, a number of places in Massachusetts, including every borough in Essex, except three, refused to hold the required election for town-officers. Ipswich was especially defiant, the Rev. John Wise leading in the opposition. He and a number were arrested and thrown into jail in Boston, where they were kept several weeks. They were denied the privilege of *habeas corpus*, which is a protection against illegal imprisonment and secures an accused person the right of an immediate hearing before a court, and the clergyman was suspended from the ministerial function, fined fifty pounds and ordered

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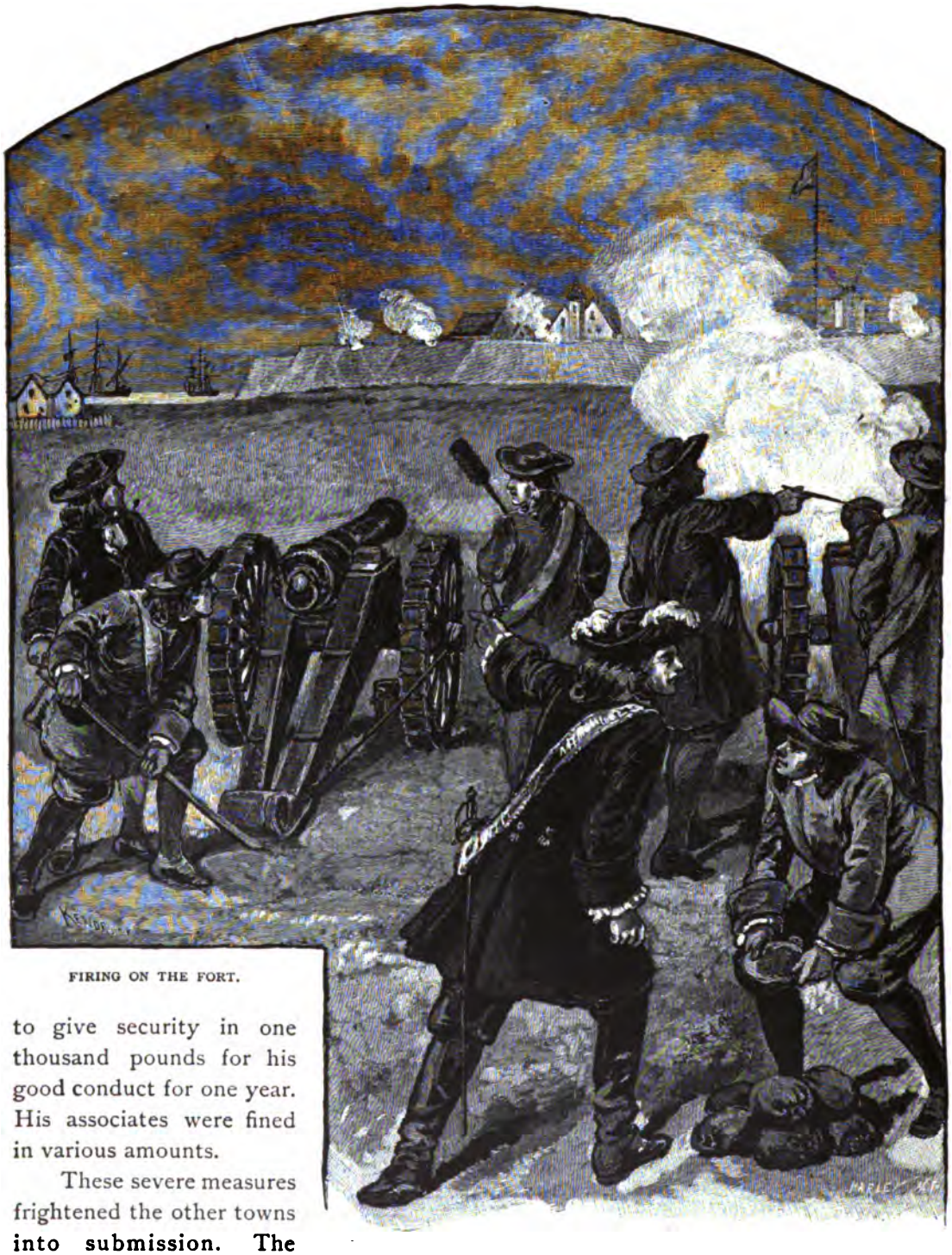

FIRING ON THE FORT.

to give security in one thousand pounds for his good conduct for one year. His associates were fined in various amounts.

These severe measures frightened the other towns into submission. The taxes were collected and money flowed into the treasury. Lands were taken away from the proprietors, unless money was paid in the form of quit rent, for the confirma-

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tion of the original title. The theory of Andros was that the king was sole proprietor and landlord of the province. Lands, therefore, were often disposed of to the governor's favorites without regard to the rights of the real owners.

Rhode Island submitted to this rule; but when Andros turned his attention to Connecticut, he faced a different state of affairs. In the latter part of December, 1686, he sent a letter to the governor of that province demanding the surrender of the charter, and stating that it was the king's pleasure that the colonists should submit to the government of New England. Connecticut hesitated, and the negotiations, as they may be called, continued for a number of months. Finally, Andros lost patience, and, in October, 1687, he made his appearance at Hartford at the head of a troop of sixty soldiers. Going before the general court, then in session, he ordered the surrender of the charter, declaring that the government under it had come to an end. Feeling himself master of the situation, Andros was willing to allow the question to be argued, though those who pleaded that Connecticut might be allowed to keep it must have known that it was a waste of time and breath. The governor seated himself at the head of the table and listened to what the members of the general court had to say in opposition to giving up their charter. During the discussion, the parchment lay within a box on the table.

INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN. (*After Catlin.*)

The debate went on until the autumn day drew to a close and it began to grow dark in the court room. "Bring the candles!" was the order, when the speakers found they could hardly see each others' faces. A deeply interested crowd swarmed out doors, for

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every one in Hartford town was concerned in the important question. The candles were brought in and lighted.

Andros listened awhile longer to the debate, but he had become wearied, and ordered the charter to be handed to him. At that instant, the lights were blown out and all were in darkness. Not knowing the meaning of this proceeding, Andros waited for the candles to be relit. When the light again filled the room, and the governor looked down the long table in front of him, he noticed that the box containing the charter was gone. Diligent search was made, and every one seemed overwhelmed with surprise at the disappearance of the precious document. But it could not be found. When the lights were blown out, Captain Wadsworth had caught up the box, and hurrying outside, hid it in the hollow of an oak, where it remained undisturbed for years. The tree became famous throughout the country as the Charter Oak. It was preserved with great care until 1856, when it fell to the ground during a violent storm. Pieces of it are still preserved in various forms as precious relics.

This concealment of the charter, which was such a famous incident in the early history of Connecticut, did not benefit the colony. The general court was obliged to submit. A minute was entered on their proceedings to that effect and the word "FINIS," was written at the end to show that there was the end of the independent colonial government of Connecticut. Some months later, Andros received his commission as governor of New York and New Jersey, in addition to that of New England. The seat of government of this immense province was Boston, but a lieutenant-governor was to live in New York and take charge of the settlements in that section. Although the council of Andros was to consist of forty-two members, five were enough to make a quorum. The laws passed by them and the governor were to be sent to England for repeal or approval by the privy council.

But the rule of the tyrannical Andros was drawing to a close. In the month of April, 1689, a young man arrived in Boston, from the West Indies, with a copy of the proclamations made by William, Prince of Orange, when he landed in England as king in place of James II. whom the people had driven from the throne. The news quickly spread through Boston and the excitement was intense. The people flocked from the surrounding country, signal fires were kindled at night and flags unfurled by day. A number of the former magistrates were escorted up King (now State) street to the town house where they appeared on the balcony and one of them read an address, in which Andros was arraigned for his oppressive acts and the Prince of Orange recognized as king.

The next important act of the magistrates at the town hall was to send a summons to Andros to surrender. He and his officers were promised security from violence, if they would quietly submit. The governor, who was in the fort on Fort Hill, refused and sent to the frigate *Rose* for firearms, hand-grenades and matches. The boat which was dispatched to bring them was captured, and before night the revolutionary party was so powerful that all resistance was idle. The fort was surrendered the next day and the revolution was completed without the shedding of a drop of blood. And not only was Andros overthrown in Massachusetts, but in all other places over which he had held jurisdiction. Rhode Island got along without a governor; Connecticut restored

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her old magistrates; Andros was sent back to England, but you will hear from him again in due time: the colonies were not yet through with him.

When Andros first arrived in America, it was as the governor of New York. That was in 1674, when the province came under English rule again after the Dutch had reconquered and held it a little more than a year. He remained governor eight years, during which time in spite of his tyranny the colony prospered. In 1683, the people were granted the right of representation, and Colonel Thomas Dongan, the younger son of an Irish baronet, became governor. He was an honest ruler who did his utmost not only for his king but for those over whom he ruled. After the appointment of Andros as governor of that province as well as of New England, he left Francis Nicholson, a lieutenant of the army, to act as lieutenant-governor of New York.

The news from England during the winter of 1688–89 prepared Nicholson and his council for the proclamation of William and Mary as king and queen of England. He sent news by water and land to Andros in Boston, and, suspecting a popular uprising, the king's money was placed in the fort. When Andros was arrested in Massachusetts, the government of New York was in the hands of Nicholson, Councilor Frederick Phillips (rich and stupid); Stephen van Cortlandt (not so wealthy and a little less stupid); and Nicholas Bayard (a rich merchant and hot-headed militia captain).

The population of New York was only about 6,000, comprising then, as now, the representatives of many nations speaking divers tongues. The Dutch were strong supporters of the Prince of Orange, who had just succeeded to the throne of England, while there were more Roman Catholics than in all New England. Dongan was a Catholic, and Nicholson was suspected of leaning to that faith.

On the 26th of April, news reached New York of the stirring proceedings in Boston. Colonel Nicholson called his council together and read to them the declaration, which was proclaimed from the balcony of the town hall. Not knowing what step to take, the councilor summoned the mayor, members of common council and the officers of the militia. It was decided to fortify the town against the French, with whom England was then at war. The council was so timid and hesitating that it was manifest some energetic man must take the lead in affairs. Jacob Leisler, one of the militia captains, was selected to assume that important position. When he took his turn with his company in guarding the fort, he announced that he should call all the train-bands on parade and rally the inhabitants to the defense of the Protestant religion.

Shortly after, a rumor spread that a French fleet was in sight. Whether or not Leisler started the rumor, he turned it to good account. He called out the train-bands, and, though the captains of several ordered them to disperse, they refused to do so. At Leisler's request, six captains and four hundred men signed a pledge that they would hold the fort for his royal highness, the Prince of Orange, on behalf of whosoever should be appointed governor. Word soon came that William and Mary confirmed in office for the time being all Protestants holding commission in the colonies. Nicholson was so distrusted by the people that he did not attempt to resume his authority but sailed for England. This left Leisler, with his train-bands, master of the city.

Connecticut proclaimed William and Mary on the 13th of June and delivered

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notice of the same to Leisler, who was thus recognized as the rightful governor, much to the indignation of the councilors. They made known the king's proclamation, confirming all Protestants in office, but by its terms they themselves were obliged to dismiss the Catholic collector who was odious to the Protestant party. Leisler appointed his own collector. His vigorous course so alarmed Bayard, his associate,

THE REV. COTTON MATHER.

that he left for Albany, whither Van Cortlandt soon followed him, so that for a year and a half Leisler was in reality the government. He called a meeting of delegates on the 26th of June. Twelve responded, two withdrawing however, and the rest signed a paper appointing Leisler captain of the fort, and constituting themselves a committee of safety. Fortified by such support Leisler thenceforward assumed to be the governor of the province, though Albany refused to recognize him as such.

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While Nicholson was on his way to England, an order was issued at Whitehall appointing him lieutenant-governor. It reached New York by way of Boston, December 9, 1689. The councilors Cortlandt (who had returned), and Phillips claimed the dispatches, but they were delivered to Leisler, who continued his administration, though the two councilors sent a protest against his claim to the king.

William appointed one of his favorites, Colonel Henry Sloughter, governor of New York. This personage showed so little anxiety to reach his field of duty that he did not sail until a year after he was commissioned. Then he took such a roundabout course that Major Ingoldsby, an officer under him, who sailed at the same time with a

INCREASE MATHER.

company of grenadiers, arrived in New York, January 29, 1691, several weeks before Sloughter. Finding Leisler in command of the fort, Ingoldsby ordered him to surrender it. As he could not show the slightest authority for such demand, Leisler refused, offering at the same time every courtesy to Ingoldsby and quarters for his troops. Ingoldsby then mounted cannon and fired upon the fort. The fire was returned and several men killed.

A sort of armed neutrality existed on each side until the arrival of Colonel Sloughter on the 19th of March, when preparations were made to storm the fort and Leisler surrendered. Ingoldsby marched in and most of the men threw down their arms. Ingoldsby took possession, and Sloughter issued a commission for the trial of Leisler

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and his council, on the charge of murder and treason. The trial took place at once. Six of the prisoners obeyed the summons to appear before the court, but Leisler and his son-in-law, Milborne, refused, until the court decided whether the king's letter had not given Leisler the formal authority which it was charged he assumed. The court declined to consider this question, but passed it over to the governor and council. They declared that no such power was given Leisler. The latter and Milborne still refused to appear, and the trial went on for eight days. Those two and six others were found guilty and sentenced to death, but, on the advice of the judges, the governor reprieved them all until the wishes of the king were made known.

A positive, energetic man is always sure to have enemies, and Leisler, during the time he held authority, had made many, who exulted over the prospect that such terrible punishment was likely to fall upon him. They wanted him hanged at once, without waiting for any word from the king.

Sloughter called an assembly, the members of which were the bitter enemies of Leisler. They used all the persuasion they could to induce the governor to hang him, while petitions were sent in for his pardon. The assembly did their utmost to place themselves on good terms with Sloughter, and found no trouble in doing so, but, when they asked the executive to sign the death warrant, he shook his head. He could not look upon Leisler as deserving death, though well convinced that he ought to be punished: he refused to sign the warrant.

But the enemies of the condemned men did not stop because of such refusal. At a grand dinner, they brought the governor under the influence of wine, and then had little trouble in leading him further. While he was in this drunken condition, the death warrants of Leisler and Milborne were placed before him, and, without realizing the fearful step he was taking, he affixed his signature. This was on the 16th of May, 1691. When the governor recovered his senses he found that both the prisoners had been hanged, and their bodies beheaded in the presence of a large crowd of people.

In July, Governor Sloughter died so suddenly that it was charged he was poisoned, but investigation reported that such was not the case. Delirium tremens was more probably the cause of his death.

A few years later, the entire question of Leisler's guilt was argued before a committee of the house of lords, on the application of his son. After a full discussion, the attainder pronounced on him was reversed by parliament, and the expenses which his estate had borne were paid back. All the reparation possible was made. When the Earl of Bellemont became governor of New York, nine years afterward, he openly declared his belief that Leisler had been murdered. That this had come to be the general belief seems probable; for the bodies of both Leisler and Milborne, his son-in law, who was executed with him, were taken up and reburied with public services.

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CHAPTER XIX.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS.—WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

AFTER Andros had been deposed in Boston so summarily, the representatives of the people from fifty-four towns met and decided to do nothing under the old charter till it was restored by the king, as they hoped it would be. This hope, however, was disappointed, and in 1692 Sir William Phips, then in London, was appointed governor. He was a native of Maine, and was, therefore, a Massachusetts man, and there had been so much that was romantic in his career that he was a popular favorite. His parents were humble people, poor in every thing but children, of whom they had twenty-six — twenty-one sons and five daughters. William, who before he was forty had acquired great wealth and had been honored by the king with the title of Sir, was over twenty before he knew how to read or write. In his earlier years he was a farm laborer; but being ambitious of something better he went to Boston, when eighteen years old, and learned the trade of a ship-carpenter. This naturally led him to a sea-faring life, and it was not long before he commanded a vessel of his own. He first became famous, and acquired wealth for himself and others in England, who helped him to fit out expeditions, by recovering gold from sunken Spanish treasure-ships which had been wrecked many years before in the West Indies. When satisfied with his gains in these adventures, he went back to Boston, and the governor of Massachusetts sent him in command of an expedition to Nova Scotia — then called Acadia — when, by the capture of Port Royal and other places, he conquered the whole country and brought it under English rule. Soon afterward he sailed at the head of another expedition to take Quebec; but in that he failed, though not altogether by his own fault. He lost nothing of his popularity, however, by his failure; for when his ships' crews were paid off by the government with depreciated paper money, he redeemed it all with good coin out of his own pocket.

But his good fortune altogether deserted him after he was appointed governor of Massachusetts. In ordinary times he might have filled the position respectably; but those were not ordinary times. The popular feeling at the loss of the old charter was still very bitter, and that soon extended to Phips, who represented the king under a new charter. The opposition to him was so active that he remained governor only two years. Then on his administration rests that deep and lasting reproach of the witchcraft persecution which raged in Massachusetts. Not that he could have stopped it, but a wiser man might have checked its violence; though it must be acknowledged that he would have been an uncommonly clear-headed, as well as bold man, who in those days ventured to doubt that ugly and ill-tempered old women rode through the air at night on broom-sticks, bent upon mischief, exercising the powers of witchcraft

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upon their neighbors and their neighbors' children, their horses, their cattle, their crops, and all that was theirs. The belief in witchcraft was then universal throughout the civilized world, but there were a good many sensible and humane persons in Massachusetts, as well as elsewhere, who saw that the persecution of the supposed witches was as absurd as it was cruel. Unfortunately Governor Phips was not one of them.

Cotton Mather, the most famous preacher of colonial times, and a man of remarkable ability, had more to do than any one else with spreading this superstition and bringing so many innocent persons to a shocking death.

In 1688, a little daughter of John Goodwin accused an Irish laundress of stealing some linen. The mother of the woman scolded the girl with such vehemence that soon after the child went into fits. By and by her sisters and brothers were taken in the same way, some falling deaf, others dumb, while, in one or two instances, blindness was the result. Then the bodies were distorted; they barked like dogs or mewed like cats, and behaved in a most remarkable manner indeed. No wonder the people were excited, but such strange affections are never uncommon, and witches had no more to do with them than they had with chopping and sawing wood. But the first impulse, a couple of centuries ago, was to credit all such performances to the witches. The old Irish woman was set down as the cause of the children's trouble.

Old mother Glover, as she was called, was placed on trial and the witnesses were ready. One of them swore that he had heard some one else say he had seen the woman come down a chimney; some stuffed dolls and images were found in her house, by means of which, she confessed, she produced the convulsive effects on the little ones. The prejudice against the poor woman was intensified by the fact that she was a Catholic. She was found guilty and hanged. The sufferings of the children, after the poor woman was hanged, instead of ceasing, as they should have done if she were a witch, for a time grew worse. Cotton Mather, in order to study the matter critically, so as to be able to "confute the Sadducism of a debauched age" (those are his own words), took the eldest daughter of John Goodwin to his house. He made the following discoveries: The girl, or rather the demon within her, showed no dislike to Quaker literature and Roman Catholic services, or the Common Prayer Book of the English Church, but she was dreadfully tormented when he read the Bible to her, or delivered a prayer in his own Puritan fashion. The action of the girl confirmed Mather in his theories of witchcraft. As to the child herself, it is quite probable that, besides being nervously afflicted, she deceived the credulous minister as well as herself. We sometimes hear of persons telling some fiction until they come to believe it: so this girl, gratified with the sensation she caused, became so ready in performing her tricks, that she may have come to think they were real.

At last the children got well, but the clergyman did not let the matter rest. He had seen among his people a growing tendency to an independence of the clergy, and he looked upon the sorceries of the old woman as another evidence of the work of Satan. He deemed it his duty to begin a crusade against witchcraft. He wrote and spoke vigorously and so continually that the popular mind was filled with the subject. When some of the sensible people attempted to explain the manifestations on natural

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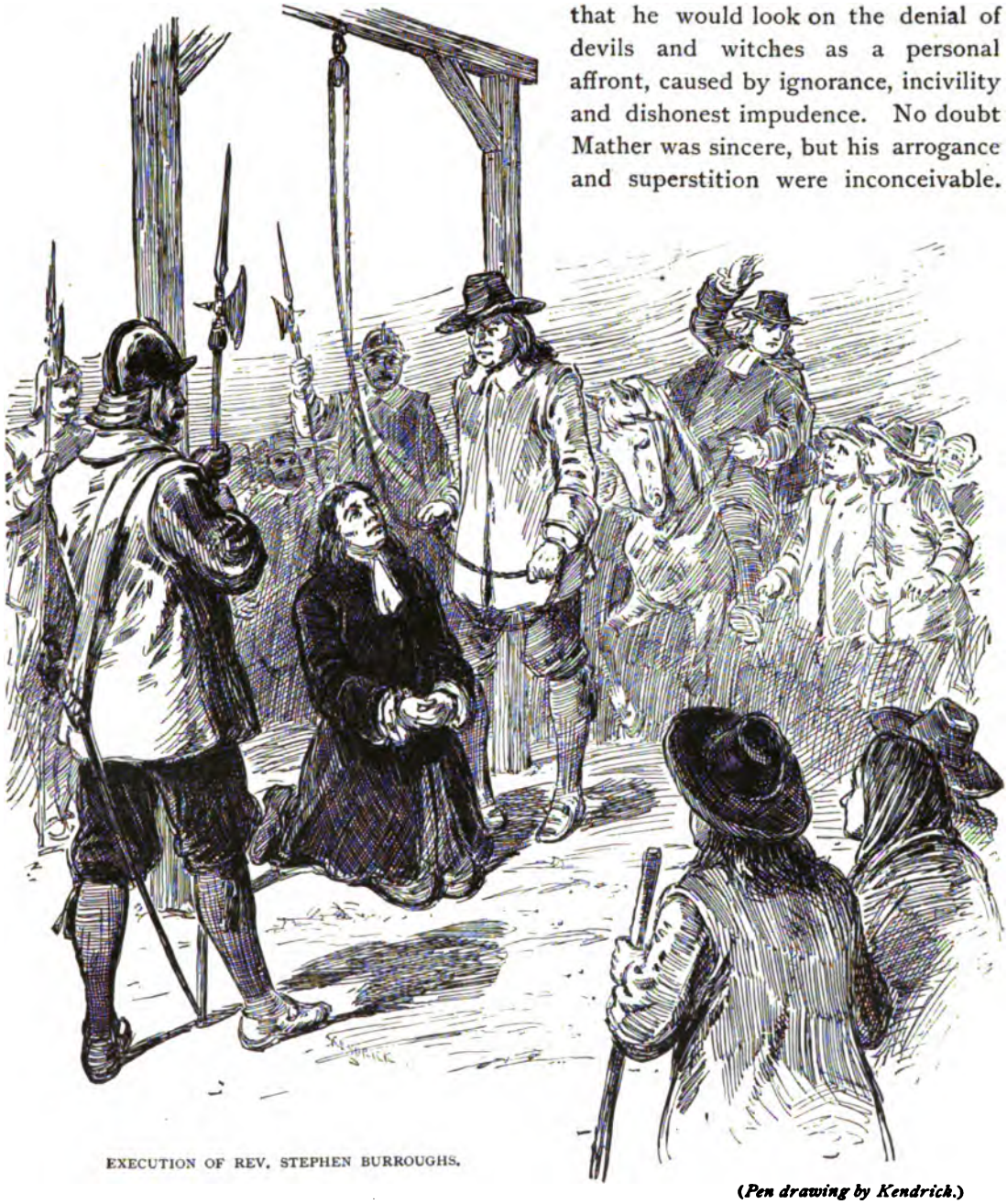
grounds, he denounced it as blasphemy. Other ministers followed in his wake, but none with such determination as he. Having published the result of his careful study of the Goodwin child, he declared that he would look on the denial of devils and witches as a personal affront, caused by ignorance, incivility and dishonest impudence. No doubt Mather was sincere, but his arrogance and superstition were inconceivable.



EXECUTION OF REV. STEPHEN BURROUGHS.

(Pen drawing by Kendrick.)

Samuel Parris, a merchant of Barbadoes, became a preacher, and in 1689 took charge of the parish in Salem village. He had two slaves, John Indian and his wife Tituba, half Indian and half negro. In the winter of 1691–92, the daughter and niece of

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Parris gathered a number of other girls at their house, for the purpose of practicing the "black art," as it was called. The truth was, they, like all children of their age, were fond of learning tricks, and the old woman Tituba delighted all by teaching them several new ones. They had learned from Cotton Mather's books the particulars of the Goodwin girl and began imitating her. Each was eager to startle the others by some manifestation, and it was not long before they became hysterical. The doctor was called, and, after carefully studying their symptoms, solemnly assured their friends they were bewitched.

The next question was, who was the witch? Reverend Mr. Parris showed a very un-Christian desire to retaliate on his old enemies, and he directed the children. They first named Sarah Good, who was not liked in the community, as the witch. She was brought before Justices Hathorne and Curwen, who promptly sent her to jail, and she was speedily tried and hanged.

Giles Corey, eighty-one years old, was one of those gnarled, sour-tempered old men that all of us have met. He beat a farm laborer, who died some time after, and he was tried for the murder, but acquitted with a fine. Then he was arrested for arson, but proved his innocence. By and by he was accused of witchcraft, and brought to trial. He kept his lips closed and resolutely refused to plead, hoping thereby to escape conviction, and save his estate from forfeiture. For his stubbornness, the poor fellow suffered the horrible sentence of death by pressing — the only time such punishment was ever inflicted in this country.

Sir William Phips proved to be just the assistant Mather and his superstitious friends wanted. He was a fervent believer in diabolism and a willing tool in the hands of the strong-minded preacher. He at once organized a court to try parties suspected of witchcraft. Stoughton was the chief judge, and Sewall and Saltonstall were members.

The first case brought before the court was that of Bridget Bishop, an old woman, who was speedily condemned and hanged on the 10th of June, protesting her innocence. At the next session of the court five more women were sentenced, the testimony being of the most worthless nature. It was made up of old stories of injuries done the witnesses or their cattle, of diabolical gatherings, and all sorts of stuff. Some of the charges, had they been sifted, would have shown that those who made them had been suffering from nightmare, or had epileptical fits, or were seeking to revenge old quarrels.

Francis Nourse had a dispute with the Endicotts over the farm on which he lived. The wrangle was a sharp one, and a number of sympathizers were arrayed on each side. One day the Endicott children "cried out" against Rebecca Nourse, the wife of Francis. They had fits, contortions and all the signs which the regular bewitched subjects of witchcraft displayed on such occasions. They accused Rebecca, a gentle, sweet-tempered lady, of having bewitched them.

Reverend Mr. Lawson delivered a fiery sermon on the subject, proving to the satisfaction of all who heard him that the Scriptures recognized witchcraft. Rebecca Nourse was brought to trial. Her pure, blameless life, and her modest lady-like demeanor during the ordeal, won her many friends. The jury could not believe her guilty and their

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verdict said so, but they were sent out again and compelled to pronounce her guilty. She was hanged like all the rest on Witch's Hill, and her body flung into the dishonored pit of those poor victims. What more touching sight can be imagined than that of the stricken husband and children when, at midnight, they sorrowfully searched among the remains for those of the beloved wife and mother, that they might give her tender and loving burial near her old home?

It was unsafe to express an unbelief in witchcraft. A constable, whose pity led him to refuse to arrest some suspected witches, was denounced, tried, convicted and hanged. The most shocking murder, perhaps, was that of the Reverend Stephen Burrows, who was the predecessor of Parris at Salem. He had removed to Wells, in Maine, where he settled with his family. Parris hated him, and, incredible as it may seem, succeeded in having him brought to Salem and placed on trial for witchcraft. Burroughs was a man of magnificent presence, tall, splendidly formed, and with prodigious bodily strength. He was accused of performing feats which it was believed could not be done without supernatural help. The loving family to which he bade such a cheery good-by in his distant home never saw him again, for he was hanged like a common felon.

When brought to the foot of the gallows, the good man asserted his innocence in a touching speech, and repeated the Lord's Prayer with such tender fervency that nearly every eye was filled with tears. So great was the sympathy for him that there was danger of a rescue, but Cotton Mather, who was industriously riding on horseback through the crowd, reminded the spectators that the devil himself sometimes assumed the appearance of an angel of light. Throughout this whole terrible business, the clergy were the most cruel persecutors. "There hang eight firebrands of hell!" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Noyes, of Salem, as he exultingly pointed at the dangling bodies.

It would be unjust to say that every body went wild. Simon Bradstreet, who was governor before Phips, never believed in witchcraft. Some of the clergymen protested — among them Willard, Moody and Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, and father of Cotton Mather. The prominent merchant Robert Calef wrote the opinion that some of the cases were clearly the result of delirium tremens. Judge Saltonstall became so disgusted as the trials went on that he left the bench, but stern Judge Sewall sat through them all. Those who dared doubt witchcraft took their lives in their hands.

Twenty-eight persons in all were sentenced to death, of whom nineteen were hanged and one — Giles Corey — was squeezed to death because he refused to plead. The trials and executions lasted throughout the summer and early autumn. By the close of September, 1692, in addition to the score put to death, fifty-five had been tortured or terrified into making confessions; a hundred and fifty were in prison, and two hundred more were under accusation. Several of the latter managed to escape, among them the famous Captain John Alden. Whenever an accused person confessed he was spared. If he refused to tell a falsehood, he was condemned, no matter how absurd the evidence. A little girl, whose testimony convicted her grandfather, took back her statements; for doing so she was cast into prison, and she and her parents narrowly escaped hanging. The grandfather, as a matter of course, was not spared. Amazing as it may seem, the dog of one of those executed was also hanged as an accomplice of his master.

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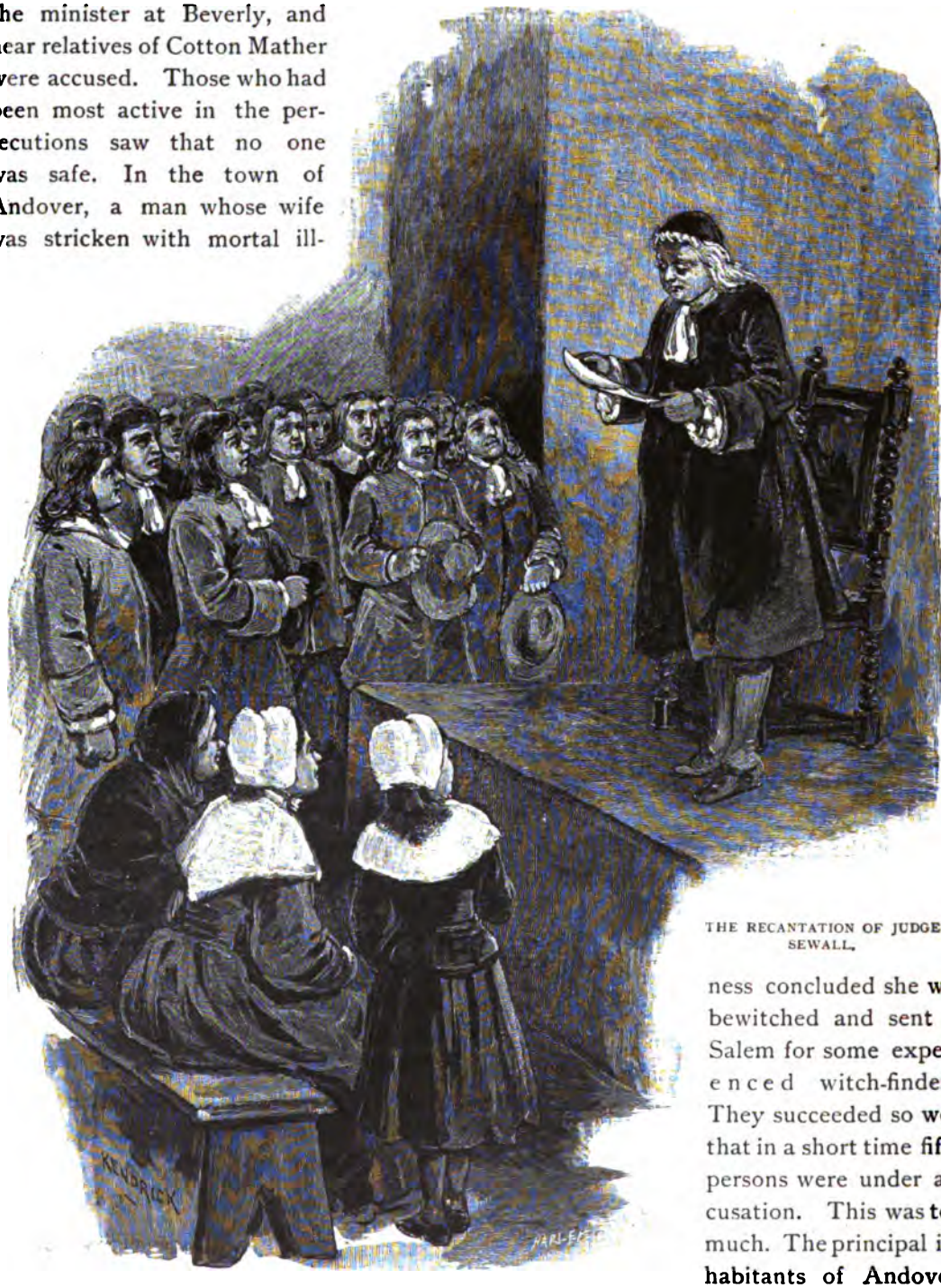
The madness could not last. The reaction began when the wife of Governor Phips, the good Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister at Beverly, and near relatives of Cotton Mather were accused. Those who had been most active in the persecutions saw that no one was safe. In the town of Andover, a man whose wife was stricken with mortal ill-



THE RECANTATION OF JUDGE SEWALL.

ness concluded she was bewitched and sent to Salem for some experienced witch-finders. They succeeded so well that in a short time fifty persons were under accusation. This was too much. The principal inhabitants of Andover, with their minister at their head, appeared before the general assembly at Boston and

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protested against the doings of the court at Salem. The assembly abolished the special court in that place and created another, which, that the madness might have time to spend itself, did not meet for several months. When the new tribunal came together in January, 1693, out of fifty-six bills brought against persons for witchcraft, the grand jury ignored thirty. Of the twenty-six tried, the petit jury acquitted all but three, who were pardoned by the governor. Cotton Mather concluded that Satan was getting the best of it.

An attempt was made that year to convict Sarah Daston, who had borne the reputation of a witch for twenty years, but she was acquitted. Cotton Mather gave an account of a case in his parish which he cured by prayer. Robert Calef ridiculed it so sharply that Mather gave it as his deliberate belief that Calef was "a coal from hell." This may have been vigorous retort, but it can not be said to amount to a great deal in the way of argument.

All prosecutions now ended. Those who had escaped from jail were not disturbed, and those remaining in jail were pardoned by Sir William Phips. The reaction which followed was as natural as it was inevitable. Parris made a humble confession of the great wrong he had done, but the indignation against him was so deep that he was driven out of Salem. Stoughton lived apart, sullen and remorseful, claiming that though he may have erred, he was conscientious — a claim which many a criminal has made. Sewall, another of the judges, rose to his feet in the Old South Church, in Boston, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, read a recantation. Once every year, he shut himself in his room and spent the day in fasting and prayer as a penance for the woful mistake of his life. The Salem jurors of 1692 published an abject confession of guilt, in having been led to shed innocent blood, and humbly begged the forgiveness of God and the living sufferers. This extraordinary paper concludes: "We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all whom we have justly offended, and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again for the whole world; praying you to accept of this in way of satisfaction for our offense, and that you would bless the inheritance of the Lord, that He may be entreated for the land."

It was hard for Cotton Mather to confess his error, and it can hardly be claimed that he did. He admitted that possibly mistakes had been committed on both sides, but he insisted that he had never advanced an opinion on the subject of witchcraft which all the ministers, whether English, Scotch, French, or Dutch, did not approve.

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CHAPTER XX.

VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR last reference to Virginia showed its prosperous condition under Sir William Berkeley, who was recalled to the governorship in 1660. But it did not continue long under this bigoted man, who, in 1670, gave fervent thanks that there were no free schools nor printing in the province, and who prayed that God would protect them from both. From 1660, to 1676, the assembly of Virginia prevented the election of any new members, preserving its own power by prorogation. This was a most effective form of tyranny, and the people, being deprived of all voice in their own government, could not prevent the taxes which grew to enormous proportions; the trade fell into the hands of a few monopolists, and industry for a time was at a standstill.

In 1673, the entire territory of Virginia, containing forty thousand inhabitants, was given by the king to the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpepper. The Virginia provincial assembly was astounded, and the following year drew up a protest, which was sent to England by three envoys, Francis Morison, Thomas Ludwell and Robert Smith. They begged to be allowed self government and exemption from arbitrary taxation. They declared themselves willing to buy from Arlington and Culpepper (if the Crown would give a charter of corporate rights in Virginia), the proprietary rights which the monarch had given the two courtiers.

This, it will be seen, was a most important mission, and much time was required to secure the attention it deserved. While the envoys were pushing their interests, new dangers suddenly threatened at home. The Indians on the frontier became so hostile that the forts were put in a condition of defense, and Sir Henry Chicheley, the lieutenant-governor, made ready, in the spring of 1675, to march with a force of five hundred men into the Indian country. When every thing was ready, an order was received from Governor Berkeley disbanding the little army.

This act, whatever the cause, was too exasperating to be borne. Berkeley was accused of favoring the Indians for the sake of the monopoly in the beaver-trade, and the settlers resolved that if he would not protect them, they would protect themselves. They went sullenly to their homes, and awaited what they knew was certain to come.

Some months later, several persons on their way to church came upon a mortally wounded settler in front of his own door, while a friendly Indian lay dead a few feet away. The neighbor lived long enough to say that some Doeg warriors were the cause of their deaths. The alarm quickly spread, and in a brief while, thirty men had taken the trail and were in hot pursuit. Crossing the river twenty miles above, the trail forked and the pursuers divided into two parties. One of these speedily came upon a Doeg

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Attack on the Doeg Wigwam

Painted from Original Drawing.

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THE ATTACK ON THE DOEG WIGWAM

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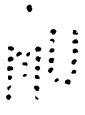

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wigwam, and here the pursuers killed eleven of the Indians. It is more than likely they were the murderers. Almost at the same time, the other party discovered a wigwam and opened fire, without waiting to ask questions. After killing fourteen, it was found they were not Doegs but Susquehannocks. However, the settlers concluded they had avenged the death of their neighbor and went home.

Doegs, Susquehannocks, Piscataways and Senecas were roused to fury. The peril was so imminent that Virginia and Maryland sent out a force of a thousand men, under Major Thomas Truman of Maryland and Colonel John Washington of Virginia, great-grandfather of George Washington. They surrounded a strong fort on the Piscataway, in which the Susquehannocks had taken refuge, with their women and children. Before opening fire, six of the chiefs were called out for a conference. They denied that any of their tribe had harmed the whites, saying that the Senecas, who had fled northward, were the offenders. Major Truman was satisfied and assured them they should suffer no harm.

The Virginians thought the major was too credulous. The next day, when the mutilated bodies of a settler and his family, that had recently been murdered, were brought into camp, the infuriated soldiers seized five of the chiefs who had come out for another conference and put them to death. This piece of treachery filled the authorities in Maryland and Virginia with indignation. Truman was tried by the Maryland legislature, and found guilty of causing the death of the five Indians contrary to the laws of God and of nations. When Washington took his seat in the Virginia assembly at Jamestown, Governor Berkeley in his opening address pointedly rebuked him. This was the only punishment Washington received, and the records do not show what was done with Truman, when found guilty.

Again the Indians were aroused to deeds of atrocity. They assailed the settlers along the Rappahannock, James, and York rivers, with the fury of wild beasts, killing more than fifty during the following winter.

The action, or rather inaction, of Governor Berkeley at this crisis is inexplicable. It is said that when the Susquehannocks, tired of the bloodshed, made overtures for peace, he paid no attention to them. He was equally deaf to the appeals of his own people, and had held his power so long that he seemed to believe no one dare question his authority: he speedily learned his mistake.

Nathaniel Bacon was a bright, energetic and impulsive young planter, who owned several plantations on the James. He lived on one of them a short distance below Richmond, the present capital of Virginia. He had been only a few years in the country, but was of such influence and popularity that he was a member of council and captain of a company of militia. Sir William Berkeley thought this young man too democratic in his sentiments and disliked him. Young Bacon was equally hearty in his dislike of the governor, whom he denounced for his indifference to the sufferings of the people in the northern districts. He declared that if another settler was harmed by Indians, he would call out the militia himself, without regard to the governor's royal commission.

It was only a short time after the impetuous young planter made this bold declara-

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tion, that the Indians paid a visit to his plantation near the falls of the James, and killed a servant and his overseer. Bacon kept his word and speedily gathered a willing force about him, variously estimated at from one to six hundred. They were all backwoodsmen, however, and among the best marksmen in the country. Before moving, it is said Bacon sent to Berkeley asking for a commission, but no attention was paid to the request.

Without any further delay, Bacon marched against the Indians, but had not gone far on the road, when he was overtaken by an almost breathless messenger, bearing a proclamation from the governor, ordering them to disperse at once. Bacon coolly stopped and gave his men to understand that all who chose to go back were at liberty to do so. When the frightened ones had left, Bacon found himself at the head of fifty-seven men.

Governor Berkeley, learning that Bacon and his little force had disregarded his warning, called together a troop of horse and set out in pursuit. Before he could overtake the daring rebel, an insurrection broke out among the planters to the south. The governor decided to let Bacon alone for the time and give his attention to matters at home. Reaching Jamestown, every thing was in such confusion that he was forced to yield to the demands of the citizens. They had grown tired of the assembly which promised to last forever, and demanded a new election, as well as a reduction of the oppressive taxes. Berkeley conceded both demands.

Meanwhile, Bacon was doing effective work among the Indians. He attacked and burned the Susquehannock fort, killing one hundred and fifty warriors, destroying that tribe almost as effectually as the Pequots were annihilated in Connecticut nearly forty years before. It is worth noting also, that most of these Indian troubles took place at the same time that King Philip's war was raging in New England.

The election of the new assembly gave the people their golden opportunity, which they were quick to improve. They triumphed everywhere, Bacon himself being one of the new members. He made formal acknowledgment of his error in taking up arms; but the act had added greatly to his popularity, and he was "punished" by receiving the appointment of commander-in-chief, much to the delight of nearly every one, except the governor, who refused to sign his commission. The new assembly showed its earnestness by calling upon the governor and council for a strict account of the public expenditure; by abolishing the monopoly in the Indian trade of beaver-skins; by reducing the scale of official fees; by depriving the councilors of their exemption from tax levies; by deposing two magistrates found guilty of corrupt practices; by forbidding the sale of spirits at inns and taverns, and permitting no strong drink except ale and cider. Among other acts passed were those restoring the franchise to every freeman in the country, and imposing heavy penalties upon the sheriffs for interfering with the elections. These acts of the assembly were ratified at Jamestown, July 4, 1676, just a century before the Declaration of Independence.

The Indian war had only been checked, and Bacon insisted on his commission over the eight thousand militia. Governor Berkeley still refused, and Bacon appeared at Jamestown at the head of his soldiers, demanding that he should have permission to

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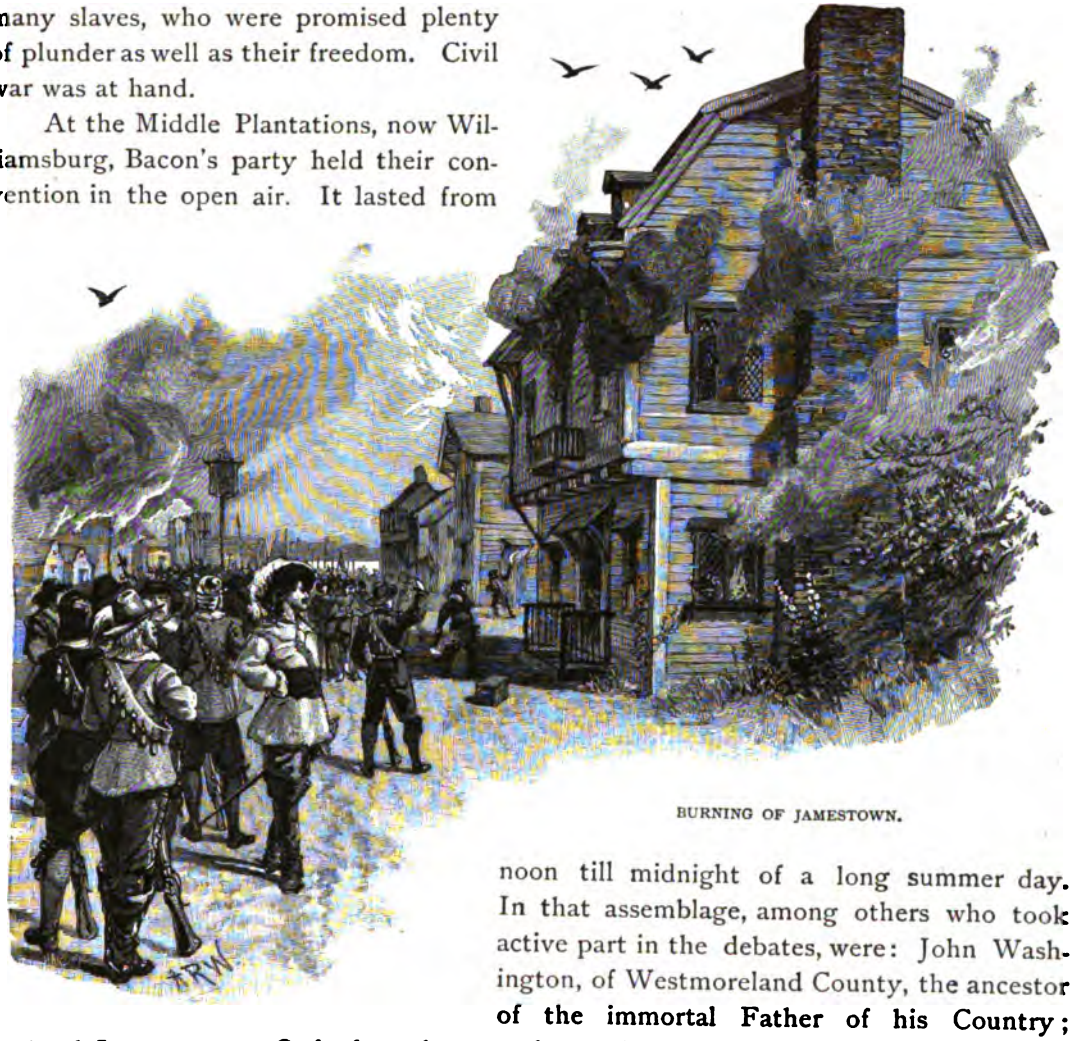
save the lives of their friends from the Indians. Berkeley flew into a furious passion, and, thumping his breast, bade the musketeers shoot him, if they desired. Bacon replied that they had no wish to harm him or any Englishman, but it was high time that some protection was given the citizens exposed to murder at the hands of the savages. Still furious, Berkeley went across the Chesapeake in the Accomac district, and collected a large number of adherents, among them many slaves, who were promised plenty of plunder as well as their freedom. Civil war was at hand.

At the Middle Plantations, now Williamsburg, Bacon's party held their convention in the open air. It lasted from noon till midnight of a long summer day. In that assemblage, among others who took active part in the debates, were: John Washington, of Westmoreland County, the ancestor of the immortal Father of his Country; Richard Lawrence, an Oxford graduate and prominent colonist; William Drummond, the devout Scottish Presbyterian, whom Sir William Berkeley had once made his deputy in North Carolina; Thomas Hansford, a brave young cavalier, and Thomas Wilford, the son of a Royalist knight, who had fallen in battle for King Charles.



BURNING OF JAMESTOWN.

An oath was taken to protect Bacon from arrest, to join his forces in the Indian campaign, to use their utmost efforts to prevent civil war, but to resist Berkeley's arbitrary power, even though supported by ships and troops from England, until an appeal against the proceedings should reach the king. Drummond recommended that

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they should formally depose Sir William and nominate Sir Henry Chicheley as governor in his stead. The term of ten years, during which Sir William's last appointment held good, had nearly expired; but the convention decided to regard his flight from Jamestown as an abdication of his rule.

Bacon and four other members of the provincial council then issued writs for the election of a constituent assembly to provide for a new government. There was some fear that the king, sending sufficient force from England, would either aid Governor Berkeley or put in execution the Culpepper and Arlington grant. It is said that Mrs. Drummond, a woman of rare strength of mind, exclaimed, "I fear the power of England no more than a broken straw. The child unborn here shall have cause to rejoice for the good that shall come by the rising of this country."

Sir William Berkeley, on the opposite side of the bay, was agreeably surprised by an addition to his mixed forces in the shape of five English ships and ten sloops. Embarking his Royalist partisans, escaping slaves, sailors, adventurers and Indians, he sailed over to Jamestown the capital. Bacon with his volunteers had just come back from a victorious campaign against the Indians, who had renewed their outrages. He now marched to meet the deposed governor, who, having no military ability whatever, was compelled to take to his ships again and abandon the capital. Entering Jamestown, Bacon called a council, and, though among his men were property holders in the place, it was decided to burn the town, that it might not be used by Berkeley again as a shelter. Lawrence and Drummond owned the best two houses, and they set the example by applying the torch to them. In a brief while, only a few charred ruins were left of the oldest English settlement in America. It was a pity indeed, for could it have been spared, Jamestown would never have lost its interest to every citizen of the United States. A few trifling ruins perhaps may be found to-day, but the quaint old town was extinguished forever.

Having completed this painful task, Bacon marched toward the Rappahannock, from which point Berkeley's forces were advancing under a leader named Brent. Most of these men, when they found Bacon approaching, deserted Berkeley and joined him, with the inhabitants of Gloucester County. Nothing now seemed in the way of Bacon's complete triumph, when he was stricken down by a fever. He sank rapidly and died October 1, 1676, leaving no one behind competent to succeed him. His forces broke into loose detachments and scattered through the country. Berkeley's were re-enforced and placed under the command of Robert Berkeley, a leader of considerable ability. With the aid of the naval squadron, he was able to subdue the rebellion, cutting off the divided parties in detail and stamping out the last spark within the succeeding seven months.

Governor Berkeley now resorted to the most brutal acts of vengeance upon those who had opposed his authority. Hansford, Wilford and Edmund Cheeseman were tried by court-martial, grossly insulted during the proceedings, and then hanged. When Drummond was brought into the presence of Berkeley, the governor made a mock bow and said in his most sarcastic vein, "You are very welcome, sir; I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour."

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Bacon Demanding his Commission

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FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY KENDRICK

BACON DEMANDING HIS COMMISSION OF GOVENOR BERKELEY

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Drummond replied with dignity, and three hours later bravely met his death on the gibbet. His wife and children were deprived of the property which he left, and compelled to beg for bread.

Twenty-two of the insurgents were hanged; three died in prison, while five, who would have been executed, escaped from confinement. Bacon had been buried so secretly that his remains could not be found, else his body would have been publicly exhibited in chains on a gibbet. Fines, imprisonment, banishment, and confiscations were inflicted right and left, until even the friends of Berkeley insisted that vengeance had gone far enough. When King Charles learned of his brutalities, he exclaimed, "The old fool has taken more lives in that naked country than I have done here for the murder of my father." He spoke the truth.

In January, 1677, the assistance for which Berkeley had petitioned arrived in James River, though it did not come in the shape which he would have preferred. In the fleet was Colonel Herbert Jeffreys, bearing a commission as the successor of Sir William in the office of governor. Jeffreys, Sir John Berry, the admiral, and Colonel Morrison were commissioners to inquire into the causes of the rebellion and to settle affairs.

Something like order and justice were established. The drum-head courts martial were ended, and the trial of the Baconite prisoners was conducted with some semblance of decency. Only the most guilty were punished, and a general amnesty followed. The commissioners, in making their report, censured in the strongest terms the course of Berkeley in trying men by martial law, after peace had been established.

The fleet went back to England in April, taking Berkeley with it. The colonists fired guns and kindled bonfires to express their joy over his departure. The old tyrant was broken in health and spirits, his whole anxiety being to justify his course before the king. Even that opportunity was denied him, and he died a few weeks after his arrival, crushed by mortification and disgrace.

The governorship was now given to Lord Culpepper, who preferred to stay at home and allow Jeffreys to act as lieutenant-governor. While the latter was doing his best to disentangle the legal troubles caused by the civil war, he died in 1678, and was succeeded by Sir Henry Chicheley as lieutenant-governor. He made a peace with the Indians, which was about all he accomplished during his administration.

Culpepper stayed at home three years after receiving his commission, and no doubt would have remained indefinitely had he not been compelled, in 1680, by an express order from the king, to cross the ocean and take a look at his property. He tarried through the summer of that year, during which he gave his whole energy to wresting all the money possible from the oppressed province. He persuaded the king to suggest that his salary be doubled — that is made equal to about ten thousand dollars, the perquisites being also very large. Thus the compensation of this rapacious and indolent governor was made greater than that of any similar officer in the Union to-day. Another act which caused much complaint was that which took away the control of the tax on tobacco from the assembly, and placed it in perpetuity in the hands of the king. Having squeezed all the juice from the lemon, he now threw the rind aside and returned to England. But the anarchy which followed his departure was so great that in 1682 he

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was ordered back again by the king. He put down the rebellion, gibbeted some of the offenders, and summoned the assembly to give up the few political rights that remained. The greed of Culpepper finally passed beyond the forbearance of Charles II., who, finding him back again in England, revoked, in 1684, the grant of 1673 to Arlington and Culpepper.

Virginia thus became a royal province again, and Lord Howard of Effingham was the new governor, but, sad to say, he proved to be as incompetent a knave as Culpepper. He was ignorant, cruel, and had an insatiate greed for money. His new devices for extorting it from the settlers were enough to drive them to mutiny or to crush out all feeling of manhood. That it did not do so was strong proof of their sturdy patience and patriotism. The disgusted colonists finally sent Philip Ludwell to England to represent its condition under Effingham's rule. He arrived there about the time that William and Mary assumed the throne. From them he secured such favor that Effingham, who was also in England, was not allowed to go back, though he held the title and drew the salary for several years.

Francis Nicholson, who had weakly abandoned New York during the troubles which ended with the death of Leisler, was appointed lieutenant-governor of Virginia. This gentleman was one of those persons who learned from experience. He showed an honest desire to do every thing he could for the interests of the province. On his arrival he visited every part of the colony, that he might become personally acquainted with its wants; he was social and approachable by all; he gave what we call picnics or harvest homes; encouraged athletic sports; established postal facilities, and ran a broad highway through the most populous part of the province. One of his wisest acts was to teach his people that it was the part of wisdom for them to give attention to the cultivation of something besides tobacco. He encouraged the raising of flax, the manufacture of leather, free trade with the Indians, and supported the assembly in passing laws for the moral benefit of society.

Nicholson did so well that the assembly presented him with £300, in addition to his regular salary, and he at once gave half of it to the founding of William and Mary's College. This, the second oldest institution of its kind in this country (Harvard being the first), was really founded by the Rev. James Blair, a Scotch minister of the Church of England, sent to Virginia in 1685 by Archbishop Sancroft, and therefore the head of the Established Church in the province. It was originally intended for the education of young men preparing for the ministry and for the instruction of Indian children. The charter was granted in February, 1692, by William and Mary, who liberally endowed it. Nicholson's efforts probably contributed more to its success than did those of any one else.

Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of the first college building erected; Blair was the first president, six professors being associated with him. The pupils soon numbered a hundred. The venerable institution has gone through many political storms, and more than once has been shaken to its foundations by the thunder of hostile cannon. It still survives, though not in a very flourishing condition.

Nicholson having governed for two years, went back to England, most likely

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MRS. DUNSTAN ESCAPING DOWN THE MERRIMAC. (*See page 219.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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with a hope of promotion, and Sir Edmund Andros was sent to Virginia in his place. It will be remembered that Andros was deposed in Boston in April, 1689. He was kept in prison until the following February, when, in obedience to an order from England, he and his colleagues were sent thither for trial. He was acquitted, and it looked very much as though the authorities thought more highly of him than before, for in a brief while he was appointed ruler of Virginia, where he arrived in 1692, bringing with him the charter of William and Mary College, in which he professed much interest.

Andros, like Nicholson, seemed to have learned something from his rugged experience in the northern colonies. He completed the postal facilities which his predecessor had set on foot, encouraged domestic manufacture, and caused all the records of the colony to be collected and preserved. But for Andros, therefore, the knowledge of the early history of Virginia would be much less than it is now. He received considerable respect and regard, though he could not help being despotic. He was lieutenant-general, admiral, lord treasurer, chancellor, chief judge, president of the council and head of the church. The members of the council were appointed on his recommendation and he could remove them at pleasure. He had the power of veto the same as the Crown, and could appoint a clerk to watch the proceedings of the legislature. It was his right to dissolve the representative chamber whenever he chose, and, as a perpetual revenue had been provided for, he was not compelled to ask every year for the means to meet the current expenses. We may well wonder that with all these varied powers Andros did not become much more of a despot than he was. He may have had a little friction with the legislature, but it never amounted to any thing. The only serious quarrel in which he became involved was with William and Mary College. He claimed authority over the institution and Blair resisted, whereupon Andros removed him. This transferred the dispute to England, where, in 1698, Blair was sustained, Andros recalled, and Nicholson appointed governor.

During many of these stirring years, Maryland had enjoyed a season of tranquil prosperity. After the stormy times whose history has been given, Charles Calvert ruled from 1662 till the death of his father, Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore, in 1675. Freedom of conscience prevailed in his province such as was not exceeded, if, indeed, it was equaled, in any other part of the country. The Calverts were men of clear judgment. They never allowed themselves to be tempted to trespass on the rights of the people. While levying tolls on commerce and navigation, coining money at the private mint and exercising other claims of sovereignty, Calvert agreed to a definite limit of his right of taxation. The people were highly pleased with his liberality. A customs duty was established on tobacco, and one-half applied to the expenses of the government. In 1676, when Charles Calvert, then the third Lord Baltimore, went to England, still larger reforms were introduced. The provincial assembly enacted that every man should possess the electoral suffrage. While Bacon was stirring up rebellion just across the border, his democratic ideas were felt in Maryland.

But Baltimore was incensed by this action of the assembly, and after some angry correspondence, returned to the colony in 1681, and by an arbitrary decree, reversed the legislative act, thereby limiting the suffrage to fifty-acre freeholders and persons having

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£40 a year from other sources of income. This caused much ill feeling, which was intensified by the appearance of an old agitator who was a bitter enemy of Lord Baltimore. Imprisonment, whipping, banishment and death were threatened again and again, until, like the scolding of an angry woman, they produced no effect. Finally King William, now on the throne, by an arbitrary exercise of his power, made Maryland a dependency of the crown under the direction of Sir Lionel Copley. The investigation of the charges against Lord Baltimore resulted in his acquittal, and he was allowed to retain his patrimonial interest in the province, while deprived of his political powers.

Immediately on the arrival of Copley in 1690, he dissolved the democratic convention of Maryland and called for the election of an assembly to meet at Annapolis, which was made the seat of government. Copley died in 1692, and Nicholson, who had left Virginia only a short time before, succeeded him as governor of the province.

The people were warranted in expecting a good government from Nicholson, but they were disappointed. He had grown more self-willed than before, and showed less interest in the welfare of those now under his care. He was irritable when opposed, and was involved in many unseemly quarrels with those in authority. The opposition to him came to a head when he undertook to take away from the vestries of the churches the power to fix the salaries of their ministers, or to withhold or pay them as they chose. Charges against Nicholson (of which the last named was only one), were sent to England and pressed with such vigor that he was recalled in 1705, and the governorship of the colony was given as a sinecure to the Earl of Orkney. He merely appointed the deputy-governors and did not interfere with their administrations. His first appointee died shortly after reaching Virginia, and his second never reached there at all, falling into the hands of a French cruiser while on his way to America. Thus it came about that for nearly five years, Virginia governed itself through its own council.

Colonel Alexander Spotswood, the new governor, arrived in June, 1710. He was a young man of much ability and energy, who was cordially welcomed by the people. One of his first and most popular acts was to extend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* to the colony; and he introduced many wise reforms in the constitution of the courts, revenue laws, and the administration of justice. The assembly and people warmly supported him in all these measures. He also gave great help in raising funds for rebuilding William and Mary College, which was burned before his arrival, and it was mainly through him that a liberal sum was secured for its support. He devoted much attention to the education of Indian children, was honest and economical, and showed beyond all question that his controlling motive was the good of the province. He made his fatal blunder, when, like Nicholson, he insisted on taking control of the churches, instead of leaving each in the hands of its own vestry. President Blair opposed this scheme with the same courage and effect that he had done before, and Spotswood was recalled in 1722, having made shipwreck on the rock that ended the public career of his predecessor. He remained for nearly a score of years a citizen of Virginia, held in high respect and esteem by all.

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This was shown by his appointment as deputy postmaster-general of the colonies in 1730, which office he retained for nine years. In 1740, while overseeing the embarkation of the Virginia troops at Annapolis, which he was to command in the expedition against Carthagena, he died at the age of sixty-four years.

Hugh Drysdale was the next governor,

THE ROYAL SURVEYORS MARKING THE TREES WITH THE BROAD ARROW.

he being succeeded by William Gooch, who relinquished his office in 1749. Three

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successive presidents of the council, John Robinson, Thomas Lee and Lewis Burwell acted as governor until 1752, when Robert Dinwiddie arrived from England. The important events of his administration must be told in another place.

Virginia advanced rapidly. In 1732, Joist Hite took up forty thousand acres, near the present town of Winchester, and settled upon it with a colony from Pennsylvania. Those who followed, pushed on beyond the mountains, some of them settling in the valley of the Monongahela. Staunton, the oldest town in the Shenandoah Valley, was founded by John Lewis, an Irishman, and emigrants from Germany, Pennsylvania, Friends and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians peopled the beautiful valley throughout its entire length. The population of Virginia more than quadrupled during the first half of the eighteenth century. A printing press was set up in 1736 at Williamsburg, the new capital, by William Parks, who published a weekly newspaper. William Byrd, a wealthy and prominent citizen, laid out the towns of Richmond and Petersburg; Norfolk, Fredericksburg and Falmouth were incorporated, new counties made, and the prosperity of the province established so firmly that it never again suffered serious check.

King William having made Maryland a royal province, it remained such for twenty-five years. Charles, Lord Baltimore, died in 1714, and his son, Benedict Leonard Calvert, renounced the Catholic faith and educated his children as Protestants. He died soon after, and his young son Charles received the political rights as proprietary which William and Mary had taken from his grandfather. These rights were continued until the Revolution. The last royal governor, John Hart, remained in office as Baltimore's deputy for twelve years. With the exception of a brief period, the province was governed by deputies. Frederick Calvert, the son, succeeded his father on the death of the latter in 1751. He was the sixth and last Lord Baltimore, and left the province by will in 1771 to Henry Harford, his natural son.

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CHAPTER XXI.

NEW ENGLAND DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS landed at Boston in May, 1692, bringing with him the charter which made Massachusetts a royal province. There was hope at one time, as you have been told, that the old charter would be restored, but the opposition in England was too great to be overcome.

Bear in mind that when reference is made in this place to Massachusetts, it means a territory far different from the present state of that name. The new patent included Massachusetts proper, New Plymouth, Maine, Acadia or Nova Scotia (which Sir William Phips had taken from the French), and all the territories lying between Nova Scotia and Maine. The whole was to go under the name of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England. New Hampshire thus stood by itself, though it did not remain so long. Connecticut and Rhode Island were also outside of his jurisdiction.

Sir William Phips was not the first choice of the New Englanders, but they gave him a right royal welcome. He immediately called a general assembly of the province, and urged the members to make good laws, promising to support all such measures which they might submit to him. He next gave attention to the Indians, who were committing frightful outrages in Maine. Placing himself at the head of four hundred and fifty men, he marched to Pemaquid and spent several months in building a large fort. No doubt it frightened the savages who looked upon it, as its cost did the settlers when they were taxed to pay for it. Another fort was built at Saco, in 1693, and the Indians in that section were pressed with such vigor and success that a satisfactory peace was concluded.

The province was in a sad condition. Trade was reduced; taxation increased; discord had spread, and though Sir William Phips was acknowledged to be brave and honest, he was looked upon as a failure in the chair of the executive. The charges against him multiplied to that extent that the king called him to England, and cited his accusers to appear at Whitehall to prove their charges. Phips sailed in November, 1694, taking with him an address from the general assembly, commending his faithful services to the country, and begging that he might not be displaced. His accusers did not appear, and, in all probability, he would have been restored to his post, had he not fallen ill and died February 18, 1695.

For three succeeding years, Stoughton (Cotton Mather's friend and the deputy-governor), was at the head of affairs. He found another Indian war on his hands, for the peace made by Phips with the tribes lasted but a short time. The French stirred the savages to deeds of atrocity, praising and rewarding them for crimes which ought to have caused only shuddering and horror.

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From a captured man-of-war, the French landed a force and appeared before the Pemaquid fort in 1696, with a large party of Indians. When the commander was summoned to surrender, he was so terrified that he complied without firing a gun. The French destroyed the structure, and then withdrew. The English commander was deprived of his commission for cowardice, and sent to his home at Andover. There he and his family were slain by Indians. One distressing result of the fall of the fort was its inspiriting effect on the Indians, who threatened to ruin the whole country during the following summer. The winters in that section, as you know, are severe, and the savages were content to await milder weather.

At Haverhill, a Mr. Dunstan was working in the fields when he saw a party of Indians making toward his home. Leaping on the back of his horse, he galloped toward his house at full speed, and shouted to his family to fly to the nearest garrison. His wife was lying in bed with an infant only a week old. The nurse was with her, and seven of his children were playing about the house. They ran for the woods, and the husband meant to carry away his wife on horseback. But the red men were upon him the next instant, and seeing it was impossible to save his wife, he galloped after his little ones, whom he ordered to run as fast as they could through the briers and undergrowth.

Several Indians dashed after the horseman, when he wheeled and leveled his gun at them. He dared not fire, for then he would have been helpless. The savages dodged in every direction to avoid the threatened shot, and he lowered his weapon, encouraging the children to run faster, while he kept just behind them. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the pursuers coming again. Up went the gun as before and with the same effect: the Indians stopped, and he took care not to press the trigger hard enough to bring down the flint. The children struggled bravely forward, and, as they had not far to go, all reached a place of safety, where they were joined by their father.

Disappointed in this direction, the savages wreaked their fury upon the home of Mr. Dunstan. They killed the infant at the mother's side, burned the house, and carried away Mrs. Dunstan, the nurse and a boy named Samuel Leonardson. The captives were forced to travel at an exhausting pace through the woods, so as to escape any pursuit by their friends. It was the intention of their captors to take them to a rendezvous beyond Penacook, and there compel them to run the gauntlet. Mrs. Dunstan told her friends that she meant to slay the Indians if there seemed the least possibility of success, before reaching the end of their journey. She made known her scheme, and wild as it was, the others favored it. At her suggestion, the boy asked one of the warriors how to strike a person so as to kill him with a single blow. The Indian was obliging enough to show him, and he also explained the method of taking the scalp of a foe.

Late that night, the three captives stealthily rose, each secured a tomahawk, and then began the bloody work. In a few minutes they had killed the ten guards. Then recalling the murder of her infant, Mrs. Dunstan deliberately scalped them. Entering a canoe, they floated down the Merrimac to the settlements, where they were safe. The general assembly voted them a reward of £50 and many private parties sent them presents.

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DEATH OF RASLE. (*See page 225.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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The French gave aid to the Indians, who continued their outrages through the year, when peace having been signed between England and France, hostilities ended.

The Earl of Bellamont became governor of New England and New York, arriving in Boston in 1699, and holding the reins of authority for a little more than a year. His rule may be set down as successful. New Hampshire, as well as New York, was brought under his jurisdiction. Removing to New York he stayed there for the rest of his life, leaving Stoughton to represent him in the capital of Massachusetts. He died in March, 1701. Lord Cornbury was the next ruler of New York and New Jersey. He was proud, overbearing and corrupt. His efforts to secure the predominance of the English church, though continually defeated by judges and juries, made him very obnoxious. He was continually at war with the assemblies of New York and New Jersey, but their resolute stand compelled him at last to give way. Lord Cornbury was of dissolute habits, and has been accused of being an embezzler of the public funds. When deprived of his office in 1708, he was thrown in prison for debt and compelled to stay there until he succeeded to the earldom, on the death of his father, the second Lord Clarendon, in 1709.

When the king of England made New Hampshire a royal province in 1680, it was the first in New England. Then it may be said to have begun swinging back and forth like a pendulum between independence and the jurisdiction of the powerful province of Massachusetts, to which it attached itself in 1690. Finally, in 1741, it was separated and remained a distinct royal colony down to the Revolution.

After the death of Bellamont, Stoughton acted as governor for a few months, when he died, and Dudley, who was strongly supported by Cotton Mather, was appointed governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The appointment was confirmed by Queen Anne, who came to the throne of England in 1702. On arriving in New England he demanded that the province should vote fixed salaries to the governor, his deputy, and the crown judges. The custom at that time was to give annual grants to those officers. Massachusetts expressed its opinion of its new executive by refusing his request and ordering that his salary should be about half the sum paid to Bellamont. Dudley also added to his unpopularity by exercising his right to reject the nominations of the general court or assembly for members of his council, and by trying to force his partisans into the speaker's seat. Cotton Mather turned against him, and headed a strong party which did its utmost to secure his removal. But Dudley was a born politician, and by the free use of money he defeated for a long time all the schemes against him

War having again broken out between England and France, Massachusetts and New Hampshire were once more made a prey to Indian atrocities. The French, as was their custom, cultivated the friendship of the savages, and turned it to account during hostilities between the two great nations at home.

Deerfield, in the Connecticut valley, feared an attack and was on the watch, but one bitterly cold night in February, 1704, a party of French and Indians, under the lead of De Rouville, surprised the village. Of its two hundred inhabitants, fifty were killed and a hundred taken prisoners to Canada. A few months later Lancaster suffered in a similar manner.

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The French, to whom Nova Scotia had been restored at the conclusion of peace in 1696, claimed all the coast of Maine as far as the Kennebec, and had established a trading and missionary post on the upper waters of that river. The Indians were their allies, as heretofore, and Governor Dudley, recognizing the call to protect the settlers in the section, visited the Casco and invited the representatives of the different tribes to meet him for a conference. The red men presented the governor with the usual belt of wampum, and assured him that nothing in the world was further from their thoughts than the idea of making war upon their English brothers: they pledged themselves to strict neutrality. Two cairns of stones were piled up by the new friends, as a token of their love and good will, and the governor and his suite bade the warriors an effusive good-by. Had they waited a little longer, Governor Dudley and his entire party would have been made prisoners and turned over to the French. The plot had been formed, and failed simply because a company of the latter, who were to take the lead, arrived too late.

A few weeks later, the whole region between the Kennebec and the Piscataqua was aflame with war. Families were obliged to fly to the block-houses for protection, and no work could be done in the fields unless the laborers were guarded by armed men. Colonel Church, the veteran of King Philip's war, in the winter of 1704, led five hundred troops into the Indian country. He laid waste some of the villages and killed a few French and Indians, but without any visible effect on the war, unless it was to rouse the savages to greater ferocity. The situation finally became so desperate that Massachusetts offered fifteen pounds for the scalp of any male Indian over fifteen years of age, and eight pounds for each woman or child captured. The French in retaliation fixed a scale of prices for English scalps. The savages, however, did not need this incentive to kill and maim the settlers whenever the chance presented itself.

All through this terrible fighting, New England clung to its purpose of capturing Canada and driving the French from her northern borders. A force of a thousand men, raised in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, was sent by Governor Dudley, in 1707, against Port Royal, Nova Scotia. The campaign lasted a number of months, during which three-fourths of the men were lost, without the capture of the fort. It was a most disastrous repulse indeed, but the determination of the colonists was unshaken.

In September, 1710, six ships of war and thirty transports sailed from Boston with five regiments of troops. This force was so formidable that although the post was under the command of the same brave officer who had repelled several attacks, he now surrendered his garrison of two hundred men, without offering any resistance. Thus Nova Scotia again became an English province at what may be called the small price of three or four dozen men.

After a rule of twelve years, the enemies of Governor Dudley were able to persuade the Massachusetts assembly to declare his office vacant, soon after the accession of George I. to the throne of England. His successor was Colonel Burgess. He was so much of a soldier that his friends, believing he could amount to nothing else, gave him £1,000 to surrender his commission. The honor was then conferred upon Samuel Shute,

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another soldier, and pending his arrival the lieutenant-governor, Colonel Tailer, assumed the office. The colonels seem to have been as numerous in those days as they are at the present time.

Governor Shute arrived in due time, and immediately got into hot water by imitating the policy of Dudley, particularly on the timber question, which had long been a serious controversy between the home government and the colonies. Thousands upon thousands of square miles of forest stretched along the Atlantic coasts; and an immense and profitable trade in lumber was carried on between the colonies and Spain and Portugal. England, which had depended for many years upon Norway for her supply of ship timber, decided, properly enough, that her American colonies should furnish the timber she needed for the royal navy. Her regulations upon the subject, however, were arbitrary and unjust.

In the first place, she ordered that the lumber trade with other countries should be stopped. She claimed her right to select, before all others, the choicest products from the American woods. The royal surveyors tramped through long stretches of forest, and, whenever they came upon a fine specimen, cut the "broad arrow" on it, as a sign that it was reserved for the use of the king. When the settlers found their lands invaded and their property, for which they had risked so much, appropriated in this wholesale fashion, they rebelled. The governor sided with the surveyors and the assembly with the people; governor and assembly, therefore, fell into a quarrel which lasted several years. The executive attempted high-handed measures and that body quietly thwarted him.

During the administration of Governor Shute the finances of the country were disarranged, for the expenses of the war in which the colonies engaged had to be paid by them, and as they saw no other way out of their trouble, they issued paper money, with the inevitable result that it depreciated rapidly and caused much financial distress. Then the old trouble with the Indians broke out again. The French stirred them up to enmity. Count Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, connived at this barbarous warfare, and in the hope of neutralizing the efforts of some of his agents, Governor Shute sent a Puritan preacher to that point; it was an ill advised step, for the red men had no patience with such a person, no matter how estimable he might have been.

The quarrel was so bitter between the governor and the general court, that the latter deliberately insulted him by ordering the commanders of the first expedition sent into the Indian country to report to that body instead of to the governor. This was illegal, and the governor fiercely resented it, sailing in disgust for England, with the determination to secure justice there.

He was successful, and a supplementary charter was sent to Boston in August, 1725, which enforced the most important points at issue. The charter was finally accepted by the house and council. Shute remained in England, still intriguing for other decisions in his favor, while William Dummer, the lieutenant-governor, wisely administered affairs. Just when it looked as if Shute was about to succeed and return to plague the colonists, George II., came to the throne. The governor was retired on a pension, and William Burnet, in 1728, became governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The third Indian war broke out in 1722 in the northern colonies, and spread from

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the disputed border on the east to Maine and New Hampshire, where the scenes which we have so often described were enacted over again. The crack of the rifle, the war-whoop of the Indian, the crash of the tomahawk, and the smoke of the cabin played their dreadful part, as they had done so many times before, and have done so often since.

A FORTUNATE MISHAP.

Father Sebastian Rasle had dwelt among the Indians for nearly forty years, living so thoroughly their life, while he preached and ministered to them, that his influence was unbounded. He possessed great learning, and, being a French Jesuit, sympathized so strongly with the views of the governor of Canada that he was worth a whole regiment of troops. The Indian settlement at Norridgewock, where it may be said this French chief was sole ruler, was highly prosperous. Two attempts were made to break it up by capturing Rasle, but he escaped each time. In August, 1724, however, it was attacked by a force of two hundred men, when most of the warriors were gone from

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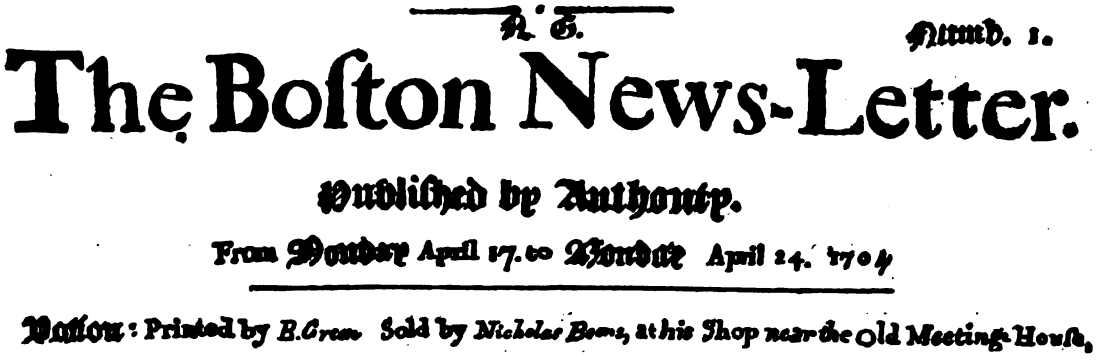
home. Those who escaped fled to the woods, and Father Rasle was killed, while trying to divert attention from the flying fugitives. When the assailants departed and the Indians returned, they found the dead body of Rasle, scalped, hacked and mutilated. They gave it tender burial under the altar of the pillaged chapel, and muttered many a wild vow of vengeance on those who had robbed them of their beloved leader.

The colonists prosecuted the war with greater energy than was the rule. A party of Indians started from Canada with a full supply of snow-shoes and moccasins for the captives whom they meant to take back. They were attacked and scattered with severe loss by a party of volunteers under Captain John Lovewell, who earned a goodly sum in the form of bounties for scalps. Lovewell soon organized another expedition, with which he started out in April, 1725, against the Indians whose village was in the present township of Fryeburg, Maine. This was a most unfortunate venture, for the red men, detecting their presence, drew them into ambush and killed or wounded nearly all, Lovewell being among those slain. The white men, however, fought so heroically that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The Boſton News-Letter.

Publiſhed by Authority.

From Monday April 17. to Monday April 24. 1704

Boſton: Printed by B. Green. Sold by Nicholas Boone, at his Shop near the Old Meeting-Houſe.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL HEADLINE OF THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER. (*See page* 235.)

they inflicted great injury on the savages, killing the chief and causing the others soon after to leave the region.

In the hope of checking the shocking brutalities, the provinces sent representatives to Governor Vaudreuil at Montreal. He treated them with much courtesy, but it took a long time to bring him to terms. He finally promised to advise the Indians to stop hostilities. The eastern tribes learned shortly after that preparations were on foot to press them more than ever, and they consented to make peace, which, with now and then a slight interruption, continued down to the French and Indian war.

Burnet, who became governor of Massachusetts in 1728, got into trouble with the house, which refused to vote him the fixed salary for which he asked. The strife was bitter, until the governor died in September, 1729. The next year Jonathan Belcher, of Boston, who was in England, was sent over to try his hand as governor. He also, according to instructions, insisted upon a permanent salary. The assembly as usual would only make an annual grant, which Belcher refused to accept, and dissolved the house. The next house was more violent in its opposition, and the governor, determined to carry his points, descended to the disgrace of bribing members. By this

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means he succeeded in introducing a compromise measure, which, however, failed of passage. He had been instructed by the king to return to England, in case the house refused to grant his annual salary; but, instead of doing so, he wrote a plain letter to the king, telling him that the assembly could never be forced to do that, and he begged that the instructions be modified. The house, at the request of the governor, accompanied his letter with a petition that the king would authorize him to accept such grants of money as might be voted. The court was wise enough to yield. The position taken by Massachusetts clearly foreshadowed where she would be when the campfires of the Revolution should be kindled a half century later.

Belcher gained considerable popularity by his course in this matter, only to lose it again, when he rightly opposed the wild financial projects which broke out in 1739. His enemies on both sides of the Atlantic, working together, secured his removal in 1741. The high opinion in which he was held was shown by his appointment as governor of New Jersey, six years later.

His successor in the executive chair of Massachusetts was William Shirley, an English lawyer, who had lived a number of years in Boston. He was prudent and sagacious, and heeded the mistakes of those who had gone before him. Though he was instructed to forbid the issue of any more bills of credit, he chose to allow it to be done. Very likely he was influenced by the general court, which voted that his annual grant should never fall below £1,000. Shirley was a man of excellent temper and self control, and his administration, while smooth and pleasant, was marked by the most brilliant military exploit in the history of the colonies.

War broke out again in 1744 between England and France while Shirley was governor. But it so happened that the French colonies learned of it before it came to the knowledge of the English subjects. They decided to improve the advantage thus gained and moved against Nova Scotia, formerly their own province of Acadia, which, it must be borne in mind, was again captured by colonial troops in 1710.

The English had a garrison, with a governor and council at Annapolis, besides a settlement on the little island of Canso, just off the eastern coast of Nova Scotia, while between that islet and Newfoundland lay the French insular territory of Cape Breton. Canso was much resorted to by the New England fishermen, and its garrison, which was weak in numbers, consisted of troops from Annapolis; and thus, with the French of Canada on one side and the French of Cape Breton on the other, it was like a nut held between the jaws of a nut-cracker. Duquesnel, the governor of Cape Breton, promptly sent several vessels with a force of nine hundred men against the English fishing establishments. The island of Canso was seized without resistance, the fort and houses burned, and the garrison made prisoners. He afterward atttacked Placentia, in Newfoundland, and Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, but failed with both. The garrison captured at Canso, after being prisoners several months, were paroled and sent to Boston. The information obtained from them led to the remarkable campaign against Louisburg.

This fortress was one of the most important structures of its kind in the world. It inclosed the chief town of Cape Breton in what might well be considered impregnable fortifications. In front were a rampart of stone and a ditch eighty feet wide. Six

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bastions and three batteries held embrasures for a hundred and forty-eight pieces of cannon. A battery of thirty twenty-eight pounders, on a small island, defended the entrance to the harbor, while nearly opposite was another battery of twenty-eight forty-two pounders and two eighteen-pounders. A circular battery of thirteen twenty-four pounders commanded the drawbridge, which was the entrance to the town. Sixty-five of the cannon were mounted and sixteen were mortars. The town was laid out in squares; the houses were substantial, and many valuable naval stores were in the place. It had taken France twenty-five years to build the fortress of Louisburg, and, though not then finished, it had cost ten million dollars. It will give you some idea of the enormous size of the fortifications, when you learn that to walk around the ramparts you would have had to travel nearly two miles and a half.

The project of attacking this massive fortress with such force as could be raised in New England would seem to have been the height of madness, but there was good reason for believing that an attempt might be successful. Duquesnel, the governor, had recently died, and had been succeeded by an old general of no special capacity. Duvivier, the brilliant officer who captured Canso, had lately sailed for France. The prisoners on parole in Boston said his errand was to beg immediate succor from his sovereign, and that the garrison stores were low and the men so discontented that they were on the verge of mutiny. Shirley and his friends credited these reports. The governor had already applied to England for help, but the impatience of the New England fishermen and merchants, as well as his own sanguine views, led him to urge that the attack should be made without delay.

One day a most extraordinary message reached the Massachusetts legislature from the governor. He told them he had a private communication to submit which was of such importance that, before doing so, he desired each member to bind himself to keep it secret. The legislators showed their confidence in the patriotism of the executive, by taking the oath, without making any objection. The message promptly followed, and was found to contain a detailed plan for the capture of Louisburg. The project was of such magnitude, and involved such enormous expense, that the members for a time were aghast, and when the discussion opened the fact speedily appeared that none of them was as ardent as the governor. The debate continued several days. Then the message was referred to a committee, which reported against the project and was sustained in its report.

The oath of secrecy which each member took was well kept, though if such a thing was tried in these days, it would hardly be possible to prevent the reporters from learning all about it. One of the ancient legislators finally let out the secret, while leading his family devotions. His heart was so interested that he prayed fervently for the Lord to crown the project with triumph. As is the custom under such circumstances, the good man gave many particulars which were very edifying to the members of his family.

Governor Shirley would not abandon the expedition, even though the legislature declared against it. He induced the merchants of Salem and Marblehead to send in petitions, asking for it, as the only way of saving the fisheries from extinction. The leading citizens of Boston were also persuaded to urge the matter, and such pressure

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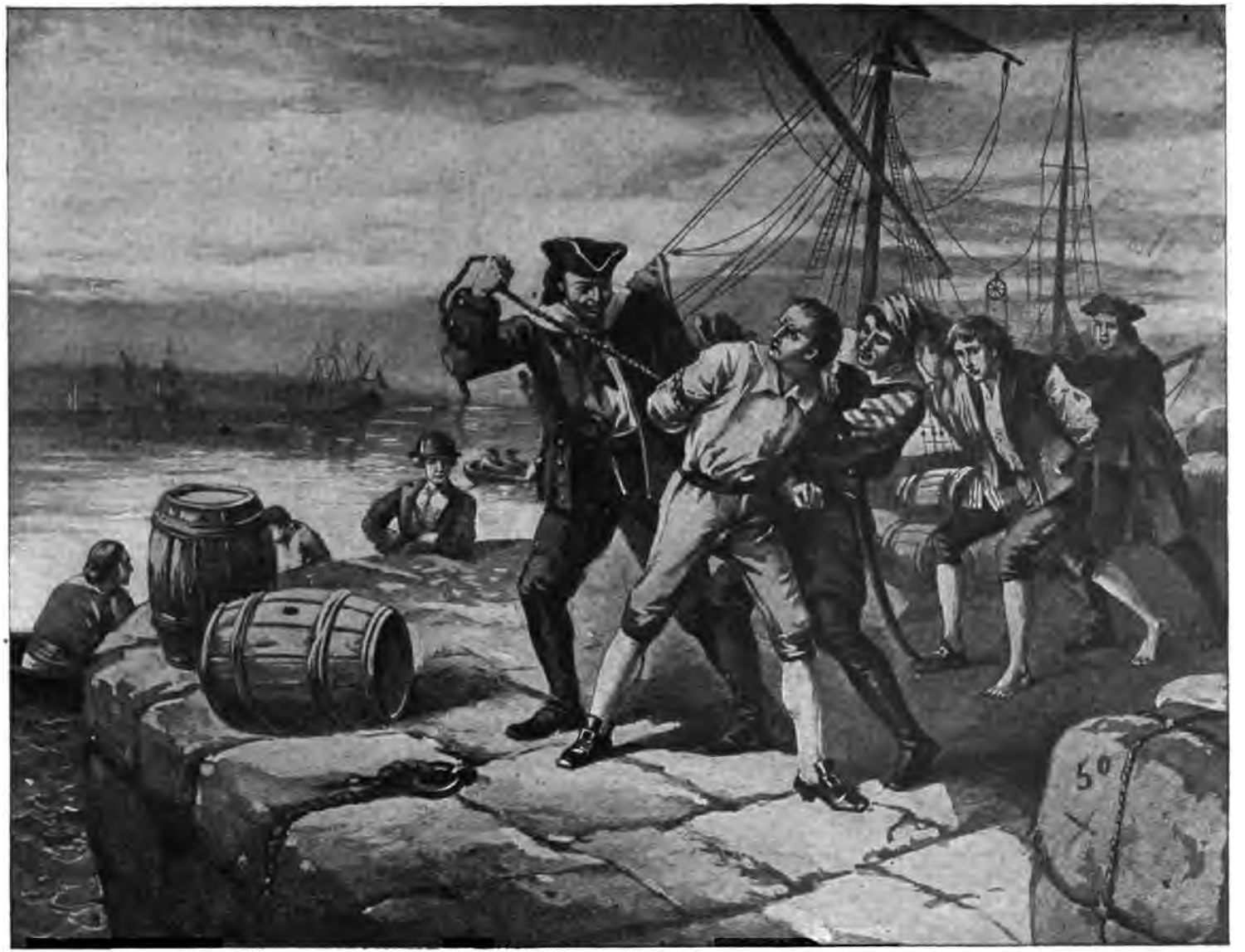

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IMPRESSMENT OF BOSTONIANS BY KNOWLES. (*See page 234.*)

Drawn by Francis Christy.

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was brought upon the legislature that the question was again opened for discussion. But even then it was plain that the enemies of the expedition outnumbered the friends: the latter, however, carried their point by a single vote which was the result of an accident. Andrew Oliver, one of the members, was

DIGGING FOR KID'S TREASURES.

hurrying toward the house on the day of the final debate, his mind firmly made up to vote against the measure. He was probably considering how best to marshal his arguments, when he fell and broke his leg. This left the sides equally divided. The

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speaker, who was thus given the deciding vote, was opposed to the project, but believing the large majority of the people felt the other way, he cast his vote in favor of the expedition.

Governor Shirley was delighted, and instantly sent out circulars to the other colonies asking for aid in an enterprise of such momentous importance to all. Massachusetts furnished three thousand equipped soldiers; Connecticut raised five hundred and sixteen; New Hampshire three hundred and four; and Rhode Island three hundred, who sailed too late to help in the siege. Commodore Warren, who was in the West Indies with a fleet, was asked to unite with the expedition; but, having no orders from England, he declined. Orders speedily reached him, however, and he joined the expedition at Canso.

The New England forces sailed for Louisburg in April, 1745, under William Pepperill, a merchant of Kittery, New Hampshire, with Roger Wolcott, lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, second in command. They sighted their destination on the 11th of May and landed on the east coast of Cape Breton in Gabarus Bay. The next morning, a detachment of four hundred soldiers moved toward the royal battery, burning all the houses and stores they could reach. The French, who seemed to have had no suspicion of the expedition until it may be said to have been upon them, were terrified when they awoke to their carelessness. Believing the entire army was approaching, the gunners spiked their guns and abandoned the battery, which immediately fell into the hands of the New England troops, and who, it need not be said, made good use of them after withdrawing the spikes.

The siege-guns were placed on sleds and dragged across a morass by soldiers, where the soil was so spongy that no animals could be used, and the men sank to their knees. A few days later, Commodore Warren captured a French ship of seventy-four guns, a large quantity of military stores, and five hundred and sixty men. New arrivals joined the fleet and operations were pushed with greater vigor than before. The siege-guns soon silenced the island battery, and the circular battery was knocked to pieces; trenches were opened within two hundred yards of the city, and the guns played on the north-west gate. Considerable damage was done, though no breach was effected.

The besiegers, though unprofessional soldiers, were brave and sturdy men, excellent marksmen, and were all moved by a deep religious fervor. George Whitefield, the famous Methodist preacher, furnished the motto, "NIL DESPERANDUM, CHRISTO DUCE"—Never despair, Christ being the leader—to the New Hampshire force, and many eagerly enlisted under the banner, but the capture of such a fortress, even when weakly manned, was no child's play. Pepperill found he had not enough trained men to handle his batteries; his ammunition ran short, and he was forced to borrow from the commodore; in June, one-third of his troops were sick, and he was obliged to appeal for re-enforcements. The island battery was so strong that Commodore Warren, even though strengthened by several new arrivals, dared not venture to pass it. Pepperill had much to discourage him, but like a true Yankee, he held on, and succeeded in throwing up another battery, which was able to reach and seriously annoy the island battery.

From the prisoners that were taken it was learned that a number of French war

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ships were expected, and would probably arrive in a short time. It was decided, therefore, to make a combined attack. Eleven ships of forty guns each were drawn up in line, the land forces were placed in position, and on the 15th of July every thing was in readiness. Then it was that Governor Duchambou, the French commander, looking out over the huge walls, saw that defeat was inevitable, and sent to Pepperill to ask for terms of capitulation. They were of so honorable a nature that they were immediately accepted. On the 17th of June Pepperill entered the fortress at the head of his volunteers, and Shirley, arriving soon after, received the keys from him. All were amazed when they saw the strength of the fortress, which had been justly compared to Gibraltar. Had it been provided with a proper garrison it must have been impregnable.

The English lost one hundred and thirty, and the French three hundred men, during the siege. An immense amount of stores, cannon and supplies fell into the hands of the captors, while the moral effect of the triumph was beyond estimate. When the news reached the provinces, all the bells vere set ringing, and England was illuminated with bonfires. France was astonished, and could scarcely credit the tidings.

The leading actors in this grand victory were appropriately remembered. General Pepperill was given the rank and title—Sir—of a baronet, and he and Shirley were commissioned colonels in the British army. Three years later, the city of London presented Sir William Pepperill with a silver table and service of plate, and he was made lieutenant-general. Warren was promoted to be an admiral.

Duvivier was on his way from France. with a squadron, for the recovery of Nova Scotia, when he learned from a ship captured in mid-ocean of the fall of Louisburg. He immediately turned back to France with the news, abandoning the expedition, which he saw was now hopeless. France was aroused by the blow and resolved on more gigantic blows in return. She determined not only to recover all that had been lost, but to conquer the entire coast from Maine to Florida. Preparations were made on a commensurate scale, and the following summer, a fleet of eleven ships of the line and thirty smaller vessels, carrying three thousand disciplined troops, sailed from Rochelle. They reached Chebucto Bay, in Nova Scotia, where it was intended they should be joined by an allied force of Indians and Canadians.

The colonies expected aid from England, but it did not come, and Governor Shirley showed characteristic energy in preparing for the French attack. The enormous preparations going on in France had become known months before in England, which sent circulars to her colonies requiring them to enlist soldiers for co-operating with a British army in a campaign against the American possessions of France. Thereupon Massachusetts voted 3,500 men, New York 1,600, Connecticut 1,000, New Hampshire 500, New Jersey 500, Rhode Island 300, Maryland 300, Virginia 100, while Pennsylvania, in her roundabout fashion, agreed to furnish 400 troops to assist in the patriotic campaign.

The news of the arrival of the French fleet and army in Nova Scotia caused a brief panic through New England, but the people quickly rallied. Troops began pouring into Boston, and the provinces sent word that all that might be needed to defend the important town would be freely furnished. Governor Shirley was so confident that

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England would send a force to protect her colonies, that he wrote to the garrison at Louisburg stating that such a force was on its way. Luckily this letter fell into the hands of the French commander, who called a consultation to decide whether the proposed attack should be made. The naval expedition, in fact, had been attended by disaster from the first. A severe storm separated the ships at sea, disabled some, and caused others to return to France; and now the admiral, Duke d'Anville, before the question of attack was settled, suddenly died: by some it was said he committed suicide. D'Estournelle, his successor, was incensed when he learned that an expected re-enforcement of French ships from the West Indies had gone home, and proposed to his officers that they should follow the same course. Finding himself outvoted, he threw himself on his sword in true Roman style and so he died.

The elements still fought for the colonies. Another fierce tempest scattered the vessels of the fleet, and many of them went back alone to France. A year had passed and there were signs of peace, which caused a relaxation on both sides. It came in April, 1748, though in a most exasperating form to the New England colonies. By its conditions, Cape Breton was restored to France, and the splendid victory which gave the crown the great fortress of Louisburg went for naught. It was restored to those from whom it had been wrested. The colonies indeed had good cause for complaint. The prize-money, amounting to three million dollars, was distributed among Commodore Warren's fleet, not a penny reaching the forces without whose aid that prize money never could have been gained. On the disbandment of the English troops at Louisburg, Governor Shirley was obliged to send the funds with which to bring them home.

When the colonies demanded a reimbursement from England for the heavy expenses incurred it was given, though grudgingly, the amount, not quite a million dollars, being paid in copper and silver. About that time Massachusetts, by a sensible and vigorous course, restored her finances to a sound condition. She forbade the circulation within her borders of the printed promises to pay of the other provinces, and redeemed her own issues. All the colonies, except Virginia, had resorted to the bad practice of issuing paper money. The effects were disastrous; specie was kept out of the country; the circulating medium ran down in value at a frightful rate; business was disorganized and financial ruin threatened. A printed promise to pay is not payment, and, as you know, a bank bill is worth what it claims to be, only when the bank that sends it out has the coin with which to redeem it. The greenbacks of to-day are worth the face, because the government is rich enough to pay every dollar of them. Most folks prefer the bills because they are more convenient than gold and silver, and our national currency therefore is the best in the world.

The New Englanders were enraged by the treatment of the home government, and believed it was not its wish to destroy the French power in America, counting on the dread thereby caused to keep the colonies dependent on the mother country. While public feeling was in this sensitive state it was inflamed to a dangerous point by the attempt to force citizens into the naval service. A press-gang, as it was called, would start out among the merchant vessels and along the wharves, and, wherever a sailor was

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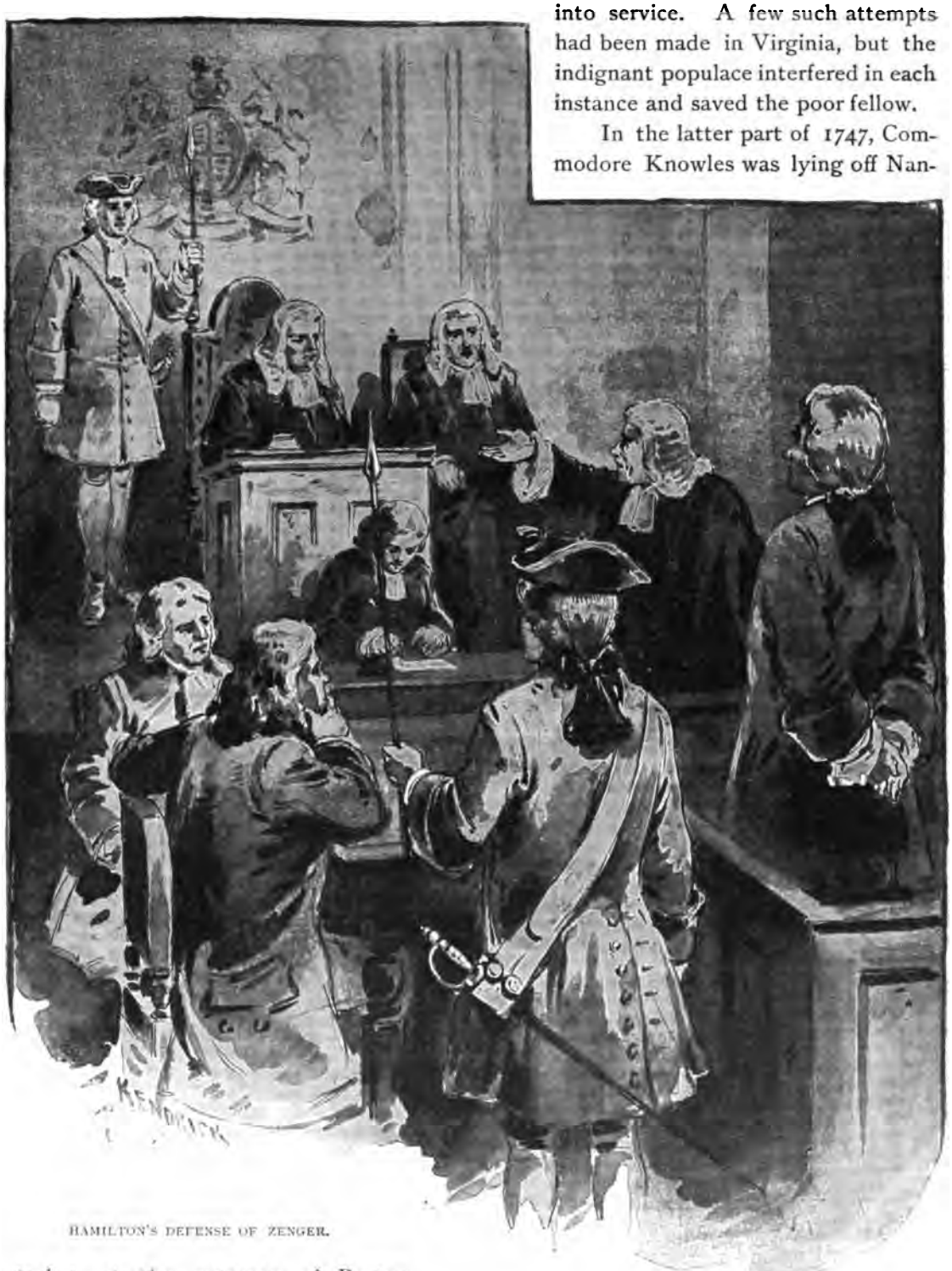
seen whose appearance suited the gang, they would seize, take him away, and force him into service. A few such attempts had been made in Virginia, but the indignant populace interfered in each instance and saved the poor fellow.

In the latter part of 1747, Commodore Knowles was lying off Nan-



HAMILTON'S DEFENSE OF ZENGER.

tasket, at the entrance of Boston harbor, with several English ships of war. A number of his men having deserted, he

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sent boats to Boston early in the morning and seized not only all the seamen whom he found on the vessels in the harbor, but a number of apprentices to ship carpenters and other landsmen.

The news spread and Boston flamed out with rage. A formidable mob quickly gathered, armed with clubs, stones, and whatever they could seize. They ran for the governor's house, where some of the naval officers happened to be, and surrounded it. The officers seeing their lives in danger prepared to defend themselves with carbines. A deputy-sheriff rushed among the rioters and ordered them to disperse. In a twinkling he was caught up and rushed into the stocks, where his woful looks set the mob to laughing. Influential citizens managed to prevent the attack on the governor's house, and thus saved many lives.

The fury of the citizens, however, was too deep to be quelled in that fashion. It was hardly dark when they swarmed about the town hall, where the general court was in session, and shouted for the restoration of the impressed men. That the court might not doubt their earnestness, they let fly stones and brick-bats, and for some minutes little was heard, except the jingling of the shattered panes. Governor Shirley and the leading officers appeared on the balcony and besought the crowd to be patient till the general court could act. The governor promised to do his utmost to have the men released, but it grew so warm about his ears that he cut his speech short and slipped back out of reach of the missiles. Popular as he was, he narrowly escaped rough usage while hurrying through the streets to his home.

The fury of the mob increased as the night advanced, and the following morning the governor called out the militia, but they refused to appear. The next step of the insurgents was a bold one: they secured the naval officers who were on shore and placed a guard over them, declaring that they should be held as hostages until every one of the impressed persons was sent back.

The situation became so serious that Shirley withdrew to the castle in the harbor, from which he wrote to Commodore Knowles, begging him, as the only means of restoring peace, to free the impressed men. The commodore not only refused, but declared he would bombard the town unless his officers were released.

The assembly, some of whose members encouraged the rioters, saw that something must be done. Accordingly, they passed a series of resolutions condemning the riotous proceedings, calling upon all officers, civil and military, to aid in suppressing the riot, and pledging themselves to support the authority of the governor to the last extremity. At the same time, they promised to do all that could be done to right the original wrong which was the cause of the outbreak.

The council helped the assembly by ordering the release of the naval officers, and the leading citizens held a public meeting at which they condemned Commodore Knowles and the rioters in equally vigorous terms. Three days had passed, during which the mob had well nigh exhausted themselves. The governor was escorted from the castle to his own house; the English officers were released and the impressed citizens were returned. The broken windows were replaced in the town hall, but neither in England nor Boston were any steps taken against the rioters.

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I must not close this chapter without telling you something about the first newspapers printed in this country. The very first issue in America was *Public Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestic*, which appeared in Boston, in September, 1690. Benjamin Harris was the publisher, but the first number was the last. The royal authorities would not license it. It is looked upon, therefore, as of little account, and we generally give the honor of the pioneer paper to the *Boston News Letter*, published by John Campbell, in April, 1704. A *fac-simile*, or exact copy of the heading of that paper, reduced in size, is shown on page 225.

The next newspaper on this side of the Atlantic was *The Gazette*, issued in Boston by William Brooker, in December, 1719. On the very next day, Andrew Bradford published in Philadelphia, the first number of *The American Weekly Mercury*. In August, 1721, James Franklin issued the *New England Courant*. His brother, the famous Benjamin Franklin, learned to set type in his office.

October 23, 1725, William Bradford put to press the first number of the *New York Gazette*, the pioneer newspaper in the metropolis of our country. The first daily journal was the *Daily Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia, in 1785. The papers of a hundred years ago were small, dingy affairs, with very little news or enterprise. You know there were no telegraph lines, steamboats or railways, and indeed very few mail facilities. The battle of Waterloo, one of the most important engagements in all history, was not known in this country till two months had gone by, at which time Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne of France and Napoleon Bonaparte was on his way to St. Helena.

From these small beginnings have grown the vast publishing enterprises of the present day. There are now published in all the world about sixteen thousand periodicals, of which fully one-half are issued in this country. Their annual circulation is two thousand million copies and they penetrate every nook and corner of the land, exerting an influence far beyond that of any other agency at the command of man.

New England, previous to the Revolution, included four colonies. You have learned the principal facts concerning Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and it now remains to say something about the other two — Connecticut and Rhode Island.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of the Charter Oak, in which Joseph Wadsworth hid the precious document, which the tyrannical Governor Andros was determined to take from the colony. Seven years after that incident — that is in 1693 — Governor Fletcher of New York came down to Hartford to assume command of the militia of the province. His commission was from King William, but the charter of Connecticut vested the command of the troops in the colony itself. The general assembly refused to recognize his authority, whereupon he ordered the soldiers under arms and began reading his commission as colonel.

Captain Wadsworth — he who had hid the charter — was standing at the head of his company and gave the orders for the drummers to strike up. The deafening clamor filled the air.

"Silence!" thundered the governor, and the drummers stopped. Scowling at the

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captain and then at the musicians, the governor of New York cleared his throat and began reading again.

He had uttered only a few words, when Wadsworth repeated his order and the air was again filled with the terrific racket of the drums. The governor's face was purple and his lips moved fast, but not a word could be heard until he shrieked,

"*Silence! silence!*"

As the hubbub once more ceased, Captain Wadsworth stepped toward him, with flashing eyes, and said,

"Colonel Fletcher, if I'm interrupted again, I'll let daylight through you!"

GENERAL OGLETHORPE. (*From a Portrait by Kavenet.*)

He was not interrupted any more. Fletcher concluded he would prefer being a live governor rather than a dead colonel, and, swallowing his wrath as best he could, went back to New York where he was appreciated.

In the year 1700, ten ministers met at the village of Branford, near New Haven, each bearing a number of volumes which were deposited on the table in the middle of the room. They were donations for the founding of a college. The school was formally opened in 1702, at Saybrook, where it remained fifteen years, when it was removed to New Haven. Common schools had been established in Connecticut almost from the

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planting of the colony, but this institution was more ambitious. Its most liberal patron, during its infancy, was Elihu Yale, for whom the college was named.

Connecticut was highly prosperous during the first half of the eighteenth century. She suffered little from war, and her people were industrious, frugal, and happy. Her history has

TOMO-CHICHI'S OFFERING.

fewer dark pages than that of Massachusetts, while her liberality of sentiment was greater and her material advancement fully as rapid.

Rhode Island, composed of the colony of Rhode Island and the Providence Planta-

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tion, was refused admission by the United Colonies when she asked to join that federation in 1643. It was an ungenerous act on the part of the stronger provinces, but it did no harm.

As there was some danger that the settlements on the Narragansett would be forcibly placed under the jurisdiction of Plymouth, Roger Williams went to England in 1654 for a second time and obtained a confirmation of the charter.

Charles II. fought his way to the throne of England in 1660. As Rhode Island had taken a charter from the parliament which beheaded Charles I., there was much misgiving, when he was timidly asked for a renewal of the charter. The prayer, however, was granted, to the inexpressible delight of the people. All the rights and privileges of the previous charter were given in the new one.

Like her sister colonies, "Rhode Island and Providence Plantation," as they were named in the charter, prospered. Education received great attention. Brown University was founded in 1764.

Sir Edmund Andros, after overthrowing the liberties of Massachusetts, went to Newport, dissolved the government and broke the seal of the colony. His usurpation, however, was brief. When the news of his imprisonment reached Newport, the people were delighted. They re-elected Walter Clarke governor, but he hesitated to accept. Then Almy was elected, but he too was timid and shrank back. Finally Henry Bull, one of the founders of the colony and a Quaker patriarch, four-score years old, was begged to accept the trust. He complied, and devoted his last days to the good of the people, who never regretted the trust they placed in him.

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CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE must now return to the history of the province of New York, of which the Earl of Bellamont became governor in 1698. He found on taking charge of affairs, great irregularities which had grown up under the administration of Fletcher, his immediate predecessor. The cruel death of Leisler had left wounds yet unhealed, the navigation laws were not enforced, and piracy prevailed to an alarming extent. To the suppression of this great evil, the governor, during his rule of three years, devoted his utmost energy.

He had entered upon this work, however, before he was governor. Captain William Kidd — sometimes, but wrongly, called Robert — was a daring privateersman in time of war whose services under the English government attracted much favorable mention. When Ingoldsby was besieging the fort held by Leisler, Captain Kidd sailed up to the town and gave such help to the Ingoldsby party that he was commended in the dispatches to the home government. Lord Bellamont was persuaded that Kidd was the best man that could be selected to send against the pirates, and a company was formed in London for the equipment of a ship, the *Adventure Galley*, to be placed under Kidd's command. Six thousand pounds were subscribed by a number of gentlemen, among whom were Bellamont and several noblemen in England. The king was to receive one-tenth part of the treasure which might be taken, and not more than one-fourth of the prizes were to go to the crew.

The royal commission under which Kidd sailed authorized him to cruise against the French and to seize certain notorious pirates who were mentioned by name. Unable fully to man his ship in the Thames, he sailed for New York, where he soon increased the number to one hundred and fifty. Among them were many characters gathered from the most desperate criminals in the provinces. Leaving New York in February, 1697, he headed for the coast of Madagascar, where the pirates were very numerous. It was a five months' voyage thither, and he cruised almost as long after reaching that latitude without taking a prize. Disgusted with his failure, he made for the west coast of Hindostan, where no better fortune attended him. He finally turned pirate himself, and it is not impossible that such was his purpose when he disobeyed orders by sailing for Madagascar.

Much romance has been written about this famous rover of the seas. Few particulars of his voyages and exploits are known with certainty, but no doubt he was a thorough scoundrel, who, placing himself on good terms with the other pirates in those distant waters, plundered right and left, whenever opportunity presented. He was cruel to the last degree, and, when he landed, as he frequently did, he burned houses and mur-

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dered innocent people. He acquired enormous gains, so much so that it is said even the common sailors became wealthy. Having gathered all the riches he wanted he had the hardihood to set sail for Boston, believing he could bribe or deceive his former friends as to his guilt.

But news having reached London that Kidd had become pirate, orders were sent to the English colonies to use all effort to arrest him. Before this could be done, he had burned his ship and dispersed his men. He deceived Lord Bellamont for a time, but he was finally arrested and sent to London, where he was hanged in 1701.

Ever since the death of this famous pirate, stories have been told of the riches which he buried at different points along the Atlantic coast. You would be astonished if you could learn how many persons have searched for those hidden treasures, which have never yet been, and are not likely to be, brought to light, since there is no reason to believe that the freebooter ever hid any part of his surplus wealth.

Lord Bellamont died in March, 1701, and Nanfan, the lieutenant-governor, ruled until the next year, when the new governor, Lord Cornbury, arrived. Aside from his flagrant immorality already referred to in a previous chapter, he united his efforts with those of the unscrupulous Governor Dudley of Massachusetts to destroy the charter governments. Dudley wanted to annex Rhode Island, while Cornbury hoped to add Connecticut to his judisdiction, and both came near success. Cornbury was governor for seven years, most of which time he was also ruler of New Jersey, though that province maintained a separate assembly. He was a bad governor, but is better remembered as a very silly one. At public assemblies and sometimes in the streets he would appear in the clothes of a woman, which he thought the more appropriate apparel of a governor whose sovereign was a woman. Lord Lovelace, who succeeded him, is considered to have done quite well, since it was impossible for him to do as ill as his predecessor. The people were willing to overlook a great many shortcomings in the executive who followed that ruler. But his administration was a short one, as he died May 5, 1709. Ingoldsby acted as governor, pending the arrival of Hunter, who was next appointed.

Queen Anne's War at that time was in progress, and there was much excitement over the proposed invasion of Canada. The English fleet, however, which was expected to accomplish so much in the St. Lawrence, failed, and the scheme for the time came to naught. The next year men and ships were provided for another expedition, and the result was the capture of Port Royal, already related. The credit of that exploit was mainly due to the New England men, but the New York troops under Nicholson and Schuyler were entitled to a goodly share of the glory.

Governor Hunter and the assembly agreed on one point—the importance of prosecuting the war against France by striking a damaging blow at Canada. When such an expedition was ordered by the home government, it received enthusiastic support. Six hundred men were furnished by New York, in addition to the same number of Iroquois. The name Iroquois was given to the Five Nations or tribes of Indians, whose villages were between the English settlements and those of the French on the St. Lawrence. These five tribes were united and formed the most powerful confederation of American Indians ever known on this continent. The Tuscaroras of the south afterward joined

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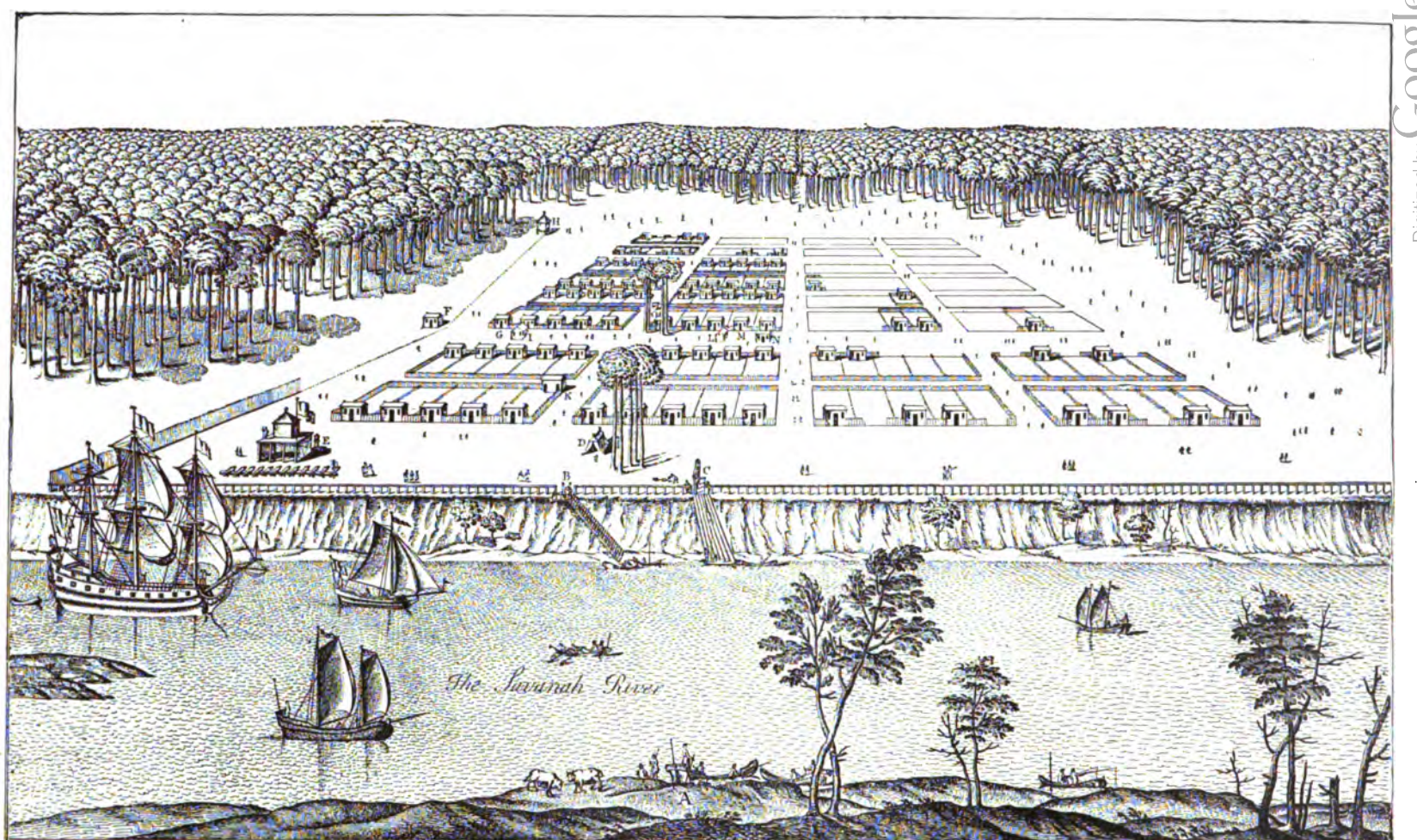

A View of the Town of Savanah, *in the Colony of* Georgia, *in* South-Carolina.

Humbly Inscribed to his Excellency Genl Oglethorpe.

References A. *Part of an Island called* Hutchinson's *Island.* B. *The Stairs & Landing Place from the River to the Town.* C. *A Crane & Bell to draw up any Goods from Boats & to land them.* D. *A Tent pitched near the Landing for* Genl *Oglethorpe.* E. *A Guard House with a Battery of Cannon lying before it.* F. *The Parsonage House* G. *A Plott of Ground to build a Church on.* H. *A Fort, or Look out to the Woodside.* I. *The House for all Stores.* K. *The Court House & Chappel.* L. *The Mill House for the Publick* M. *A House for all Strangers to reside in.* N. *The Common Bake-House.* O. *A Draw-Well for Water* P. *The Wood Covering the Back & Sides of the Town with Several Vistas cut into it.*

From a Print published at London in 1741.

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them, when they became known as the Six Nations. Their location and power were such that their friendship was of the greatest importance to the English, and that was firmly secured by Colonel Schuyler and retained for many years.

Connecticut and New Jersey sent sixteen hundred men to re-enforce the four thousand mustered at Albany, for the march against Montreal, while Massachusetts held almost a thousand ready to embark on the sixteen men of war and forty transports which reached Boston in the summer of 1711, on their way to attack Quebec. Sir Hovendon Walker was admiral of this fleet, and it was his incompetence and the ignorance of the pilots which wrecked a fourth of the vessels when a short distance up the St. Lawrence and caused the loss of more than a thousand men. Meanwhile, Nicholson had started from Albany with his army of four thousand to attack Quebec. At Lake Champlain, he received tidings of the disaster to the fleet on the St. Lawrence, and he found that the French governor, relieved of all fear in that quarter, was ready to meet an invasion by land. Nicholson had no choice but to withdraw, which he did, and the proposed conquest of Canada again came to an inglorious end.

Governor Hunter retired in 1719, making way for William Burnet, son of the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury. He was a genial, prudent ruler who gave much attention to securing friendly relations with the Indians. The French had always taken great pains to cultivate the good will of the savages, who gave them great help when they were at war with their English rivals. Burnet tried in this manner to counteract the influence of the French and met with much success. As one means of accomplishing that end, he prohibited all trade with the French of Canada. The assembly supported him, but the people did not, for, in striking a blow at his enemies, he injured his friends in the most sensitive part — their pockets. Such a prohibition cut both ways, and other difficulties in which he became involved led to his transfer in 1727, to the governorship of Massachusetts, which he held for two years.

Colonel John Montgomery, who had been an officer of the court of George II. when he was Prince of Wales, was the next governor of New York. During his administration the obnoxious laws which forbade the colony to trade with the French were repealed, much to the relief of the colonists, though it gave offense to the Iroquois, who lost thereby a large trade. He died in 1731, and the senior member of council, who bore the odd name of Rip Van Dam, filled the office until the arrival of the regular successor, Colonel William Cosby, who reached New York in August, 1732. The great ambition of Cosby was to make a fortune from the office, as too many of his predecessors had done. He demanded that Van Dam should pay over to him one-half the salary which he — Van Dam — had received as acting governor. A law suit followed, and Cosby in his arbitrary fashion, insisted that the trial should take place before the judges of the court without the help of a jury. Chief Justice Morris said that this was not within the power of the court. Thereupon the governor removed him and placed James Delancey in his place, first making sure that the views of the latter agreed with his own.

The arrogant course of Cosby caused much feeling. Two parties were formed — the aristocratic, favoring the governor, while the popular party sympathized with Van

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Dam. The assembly was offended by his insolence and the people frightened by his attack on their privileges. John Peter Zenger established, in 1735, the *New York Evening Journal*, for the very purpose of opposing the arbitrary course of the governor. Van Dam and Judge Morris each published statements of their cases and this added to the feeling. Zenger made such a violent attack on Cosby's principles and conduct that the governor induced the council to order that four numbers of the journal, including two pieces of doggerel, should be publicly burned by the common hangman, or the whipper at the pillory. The magistrates were ordered to preside at this ceremony, but they refused. The executioner also refused, and the papers had to be burned by the negro boy belonging to the sheriff. The whole proceedings were so ridiculous that the anger of the governor and his friends was intensified and it was determined to try Zenger on the charge of libel. Here new difficulties arose. The indictment properly should come from the grand jury; but they refused to bring in a bill for libel against Zenger. The attorney-general then brought the charge without regard to the decision of the grand jury. But Zenger's counsel denied the right of the judges to sit on the trial because they had received their appointment from the governor, who was virtually a party to the suit, and they also denied the legality of the indictment by the attorney-general. The judges got over that difficulty by turning Zenger's lawyers out of court.

These arbitrary proceedings only helped Zenger with the people, and he next secured the services of Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, former speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly and then the most distinguished lawyer in America. He was old and infirm, but he willingly took charge of the case, and when the trial opened, August 4, 1735, he was present to look after the interests of his client.

At the outset, Hamilton admitted the fact of the publication and challenged the prosecutor to prove the charge of libel by showing that the statements were false. Hitherto the maxim of the law had been, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." But Hamilton took just the opposite ground; and to prove the words libelous, he said, it must first be proved that they were "false, scandalous, and seditious." The prosecution knew very well that this could not be done, and Hamilton's challenge, therefore, was declined. Whereupon he called witnesses to prove the truth of the charges which Zenger had published against the governor, and then pointing out that the attorney-general had stated in the information that Zenger had been guilty of "a certain *false*, malicious, seditious and scandalous libel," demanded of him that he should give his views as to the meaning of "false," or else permit the record to be altered so that Zenger should be charged with publishing "a certain *true*, malicious, and seditious libel." He insisted that it was the clear right of freemen to publish to their fellow-citizens every truth that concerned the general good, and it was their duty to expose every attack made upon their liberties and privileges. Public security was best promoted by an open discussion of alleged misdoings, in which the accused, as well as the accuser, was given the right to lay his views before his fellow citizens. He contended it was impossible that the jury would pronounce a person guilty of falsehood, when the prosecutor himself dare not undertake to prove the charge nor suffer it to be disproved.

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The chief justice instructed the jury to leave the question of libel to the court, and simply return a verdict as to the fact of publication. The jury took but a few minutes to reach a verdict of "not guilty." The result delighted nearly every one. Hamilton's speech was printed and circulated in all the colonies, and the corporation of New York presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box. It was indeed

JOHN WESLEY.

a great triumph for the freedom of the press, for which Andrew Hamilton should always be held in grateful remembrance. Cosby died in March, 1736, not long after his defeat. George Clark, the oldest member of council, who succeeded him as lieutenant-governor, was little better than his predecessors. With a view of creating some check on the French fort at Crown Point, he proposed that a body of Scotch Highlanders should emigrate to the province and settle on the frontier territory, near Lake George.

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The scheme was embodied in a proclamation which was sent to Scotland, where Captain Lachlan Campbell was so impressed that he visited New York and held an interview with the governor. The latter promised him a grant of thirty thousand acres of land free from all but the necessary charges. Thereupon Campbell went back to Scotland, sold his paternal estate, and, at his own expense, took to New York, in 1737, eighty-

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

three Highland families. When he reached America again, he was coolly told that he should have the grant of land only on condition that he would admit several dependents of the governor to a share in the profits. Captain Campbell indignantly refused the terms and was obliged to leave the emigrants to shift for themselves, while he sought to make a living by cultivating a small farm. It is proper to say, however, that there is some reason for doubting the truth of this story about Campbell.

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It was during the latter days of Clark's administration that the events of what is known in history as the "Negro Plot," took place. Slaves at that time were numerous in the town and city. In the winter of 1740–41 fires broke out, and followed each other so rapidly, that no doubt many of them were kindled on purpose, though it has been proved that a number of the first were purely accidental. The suspicion was aroused that the slaves caused these conflagrations with the intention of burning the town. One of the easiest things in the world is to start a panic. A proclamation was issued by the magistrates offering pardon, freedom and rewards to any slave who would bear witness against incendiaries and conspirators. Such inducements are sure to bring forward those who are eager to commit perjury for the sake of gain.

The magistrates did not have to wait. Some women of bad character swore that the negroes had formed a plot for burning the city and placing one of their own number at the head of affairs. Other witnesses did their best to gain the reward by adding their testimony, which often was of the most worthless character. White men too were accused, and New York shuddered with a terror like that caused by the witchcraft delusion which swept through Massachusetts a half century before. People went wild with panic, losing their judgment and sense of humanity and mercy. Before the strange excitement ended, over thirty persons had been executed, several of whom were burned at the stake, while others were transported. When the citizens regained their senses it came to be generally doubted, as many cool-headed persons had doubted all along, whether there had ever been any plot at all.

George Clinton became governor in 1743. He must have been of a frugal mind, for at the end of ten years he had managed to save nearly half a million dollars. What little energy was left him, outside of his efforts to save money, were devoted to the service of the king, who gave him such an excellent opportunity to lay by something for a rainy day.

When news reached New York, in 1744, of the war between England and France, Governor Clinton was at Albany, making preparations for the event which he expected. The treaty with the Six Nations was re-affirmed, and circular letters were sent to the governors of the other provinces calling on them to unite in measures for the public defense. The assembly and the governor were at sword points and that body did what it thought best without the least regard to his views.

Governor Shirley of Massachusetts applied to Clinton for aid in the expedition against Louisburg. Clinton was an enthusiastic supporter of the plan, but he could not bring the assembly to his views. They declined to send men and only after much hesitation appropriated £3,000. When he sent off a number of cannon at his personal expense, the assembly remained unmoved. Finally in disgust he dissolved the house and ordered a new election. The new body voted £5,000 additional toward the expedition against Louisburg, but in other respects were as intractable as the assembly which it succeeded.

A much more patient man than Clinton would have been exasperated by the treatment he received at the hands of those over whom he nominally ruled. In 1746, orders

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came from England for the colonies as far south as Virginia to assist in the capture of Canada. The plan was to make an advance from Louisburg against Quebec and from Albany to Montreal by way of Crown Point. As Lieutenant-governor Gooch, of Virginia, declined the command, Governor Clinton was entitled to assume the leadership.

William Johnson at that time possessed great influence over the Six Nations, having married the sister of the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant. Through his aid, the powerful Indian confederation remained friends to the English, and promised to fight the French. Other tribes in New England and Pennsylvania also agreed to take the war path on the English side.

But every thing seemed to go wrong with the governor of New York. The movement from Louisburg was arrested by D'Anville's fleet off Nova Scotia. General St. Clair, who was to be commander-in-chief of the expedition against Canada, did not arrive, nor did he send the re-enforcements promised. The Indian allies lost patience and began dispersing. The soldiers were forced to remain idle and received no pay through the autumn and winter. The next news was an order for the abandonment of the expedition, soon followed by tidings of peace between England and France.

Clinton now undertook to put the province of New York in a condition of defense, but the assembly thwarted him as before. He asked the home government repeatedly to recall him. Sir Danvers Osborn finally was sent over to supersede him, but committed suicide two days after his inauguration. Clinton was thereby compelled to deliver to the detested Delancey his long withheld commission as lieutenant-governor.

The most important events in the history of New York, prior to the Revolution, have now been given, and we will glance at New Jersey, whose early records form a part of those of the larger province.

You have already learned that New Jersey was divided July 1, 1676, into East and West Jersey, Carteret taking the eastern portion and the Quakers the western. The West Jersey province gave the people a liberal constitution, March 13, 1677, and during that year, more than four hundred Quakers settled below the Raritan. Andros called upon them to acknowledge the authority of the Duke of York, but they refused, and the dispute being referred to the eminent Sir William Jones, he decided against the duke, who honestly accepted the decision and released both provinces: the Jerseys thereby became independent of foreign control.

The first popular assembly in West Jersey met at Salem, in November, 1681, and adopted a code of laws for the government of the people. Carteret dying in 1679, the trustees offered East Jersey for sale. It was bought by William Penn and eleven of his brethren. They obtained a new charter in February, 1682, and July 27th appointed Robert Barclay, an eminent Quaker preacher, governor for life. Large numbers of Quakers flocked thither from Scotland, England, New England and Rhode Island.

When James became king, he sought to annul the American charters. The Jerseys protested, but were obliged to submit to his tyranny. Andros being driven from the country in 1689, the Jerseys were left without a regular government, and a sort of mild anarchy prevailed for a dozen years. Finally a proposition was made that all claimants should surrender their rights of civil jurisdiction to the British crown, retaining

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simply the ownership of the soil. This measure was carried out, and in April, 1702, all proprietary claims being waived in favor of the sovereign, the Jerseys became a royal province, which was attached to the government of Lord Cornbury of New York. Each province, however, retained its own assembly and a separate territorial organization.

EMIGRANTS IN GEORGIA.

In 1738, mainly through the efforts of Lewis Morris, New Jersey again became independent, and Morris himself was commissioned the first royal governor of the separated province. Its situation is such that it did not suffer from the Indian wars which desolated the other colonies, and no events of special public interest took place on its soil until the breaking out of the Revolution.

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32 VISIT OF OGLETHORPE TO THE HIGHLAND COLONY. (*See page 258.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

GEORGIA.

THE last settled of the original thirteen colonies was Georgia. The founder was James Oglethorpe, a member of an ancient and honorable English family, and a man whose career was almost as varied and romantic as that related of Captain John Smith, in the account of the early settlement of Virginia.

Oglethorpe went to the University of Oxford when only sixteen years old, and entered the army as ensign at twenty-one. He was engaged in fighting from that time forward until the establishment of peace in 1718. He was brave and had a great deal of military ability, as his career in Georgia shows.

After quitting the army he became a member of parliament. He and some other philanthropists were greatly shocked by the condition of the prisons of England. They found the inmates in a horrible state, and as many of them were innocent of any crime except that of being in debt, Oglethorpe was stirred to do something for them. It was on his motion in 1728, that an investigation was made which led to many reforms. A rich citizen of London died about that time and willed that his wealth should be spent in liberating insolvent debtors. As the poor persons were likely to fall into debt again, if nothing more than their simple release was secured, Oglethorpe persuaded the parliamentary committee who had charge of the funds to use them in colonizing the southern part of the Carolinas, with the poor but worthy debtors.

This was practical charity beyond all question and the plan was popular from the first. The House of Commons voted a liberal sum to be added to the bequest, and it was also increased by donations from the Bank of England and from many benevolent private persons. The government decided to erect the territory into a separate province, which should be named Georgia, in honor of George II., then the king of England.

No scheme of the kind ever started with better promise. It was publicly declared that one purpose was to convert the Indians; and the assurance was given that all who chose to emigrate to the province should receive citizenship, no matter what their religious faith might be. In addition pecuniary help would be furnished all the original Protestant emigrants, from whatever part of Europe they might come. These liberal offers, as one may well believe, were eagerly accepted by many in different parts of the continent as well as in England. The trustees aimed to keep away the idle and vicious and to select only those who were honestly anxious to build up homes in the New World. There were so many applicants indeed that the principal work for a time was that of sifting the worthy from the unworthy ones.

The royal charter of Georgia was dated June 9, 1732. The province it provided

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for extended from the Savannah on the north to the Altamaha on the south, and from the sources of those rivers westward to the Pacific, with the usual ignorance of the period as to what such a grant included.

The government of the colony was vested for twenty-one years in a corporation of twenty-one noblemen and gentlemen. Among them were Anthony Ashley Cooper, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, Stephen Hales and James Oglethorpe. High hopes were entertained of the scheme by its many friends. Grapes grew so exuberantly in the country that it was believed wine would be largely produced. England at the time paid two and a half million dollars a year to Piedmont for unmanufactured silk, of which it was thought a large portion would be made in Georgia and exchanged for English goods. The olive also was to be raised, so that the mother country would no longer have to depend on Italy for her oil.

Among the one hundred and twenty emigrants (representing thirty-five families), which sailed from Gravesend in November, 1732, with Oglethorpe, were a few Piedmontese silk-workers, who had in their charge a quantity of silk-worms' eggs produced in their own land. They were an excellent set of men, and among them were bricklayers, carpenters, farmers and other persons accustomed to industrial pursuits. They were also furnished with fire-arms and swords and trained in their use. The king sent seventy-four pieces of cannon with ammunition and materials for building forts. They also took with them all the supplies they would need until able to raise their own.

The voyage was a tedious one of fifty-seven days before the *Anne* reached Charleston. There a warm welcome awaited them. Governor Johnson asked the assembly of South Carolina to vote the new comers a large number of breeding cattle and other supplies, and the assembly promptly did so. Under the escort of mounted rangers and scout-boats furnished by the Carolinans, the emigrants sailed to Port Royal. Landing at Beaufort, accompanied by Mr. Bull, of Charleston, afterward the governor of South Carolina, Oglethorpe went up the river to locate the settlement. The present city of Savannah stands on the site he selected.

In laying out the town, Oglethorpe was wise enough to bear in mind that it was to have a future. The streets and avenues of each quarter crossed each other at right angles, leaving at certain intervals open public squares or little parks; and some of the names given by the wise founder of Georgia still cling to these streets — such as Drayton, Bull, Whitaker, and Abercorn.

The following week the company were taken to the bluff which Oglethorpe had chosen for the site of the new settlement. They were charmed, and all set to work with a will. The leader did not forget the example of William Penn, and, before clearing the ground, he secured the consent of Tomo-chichi, the nearest chief. In taking this wise step, Oglethorpe received great help from Mary Musgrove, the half-breed wife of an Indian trader living in the neighborhood. She overcame the misgivings of the old sachem, who walked timorously forward and handed to the leader a bison skin, painted inside with the head and feathers of an eagle.

"Here," said he, through the interpreter, "is a buffalo skin adorned with the head and feathers of an eagle. The eagle means speed, and the buffalo strength. The

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English are swift as the eagle, and strong as the buffalo. Like the eagle, they flew hither over great waters, and, like the buffalo, nothing can withstand them. But the feathers of the eagle are soft and signify kindness; and the skin of the buffalo is covering, and signifies protection. Let these, then, remind them to be kind and protect us."

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Oglethorpe replied very much as did the founder of Pennsylvania to the Delawares a half century before, and a treaty was signed by which the English secured sovereignty over the lands of the Creeks as far south as the St. John's. This sachem was the leader of a small tribe settled on the Yamacraw and separated from the main body of Creeks. During the interview presents of laced coats, hats, shirts, gunpowder, bullets, pipes, tobacco, ribbons, Irish linen and rum were given them. The red men

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were as delighted as so many children over the showy gifts, and seemed anxious for some chance to prove their gratitude to the visitors. The next year a treaty was made with the Natchez Indians — a great advantage to the colonists.

In May, 1733, a council was held with the tribes of the country, and the treaty of

CHICKASAWS WITH SPANIARD'S HEAD.

Tomo-chichi was confirmed. The friendship expressed on both sides could not have been more cordial. South Carolina took the province, as may be said, under her special care. She sent thither many substantial tokens of her good-will, and Oglethorpe, in an address to her assembly, gave expression in touching language to his thanks.

The first crop of Indian corn amounted to a thousand bushels. Two bodies of

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emigrants soon arrived from the old country, and the town of Augusta was laid out. The prosperity of Georgia was at a high point, when, after a stay of a little more than a year, Oglethorpe went back to England. He took with him Tomo-chichi; his wife, Senauki; their son, Tooanakowki, and Hillispilli, one of the leading warriors of the tribe.

August 1, 1734, Tomo-chichi had an interview with the king at Kensington palace. The old sachem, addressing the sovereign, made the following speech:

"This day I see the majesty of your face and the number of your people. I am come for the good of the whole nation called Creeks, to renew the peace which was long ago made with the English. I am come over in my old days, though I can not live to see any advantage to myself; I am come for the good of all the nations of the upper and lower Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English. These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and which flyeth all round our nations: these feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with you, O, great king, as a sign of everlasting peace. O, great king, whatsoever words you shall say unto me I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nations."

King George listened attentively and answered,

"I am glad of the opportunity of assuring you of my regard for the people from whom you come. I am extremely well pleased with the assurances you have brought me from them; and accept very gratefully this present as an indication of their good disposition to me and my people. I shall be always ready to cultivate a good correspondence between them and my own subjects, and shall be glad of any occasion to show you a mark of my particular friendship and esteem."

The old chieftain then turned to the queen and with a simplicity and grandeur of bearing, said, "I am glad to see this day and to have the opportunity of seeing the mother of this great people. As our people are joined with your majesty's we humbly hope to find you the common mother and protectress of us and all our children."

During this interview Tomo-chichi and his wife were dressed in scarlet and gold. Hillispilli was anxious to appear in his war costume, which was simply a cloth around the waist and considerable paint on his face. Oglethorpe, however, persuaded him from doing so, though it hurt the dusky warrior to be deprived of the chance of making the sensation he had counted upon.

Like many visitors to Europe since that time the aborigines were well nigh ruined by the attentions paid them. They were continually entertained at court and by the nobility. At the end of four months, when they sailed for their own country, they took presents to the value of several thousand dollars. Tomo-chichi must have aroused a good deal of wonder and envy among the rest of his people, when he displayed the handsome gold watch given him by the young Duke of Cumberland. It is hardly possible that the old chief ever learned to make much use of the time piece, for the Indian counts time by "breaths," "runs," "moons," etc. When Oglethorpe was on the eve of starting on this visit to England, there arrived at Charleston a fresh band of emigrants known as Salzburgers, whom religious persecution had driven from their native

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province of Salzburg, at the foot of the Alps. He turned back with them to Savannah; but observing how different they were in their tastes and habits from the English, he decided to form them into a colony by themselves. Furnishing them with horses, he placed himself at their head, and guided by a number of Indians, led them across swollen streams and morasses until a fit spot was reached. There, persecuted and driven from post to pillar in Europe, they were glad to find refuge at last. They named the little stream Ebenezer, as they did the town which they proposed to build on its banks, meaning thereby to express their gratitude for the mercy which heaven had showed them throughout all their wanderings.

You know that two of the most revered names among the Methodists to-day are the brothers, John and Charles Wesley, the founders of their sect. They were great and good men, and will be honored through all ages to come. They were members of the party which Oglethorpe brought with him on his return from England in the winter of 1735–6. Charles came as the governor's secretary, while John, the elder, was sent by the trustees as a missionary to the Indians. The emigrants as a whole were superior to any that had yet come to the province. Among them were many Moravians, with the Baron von Rick and Captain Hermsdorf at their head. So marked indeed was this new re-enforcement that it is known in the history of Georgia as the Grand Embarkation.

The Wesleys, it must be remembered, were young men when they visited Georgia. The very intensity of their earnestness led them into errors which did much harm. John, especially, was so intemperate that he caused great wrangling. He quarreled with Oglethorpe, who gave him some good and very much needed advice. John (who at that time was still a clergyman of the Church of England) finally came to the belief that he himself was not converted. In the latter part of 1737, he went back to England, his brother having left nearly a year before. Both were heartily sick of the new country, where their career was altogether unworthy of the illustrious work they did for their divine Master in after years.

The clergyman sent to take the place of John Wesley at Savannah afterward became one of the most famous preachers of the eighteenth century. He was George Whitefield, a man of moving eloquence and power, who swayed mulitudes as a storm sways the forest through which it sweeps. When Whitefield reached Charleston, the Episcopal clergyman, Alexander Gordon, thought it his duty to warn his hearers against him, by preaching from the text: "Those that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." By way of answer, Whitefield took for the text of his next sermon a verse in the second Epistle to Timothy: "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works."

Oglethorpe is one of the most admirable characters associated with the early history of our country. But his anxiety for the moral as well as the material good of those under him, led him to attempt some things which time, place and circumstances rendered impossible of accomplishment. Thus, on his return from England, he brought two acts of parliament, one forbidding the holding of slaves in Georgia and the other prohibiting the introduction of spirituous liquors into the province. He tried hard to enforce both these laws, but it is easy to understand how difficult it was for him

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to do so. A leading traffic in Carolina was that in rum. The Carolinans were no more eager to sell than the Georgians were to buy: such being the conditions, no earthly power could stop the business.

Slave labor, however wrong morally, was thought to be especially adapted to the climate of Georgia. While slavery prevailed across the line in Carolina, white labor could not compete with it in Georgia. For a time, slaves were hired in gangs from

A PLANTER'S HOUSE IN GEORGIA.

South Carolina, but that way of evading the law was soon thrown aside and slavery became as much an institution in one province as the other.

One of the most injurious laws made by the trustees was that grants of land should be made only in tail male, which peculiar expression means that widows and daughters were shut out from all interest in the real estate of husband and father. If any proprietor, therefore, died without sons, it went back to the trustees, who could grant it to whomsoever they chose. They were required, however, to give compensation to the unmarried daughters of such proprietors as had improved their lands, and the widow was entitled during her life to the mansion house, as the log cabin or hovel was called. The law worked serious injury to Georgia before the proprietors saw fit to repeal it.

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Oglethorpe's attempt to control the traffic with the Indians roused much enmity among the Charleston tradesmen and caused murmuring on the part of those of his own people affected by it. It was probably inevitable that some errors should be made by the father of Georgia, but it is pleasant to record that all he made came from his love for his fellow men.

JOHN LAW.

When in England, Oglethorpe was unceasing in his efforts to advance the interests of his colony. The high estimation in which he was held gave him influence in all quarters. Parliament granted more money, and other emigrants were sent to the delightful region beyond the Atlantic. Among these were a hundred and fifty sturdy Scotchmen, who, it was believed, would prove invaluable in defending the colony during war time. They were assigned a tract of land on the Altamaha, which En-

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gland insisted was the boundary between her territories and those of Spain. A town was built to which they gave the name of New Inverness, and the fort was called Darien. Other Scotch settlers followed, and, in accordance with their tastes, they formed themselves into a little clan, preserving their national dress and customs. Oglethorpe paid them a visit, and, possibly out of compliment to them, as well as in remembrance of the fact that his mother was related to the house of Argyll, he presented himself in Highland costume. You may be sure he was cheered, and received with hearty welcome.

The towns started by the Grand Emigration were Darien, and further up the river, Ebenezer, by the Salzburgers, and Augusta. The governor, however, gave his chief attention to Frederica, on St. Simon's Island. Realizing that Georgia was to be a bulwark against the encroachments of the Spaniards, he brought all his military skill into play when preparing against the invasion. The fortifications of St. Simon's and Cumberland islands were made so formidable that only a rash foe would leave them in the rear by invading the country to the north. The governor visited the Moravians at Ebenezer, and praised their husbandry, which certainly was excellent. In a few years the industrious Germans exported annually ten thousand pounds of raw silk. Indigo was also grown, and it is noteworthy that no slave labor was permitted in that section, the Salzburgers maintaining that they could endure toil in that trying climate as well as the Africans could.

Oglethorpe, in company with several of the Highlanders, traveled far to the south, and claimed the St. John's River as the southern boundary of his province. It must be admitted that this was a bold proceeding, for it covered a great deal more than was granted in the charter of Georgia. The governor based his claim on the fact that the territory in dispute was in possession of Indian subjects of England in 1713, at the date of the treaty that ended the war between England on one side and France and Spain on the other. Oglethorpe's messengers to St. Augustine, bearing his statement of claims, were kept prisoners. The governor abandoned St. John's River, however, and the river St. Mary became the southern limit of Georgia. Oglethorpe knew that Spain would never agree, until compelled to do so, to his occupation of the province, and he was wise, therefore, in making such strong preparations to resist invasion from that quarter.

Toward the close of 1736 he received a message from the governor of St. Augustine, notifying him that a Spanish commissioner had arrived from Havana with a communication that he wished to deliver personally to the governor of Georgia. The interview asked for was given, and Oglethorpe and his guest discussed the question of boundaries. The commissioner very emphatically insisted that the English should withdraw from the entire country south of St. Helena Sound: in other words, they were to give up all of Georgia and a part of South Carolina. If they refused, the king of Spain would drive them out.

Oglethorpe was not the man to be scared by such threats, though the ambassador uttered many more before he went away. The situation, however, was a grave one; for a war had broken out in Europe between France and the German Empire; and, since Great

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Britain was expected to side with the latter, the governors of Canada and Louisiana (both of which were French provinces) had been ordered to attack the most exposed frontiers of the English colonies in America. Had events in Europe followed the course expected France and Spain would, no doubt, have joined in assailing Georgia, and it certainly would have gone ill with the province; but, fortunately, peace was restored in Europe before such a calamity could occur. Still, Spain was a proud and domineering power, and was certain to strike at Georgia.

The home government had lately given £10,000 to pay the cost of erecting the forts at Augusta, Darien, and Frederica, and to maintain garrisons in them. But there were no trained soldiers, and little prospect of making such from the material at command. The promised help was so slow in coming that Oglethorpe sailed for England, November 23, 1736, determined to rouse the king's ministers to energetic action.

His success was not great. Sir Robert Walpole, who was at the head of the government, was a peace minister, and though the national feeling in England ran high, on account of the seizure by Spain of English vessels trading between the West Indies and Spanish America, the prime minister held back, as far as he could, the "dogs of war." However, Oglethorpe was made a brigadier-general, his command extending over South Carolina as well as Georgia. He raised and drilled a regiment of six hundred men, the pay of each being twenty-five acres of land for seven years' service. Parliament voted £20,000 and in 1738 he returned to Georgia with his trained soldiers.

There had been much dissension while Oglethorpe was absent. Georgia and South Carolina almost came to blows over the dispute about selling rum, and, though the Moravians and Salzburgers would have nothing to do with slavery, other inhabitants clamored for it, insisting that they could never be on an equality with South Carolina until the right was given to import negroes. A great many of the discontented left Georgia and settled in the neighboring province.

Oglethorpe was welcomed back, when he declared that he would abandon the province if slavery was introduced, but much dissatisfaction prevailed. The Creeks and Chickasaws had repelled the French a couple of years before, and were, therefore, full of confidence. They were enthusiastic friends of Oglethorpe, and assured him that they would assist him to the last warrior in repelling any attack by the Spanish. The Spaniards had tried, without success, to corrupt the Creeks, while Oglethorpe was in England. Their attachment to him was too strong to be shaken.

Oglethorpe was astonished to learn that the Spanish authorities had not only tried to turn his Indian allies against him, but had made advances to the English soldiers whom he had brought with him. Some of them were compromised, and an attempt was made on the life of the governor, but the prompt trial by court martial, followed by the hanging of the ringleaders, quickly re-established discipline.

Learning at the close of 1739, that war had been declared against Spain, he put in operation the plans he had formed. He extended again the southern boundary to the St. John's, and urged South Carolina to join him in an expedition against St. Augustine. So eager was he to make the attack, that, without waiting for the answer of his neighbor, he entered Florida early in 1740, at the head of four hundred soldiers

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and a large party of Indians. During the march, Oglethorpe was dressed like his common soldiers and shared their hardest labors with them. His cheerfulness won their warmest admiration.

Information had reached the governor that the Spanish garrison was short of pro-

CHARLEVOIX'S DESCENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

visions, and he hastened to invest Diego, a small fort about twenty-five miles from the more important one. After a feeble resistance it surrendered, and Oglethorpe, leaving a garrison of sixty men, pushed on to Fort Moosa, within two miles of St. Augustine. He found that it had been abandoned by the Spaniards, who had withdrawn to the larger fortress, where the defenders were concentrating their strength to resist the invasion.

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By this time, Oglethorpe saw that it was impossible to succeed without help. He therefore left for Charleston to hurry up the contingent of that province. The assembly passed a vote to that effect, and made a grant of money. When the governor went back, he took a body of North and South Carolinans and Virginians, so that the attacking force was swelled to two thousand men of all kinds, including the Indians.

The town was strongly fortified by a line of intrenchments and a castle or fort, with a rampart twenty feet high and a parapet nine feet thick. Fifty cannon, some of them

VIEW IN ST. AUGUSTINE—THE OLDEST HOUSE.

twenty-four pounders, defended the fort, and in each of the angles of the line of intrenchments field pieces were mounted.

But while he was thus engaged, the Spanish had not been idle. A brief examination of St. Augustine showed the English leader that it could not be carried by storm. He therefore decided to blockade the place, some English men-of-war lying at anchor off the bar giving the needed help. The garrison of Fort Moosa, which he had increased, was to scour the woods and seize all supplies on the way to the fort. Colonel Vanderdussen with a mixed regiment of Carolinans and Virginians occupied Point Quarrel, a neck of land about a mile from St. Augustine, where a battery was erected. Oglethorpe with his own regiment and the main body of Indians, crossed to Anastasia Island, opposite the fort. Batteries were quickly erected, and the ships so disposed as to block the mouth of the harbor, St. Augustine being thus invested by land

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and sea. A summons to surrender was then sent to Montiano, the Spanish commander, who replied that he should be glad to shake the hand of his English friend within the fort. He had received fresh supplies and could afford to be defiant.

Oglethorpe now opened the bombardment and threw a number of shells into the town. The fire was returned, lasting on both sides for several days, but the forces were so far apart that little damage was done. Oglethorpe soon found he was in greater danger than the enemy was, for his supplies were giving out, and Montiano felt himself strong enough to send a detachment against Fort Moosa, which was so successful that most of the Highlanders of the garrison were killed.

It was during this fight that some of the Chickasaws captured a Spaniard, cut off his head, and, striding into Oglethorpe's tent, were proud to present it to him. The general, horrified and disgusted, denounced them as barbarous dogs, and ordered them out of his presence. The rebuke was well deserved, but it would have been better had it been postponed, for the Indians were angered, and retorted that the French would have acted very differently, had they carried to them the head of an English soldier. Striding angrily from the tent, the Chickasaws told the rest of their warriors what had taken place, whereupon every one of them abandoned the expedition and went home.

The heat was so intense that it drove out most of the South Carolina troops, who suffered a great deal from sickness. While the assailants were thus becoming weaker, the defenders grew stronger, a number of ships running the blockade not only with supplies but with several hundred men. The English naval commander notified Oglethorpe that his provisions were running low, and that the season of hurricanes was so near that he dared stay no longer.

When, in addition to all these misfortunes, Oglethorpe was himself attacked by fever, no choice was left but to raise the siege. He did so, returning to Frederica with his disheartened men, none of whom was in greater dejection of spirits than himself.

Despite the incident of the Spanish soldier's head, Oglethorpe remained wonderfully popular with the Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees. He had met in convention the representatives of nearly eight thousand warriors, and no one can fail to see how important their friendship was to Georgia.

A period of quiet followed the disastrous attempt against St. Augustine. So long as Admiral Vernon and his strong fleet were in American waters, the Spaniards attempted little in the way of retaliation; but when he sailed away, the enemy concluded it was time to settle the account with Oglethorpe for his invasion of their territory.

In May, 1742, two thousand troops, under the command of Don Antonio de Rodondo, arrived at St. Augustine from Havana. Knowing what this meant, Oglethorpe asked South Carolina to help him repel the invasion, but because of the trouble of two years before, the request was refused. Oglethorpe therefore made the most of his own resources.

Don Manuel de Montiano, captain-general of Florida, appeared off St. Simon's Island with a fleet of thirty-two vessels and a force estimated at from three to five

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thousand men. After mustering all he could, Highlanders, Indians and servants, the mongrel force under Oglethorpe amounted to about eight hundred. His military training told him that his position at Fort St. Simon was untenable; he therefore spiked his guns and withdrew to Frederica.

The position was an admirable one, the road thither having a deep morass on one side and a dense forest of oaks on the other. The Spaniards speedily made an attack, and the first detachment being driven back, a second followed. They advanced until they reached a portion of the avenue which curved in the form of a crescent. At that point it was less than twenty yards wide, while the wood on one side and the morass on the other made the defile a most dangerous trap to an enemy.

When the Spaniards reached this point, a body of concealed Highlanders and Indians dashed upon them from the wood. The enemy partly wheeled and poured several volleys into their ranks, but the impetuosity of the assailants was resistless, and the foe was almost annihilated. The scene of this fierce struggle has been known ever since as the Bloody Marsh.

Oglethorpe heard the sounds of the firing and hastened to the spot. He was able to reach it just in time to be received by the cheers of the triumphant Highlanders, and the yells of the exultant Indians. The repulse of the Spaniards was so decisive that they remained quiet for several days. A weak advance by water was easily repelled, after which Oglethorpe determined to take the offensive.

He was led to this daring resolve by the knowledge that there was such dissension in the Spanish army between the forces from St. Augustine and those from Havana, that they occupied separate encampments. Starting in the night, with three hundred regulars, the Highland company, and a troop of provincial rangers, Oglethorpe reached a point within a couple of miles of the Spanish position. There he halted, intending to make the assault at daybreak. A brilliant success seemed certain, when to the dismay of the commander one of his own men discharged his gun, and making a dash in the darkness, reached the Spanish camp before he could be stopped.

This man was a spy, who had not only given the alarm to the Spaniards, but carried with him the information which seemed certain to result in the overthrow of Oglethorpe himself; for, when the captain-general came to learn the weakness of the English force, he was sure to make his own plans to capture or destroy it.

Indeed the tables were so completely turned, that Oglethorpe hurriedly retreated to Frederica, thankful that he was not overwhelmed before reaching shelter; but on the road, while revolving the exasperating turn matters had taken, and regretting that some of the shots sent after the deserter did not hit him, General Oglethorpe conceived a very ingenious stratagem.

You know that in war each commander does his utmost to mislead his enemy respecting his own intentions. Strategy, as it is called, often lies in the skill with which such deception is carried out, and Oglethorpe now formed a plan to nullify the effects of the report which the deserter had surely made to the Spaniards.

His first step was to write a letter of instructions to the deserter, addressing him as though he were in reality an English spy, mousing round the Spanish camp for infor-

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mation. He ordered him to tell the enemy that Frederica was in a defenseless state, and that, if attacked at once, the garrison could be captured. If the spy could not induce them to make the assault, he was to hold them three days longer, during which

ATTACK ON SCHENECTADY.

time the Georgia troops would be re-enforced by two thousand soldiers, accompanied by six ships of war. Reference was also made to an impending attack on St. Augustine by Admiral Vernon. The deserter was assured that a liberal reward would be given him, if he could prevent the escape of the Spaniards from Georgia.

Now, the stories which Oglethorpe thus instructed the deserter to tell about the

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weakness of the English were the very ones which he knew the spy had already told to the Spanish commander. When this singular letter was sealed, Oglethorpe gave it to a Spanish prisoner, to whom he paid a heavy reward on condition that he would privately deliver the letter to the deserter. The Spaniard promised to do exactly as desired, accepted the gold placed in his hands, and took his departure for the Spanish camp. Arrived there, he was taken before the captain-general, who, not knowing him, ordered him to be searched, when the letter was found in his pocket.

FRENCH EXPLORERS BURYING LEADEN PLATES.

This was exactly what Oglethorpe wanted and expected. It at once threw suspicion on the deserter, who, to his own amazement, was hustled before the commander

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and required to give an account of himself. You will observe that if he told the simple facts, as most likely he did, it only placed him in a still more suspicious light before the general whom he wished to befriend.

But almost any commander, under such circumstances, would have had the suspicion that the deserter was speaking only the simple truth, and that Oglethorpe was seeking to make it appear false. For the sake of safety, however, the deserter was put in irons, and the Spanish commander set himself to work to find out whether Oglethorpe's letter of instructions was really written news to a spy, or was only a clever stratagem. But fortunately for the English general, at this critical hour three of the ships sent to his aid from Charleston appeared off the coast. That settled the question! No doubt, as the Spanish captain-general viewed it, Admiral Vernon's fleet was on its way, and if he wished to save his beloved St. Augustine, he had no time to spare in returning to its defense. A panic spread through the Spanish ranks. They set fire to the fort they had built with so much labor, hastened on board their ships and sailed away, leaving behind a great quantity of artillery, provisions and military stores.

Thus it was that the little piece of strategy saved Carolina and Georgia to the English Crown. It added greatly to the military renown of Oglethorpe, and brought disgrace and ridicule on the Spaniards. Montiano was severely censured, and Rodondo, on reaching Havana, was thrown into prison and afterward dismissed the service. This was the last Spanish invasion of Georgia, though in the following year Oglethorpe once more pushed hostilities to the walls of St. Augustine.

One of the general's officers had accused him of embezzlement and he went to England to answer the charges. He was tried by court-martial, and the verdict was that the accusation was utterly false and malicious; and Colonel Cook, the accuser, was dismissed the army and declared unfit to serve the King. In the course of two years Oglethorpe was raised to the grade of major-general, and soon after to that of lieutenant-general. He never again visited Georgia, though he felt a deep interest in its affairs to the end of his remarkably long life; but he never owned a house or an acre of land in the colony. It has been claimed that when he died he was ninety-six years old, but as there is some uncertainty of the time of his birth, he may have been younger.

As time went on, it was found that the system under which Georgia had been governed from its first settlement was unsuited to it. It had little commerce, and agriculture was backward. True, war and the fear of war had much to do with this bad state of affairs, but it was clearly owing in an equal degree to the poor form of government. After Oglethorpe's final return to England, the trustees appointed William Stephens, formerly the colonial secretary, to be governor, with four assistants. They were to receive their instructions from England; were to hold four general courts a year at Savannah for the transaction of public business, and were required to send a monthly account of their expenditures to England. The right of absolute property in land on payment of a small quit-rent was declared and the oppressive system of entail came to an end. But there was still much discontent, for the wars and bad system of government had almost extinguished the brilliant promise of the early days of the

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colony. Emigrants went thither no longer, and it looked for a time as if the settlement must die out.

Slavery was still prohibited, but the general belief was that Georgia could never prosper until she enjoyed the same privilege as her neighbors. Whitefield, the great preacher, urged the trustees to authorize slavery, and even the Moravians began to suspect that it might be a good thing for Georgia. However, it would never do for the authorities to come down too suddenly from the lofty position they had taken. At first, they allowed slaves from South Carolina to be hired for a brief period; then the term was made a hundred years, or during life. Finally negroes were imported from Africa, and the institution was established on the same footing as in the other southern colonies.

But this was not sufficient. It had become clear that no real progress could be made under the old charter. The scheme that had brought Georgia into being was founded on principles of broad humanity and genuine benevolence, but the plan of government was a failure. The people themselves were thriftless and the enormous amount, aggregating nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars, expended in parliamentary grants and private contributions, had, like all ill regulated charities, resulted in more harm than good. In 1752, there was not a town in all Georgia, and only three insignificant villages. The plantations were scattered, and the white population was less than two thousand. The blacks did not number one-fourth as many. The exports of the colony were slightly more than three thousand dollars. Industry was at a standstill. The trustees were discouraged, as well they might be, and in June, 1752, just a score of years after the granting of the charter, they surrendered the patent to the Crown. A royal government was then established over the province, and Captain John Reynolds was commissioned royal governor.

Governor Reynolds arrived at Savannah in the autumn of 1754, and at once began his arduous work. He seems to have been the right man in the right place, and it was not long before substantial results were seen. Immigration started up again, and many sturdy settlers went thither from Germany and Scotland. Indigo, under the patronage of the home government, was largely cultivated, and cotton, tobacco and rice became important products. At the end of two years and a half, the population exceeded five thousand. But the southern boundary, over which there had been so much strife, was not clearly defined until the close of the French and Indian War. During that struggle, the sagacious Governor Ellis kept peace with the powerful Creeks, who proved a solid wall between the feeble province and its enemies of the west and north.

In 1758, Georgia was divided into eight parishes, and the Church of England was established by law. It became a progressive and prosperous colony and in time grew to be the Empire State of the South.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

JOHN LAW, sometimes called Law of Lauriston, was born in Scotland in 1671. He claimed descent from the distinguished Argyll family. Whether or no his claim was true, it could make no difference to Law himself. His father was a wealthy goldsmith, who left to his son the fine estate of Lauriston, the boy at that time being in his fifteenth year. It would be thought that the youth would have adopted his father's calling, for in those times the Scotch goldsmiths had all the social privileges of the bankers of to-day. The tastes of the son, however, were very different from those of his parent. He received what was called in those days a good education, but, like too many youths who find themselves in the possession of money, he decided to lead a life of pleasure. Had he chosen to devote his great talents to the good of mankind, he would not only have gained the grateful remembrance of others, but would have enjoyed the only real pleasure that can be reached in this life. Starting on that bad road, however, he traveled rapidly; it was not long before he was so involved that his mother had to pay his debts to save his place of Lauriston. Thus encouraged, the son continued his wild course with greater recklessness than before. When he was just twenty-three years old, he killed a man in a duel, for which crime he was tried and sentenced to death. His life was saved by the king's pardon, but he still remained in prison, whence he contrived to escape and fled to France.

With all his knavery and dissipation, Law possessed extraordinary abilities. He believed in himself thoroughly, and made preparations for the astounding career on which he afterward entered. He carefully studied the system which had been followed with great success for many years by the famous Bank of Amsterdam. Having mastered it, he went back to Scotland, while still a young man, and there published a plan for a grand bank, a scheme that attracted much notice in Scotland and England. But nobody was disposed to put it in practice, and it came to naught.

So active a brain as that of Law could not remain idle, and, going back to the continent, he became a reckless gambler, winning and losing immense sums of money. Such a person is always sure to form the acquaintance of men in high walks of life. Among the many whom Law met was the Duke of Orleans, a royal scapegrace, and just the one to please the gambler. The French government was bankrupt, the "War of Succession" having stranded it among the financial breakers. Law submitted his plans for floating the government again, but Louis XIV., who had brains enough to comprehend them, turned Law away because he was a Protestant. The financier then tried other European governments, but without success. Meanwhile, he gave

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his mind to gambling with such success that he returned to France with two million livres, about half a million dollars.

When, some time after, Louis XIV. died, the finances of France were found in

DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY FATHER MARQUETTE.

a condition of great confusion. The royal stocks, as they were called, were at a discount of eighty per cent. In 1715 the annual expenses were a hundred and forty-eight million livres. Commerce was ruined, the troops were without money, over seven hundred millions of stocks fell due that year, while very nearly the entire receipts for the year were already pledged. The outlook was hopeless, and the regent was urged to declare the crown bankrupt. He would not consent, but, like a drowning man, clutched at every financial straw that promised to keep his head longer above water. It is evident, therefore, that if Law's schemes possessed real merit, he could not have chosen a better time in which to urge them on the government.

The Duke de Noailles, the head of the department of finance, took into consideration Law's proposals, which, after all, were simple enough. They were the establishment of a public bank, which should attend to all the financial affairs of the government, and do, besides, the ordinary business of a bank. The scheme was

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rejected, however, whereupon Law, with the fortune won by gambling, started a private banking house of his own. The capital was six million livres, divided into twelve hundred shares; and it was authorized to issue notes redeemable in coin. The Duke of Orleans accepted the title of patron of the bank.

The institution became popular at once, for it was sorely needed, and was managed on sound financial principles. The government helped it by receiving its paper money in lieu of coin. This insured the public confidence, and the private deposits were very large. It gave a strong impulse to the trade of the country, and taxes were paid with great cheerfulness. Law established branches of his bank in the large cities of the kingdom, and his prosperity seemed so fixed that it was believed nothing could shake it.

In those days it was a favorite policy of great nations to control all important commercial monopolies. By this means large revenues were secured. Law had long wished to get some of this business into his hands. A grant of the Mississippi trade for a term of years had been made to one Crozat, who, not being able to make any thing out of it, turned it over to Law. Here was the chance he had long been looking for, and Law at once formed a company to control the commerce of Louisiana and the fur trade of Canada for twenty-five years. Capital was abundant, and colonists were rapidly gathered and sent across the sea, with armed vessels and troops. A new governor-general, Bienville, was appointed over the territory of Louisiana, which then comprised the vast undefined region included in the valleys of the great western rivers between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains. A site for a new capital was chosen where to-day stands the important city of New Orleans, whose foundations were laid in the month of February, 1718.

New Orleans received a large number of immigrants during the year. When Bienville's brothers arrived with news of hostilities between Spain and France, the governor made haste to march against the Spanish port of Pensacola, and captured it. It was retaken not long after, and in a few months was recaptured by a French squadron. Eleven vessels arrived at New Orleans during the year 1719, besides several ships of war which took part in the operations against Pensacola. Five hundred negroes were sent from the Guinea coast, followed by another large cargo the next year. In 1721, the slaves taken thither numbered thirteen hundred and sixty-seven, besides whom there were a thousand white emigrants. Establishments for the prosecution of the fur trade were started on the Red River, the Missouri and the upper Mississippi.

Meanwhile, at home, the shares of the company, or Western Association, as it was called, appreciated in value, with dizzying rapidity. In May, 1719, Law obtained authority to merge his company with the East India Company of France under the name of the Indian Company. The exclusive right of trading beyond the Cape of Good Hope was now added to the monopoly in America. This union of the two companies was so popular, and the price of the consolidated stock became so enormous, that Law took another bold step. He proposed, in exchange for the privilege of collecting the revenue of the kingdom, to take up fifteen hundred millions of government bonds, by a new issue of company stock. The proposition was accepted, and it was so evidently

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advantageous to the company that the people were wild to purchase its stock at almost any price. It was believed that a company with all these privileges and monopolies of commerce and land must make enormous dividends. The mistake was in vastly over-rating the value of such monopolies.

But France nevertheless went wild; her people became insane on this subject; and scenes, such as can neither be imagined nor described were enacted in the furious fight for wealth. The French are an excitable people, and the nation was turned upside down by the fierce, panting, desperate struggle for that which looked like solid gold, but was simply a delusion. So ruinous was this speculation that it has ever since been known in history as "The Mississippi Bubble."

This madness meant financial ruin, that could not be stayed. The prices of the shares at length began to fall, and all the genius of Law, aided by the unstinted efforts of the regent, could not delay the ruin any more than it could check the sweep of the mountain avalanche. Law, foreseeing the impending calamity, escaped from Paris. He, however, left his estates behind, and these were sequestered. The meteor had gone out in darkness and it never flashed again. Law died in poverty at Venice in 1729.

Our interest, as I have said, in this astounding schemer and organizer rests on the part he played in the settlement of the Mississippi Valley. When Law disappeared there were thousands of people in France who were ruined; but there were other thousands who had settled in the Mississippi Valley who first developed the value of that rich section which, without population, was as useless as a desert to the civilized world.

News of the flight of Law reached Louisiana in April, 1721. The company decided to give material help to the religious missions, which, it may be said, had opened the path of empire through that splendid valley. The Jesuits were the true pioneers, and here, as in scores of other places, they were the first to plunge into the unbroken wilderness and hew the way for civilization.

The city of New Orleans was named after the regent, but when visited, soon after the ruin of Law, by Charlevoix, the historian of New France, it gave very little promise of its future importance. The emigrants to Louisiana had scattered, so that only two hundred settlers remained in New Orleans to carry out the ambitious plans of the engineers. The names of the two hundred have been preserved, and that of Bienville is first on the list.

The most flourishing trading post above New Orleans was that at Natchez. The Indians at that point were among the most interesting found on the continent. Their traditions were very ancient, and their abodes, burial grounds, manners and customs were impressive and showed a reverential character. Their chief, called the Brother of the Sun, from his temple on an artificial mound of earth, spoke his prophecies and interpretations, and listened to the stories of his warriors returning from the hunt or war-path. The Natchez Indians were worshipers of the sun, and within their temple a fire burned perpetually.

While there were many other places just as attractive as the site of the Natchez

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village, Chopart, the French commander, was foolish enough to decide to build a home there. It seemed to him that the beautiful plain was intended for his plantation. He sent for the Brother of the Sun and told him that the great chief of the French required the Natchez to leave the village, as the commander needed it. The chief protested, but Chopart insisted that in two months' time they must be ready to go. The shrewd Indian pretended to agree to this demand.

Chopart ought to have known that the Natchez, with their fanatical devotion to their temple, village and religious rites, would never give them up, unless compelled to do so by force of arms. They held a secret council and resolved to massacre every one of the hated race within reach. Word was sent to the Choctaws, who joined eagerly in the scheme, agreeing to destroy the settlements lower down the river. Some of the Indian women revealed the plot to the French, but Chopart ridiculed the report, and put the alarmists in irons.

The Indians secured admission into the French houses under pretenses which deceived nearly all. They notified Chopart that they had come to his home to pay the tribute which he had exacted for allowing them to wait a couple of months before moving away. He received them without waiting to complete his toilet. The massacre began a few minutes later. The terrified commander ran to his garden, without taking any weapon with him. He was captured, and to show the contempt in which he was held, the Natchez said he was not fit to be killed by one of their braves. A chief of another tribe was called, who brained him with a club.

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

A mistake as to the time when the massacre was to take place, made the Choctaws two days late in presenting themselves before New Orleans. Perier, the governor, knew nothing of the destruction of the Natchez garrison, of whom only a few escaped, and he received the six hundred warriors kindly. When they asked permission to go inside the fortifications to present him the calumet, he replied that he would be glad to receive the pipe through the hands of the chief and thirty warriors. He was too wise to allow the whole body within the defenses.

This reply upset the calculations of the Choctaws, who withdrew to consider what the next step should be. They sent messengers to the Natchez, who brought back news that the attack up the river had been made two days earlier than the date fixed upon. The Choctaws believed this was done with a view of gaining a greater share of the booty. Enraged against their former allies, they forbade the Natchez to kill any of the captives they had taken.

A few days later fugitives reached New Orleans, bringing to the French the first news of the massacre. Perier was exasperated, and undertook at once to win the Choctaws to his side. This was easily done, and, completing his arrangements, sixteen hundred warriors of that tribe reached Natchez in February, 1729. The French joined them soon after, and the fort was invested.

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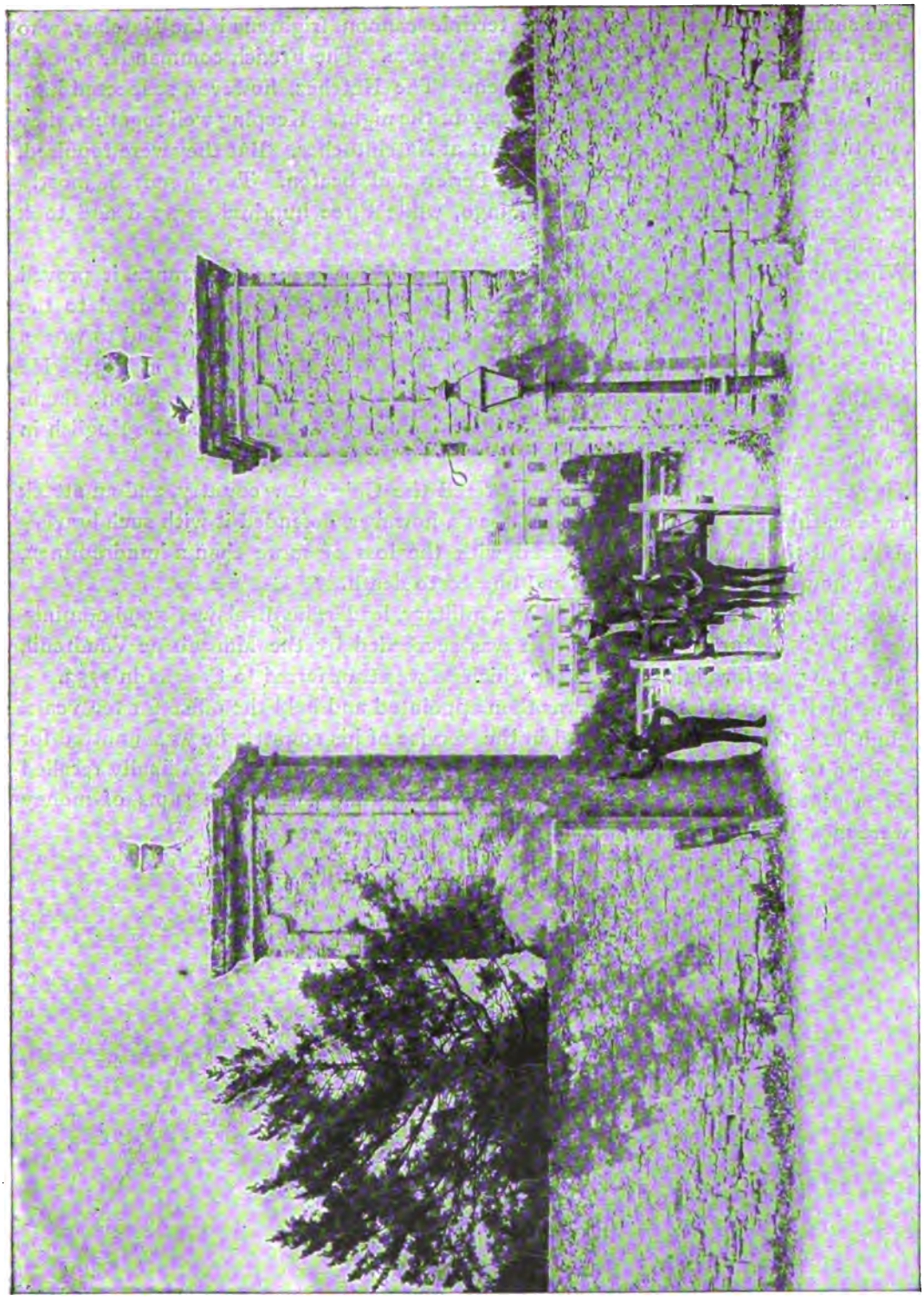

OLD GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

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The sight of the large force and the terrible cannon frightened the Natchez, who promised to give up their prisoners and make peace. The French commander agreed, meaning all the time to break faith with them. The Natchez, however, suspected him, and, liberating the captives, they slipped away in the night. Keeping well together, they went up the Red River, and attacked the fort at Natchitoches. But they were repulsed, and some months later were attacked by Perier and beaten. Two hundred, mostly women, were sold as slaves in San Domingo, while three hundred escaped and took refuge among other tribes.

When news of the destruction of the post at Natchez reached France, it proved to be the "last straw on the camel's back." The Western Company returned to the king all their rights in the colony, which had persisted in going from bad to worse. The king re-appointed Bienville governor, who arrived in New Orleans in 1734. He ordered the Chickasaws to surrender the Natchez that had taken refuge among them. The Chickasaws felt independent, because they had made alliances with the English in the Carolinas, and sent back a refusal.

Thereupon a formidable expedition entered the Chickasaw country, and an attack was made on their stronghold. The Chickasaws, however, defended it with such bravery and skill, that the French were repulsed with the loss of more than a hundred men, many of whom were taken prisoners and burned to death.

While Bienville showed little skill as a military leader, he displayed good administrative ability. Returning to France, he was succeeded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who filled the post for eight years, after which he was transferred to Canada in 1753.

Captain Kerlerec of the navy was then appointed and held the office for ten years. Although he had made a good record in the service of his country, he was unfitted for the position to which he was called. He was very quarrelsome, and was finally recalled and thrown into the Bastile on the charge of appropriating immense sums of money that were meant to be used for war purposes.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE COLONIAL WARS.

IN the year 1688, a revolution took place in England, and James II., to save his head, fled to France, where the French king, Louis XIV., gave him shelter. Both these monarchs were Catholics, and held the same views about the way to govern their subjects. It was natural, therefore, that they should be drawn toward each other. Louis proved his friendship by pledging himself to help James in the effort to get back his throne.

But parliament had already given the crown to William of Orange, who found himself compelled to fight not only the exiled James, but his ally, the king of France. War, therefore, broke out between the two nations in 1689, involving, of course, their colonies in America. The French were shrewd enough to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, who gave great help in desolating the English settlements. As the French had settled in Canada and along the St. Lawrence, they were neighbors to the English of New York and northern New England. On the 27th of June, the little settlement of Dover, on the north-eastern frontier of New Hampshire, was attacked by a party of French and Indians, who killed more than twenty persons, and carried away twenty-nine captives. Two months later a hundred Indians paddled out of the Penobscot in their canoes, and made their way down the coast to Pemaquid, now Bremen. The settlers were surprised while at work in the fields, many were killed, and the fort, after two days' siege, was compelled to surrender. Only a few of the defenders escaped into the woods.

In January, 1690, a large company of French and Indians left Montreal, and, making their way southward, crossed the Mohawk River several weeks later, and came in sight of the settlement of Schenectady. They remained hidden in the woods till night, when they stole out and entered the unguarded gates without detection. The people were startled from their slumbers by the war-whoops of the savages, who, with their French allies, darted hither and thither, killing all whom they could reach, and applying the torch to the village itself. In a few minutes it was in flames. Sixty people were tomahawked and scalped. The others, half clad, rushed out, and made their painful way through the snow to Albany, sixteen miles distant. This was one of the most frightful massacres in the early history of our country.

You can readily see how the situation of New Hampshire exposed her to such attacks. The settlement of Salmon Falls, as you have been told in another place, was attacked and destroyed by a war party, and the English fort at Casco Bay was destroyed. For a while the French and Indians had every thing their own way, but New England was soon roused, and a colonial congress was called in New York to fix upon the ways and means of prosecuting the war. It was decided to attempt the conquest of Canada by

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BRADDOCK'S FORCES SURPRISED BY AN AMBUSCADE. (*See page 205.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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marching an army against Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. Massachusetts agreed to send at the same time a large fleet up the St. Lawrence against Quebec.

Sir William Phips commanded the two thousand troops that were fitted out. Embarking on thirty-four vessels, he compelled the surrender of Port Royal, while Nova

NIAGARA AND THE BEAVER DAMS. (*From Moll's "New and Exact Map," 1715.*)

Scotia submitted without resistance. The expedition was delayed until Frontenac, the governor of Canada, who had been warned, was able to fortify Quebec and bid defiance to the fleet. The opportunity was lost and Phips sailed back to Boston.

Meanwhile the land forces, marching from Albany, had reached Lake Champlain, where trouble was caused by a disgraceful quarrel among the commanders, and the

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expedition tramped dejectedly home. The grand invasion of Canada was a complete failure.

The war continued in a desultory way. In 1694, the village of Oyster River, now Durham, was destroyed by the French and Indians, and two years later, the English fort at Pemaquid was surrendered a second time to the enemy. In the following March occurred the ferocious attack on the town of Haverhill, on the Merrimac. You have already been told of that and can hardly have forgotten the exploit of Mrs. Hannah Dunstan, who with her nurse and a small boy killed ten or twelve of their captors, and then escaped with the scalps of their victims.

The war, however, was at an end. Commissioners of France and England met in the town of Ryswick, Holland, early in 1697, and concluded a treaty of peace on the tenth of the following September. King William was acknowledged as the rightful sovereign of England, and the boundaries of the colonies were not changed.

The peace that followed lasted only a short time. In the year 1700, Charles II., king of Spain, died, naming as his successor Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. The nations of Europe, exceedingly jealous of each other, were sure that this act of the Spanish king foreshadowed a union of the crowns of France and Spain. Their united power would be so great that the "political equilibrium" of Europe would be disturbed. England, Holland and Austria decided that it would never do to permit the French youth to become a Spanish king. Accordingly, they formed a league, put forward the Archduke Charles of Austria as their candidate for the throne of Spain, and declared war against Louis XIV. for supporting the claims of Philip.

England had other cause of offense against France. It was in September, 1701, that James II., the exiled king of England, died at the court of Louis, who recognized the son of the deceased monarch as the rightful sovereign of England. This was in direct violation of the treaty of Ryswick, and England regarded the act as a deadly insult. King William, therefore, when leading his armies in the field, was fighting not only against the ambition of a rival nation, but for his own crown. He had hardly entered upon the war, however, when he died, in May, 1702. Parliament had already decided that the crown should pass from William to his sister-in-law Anne, the daughter of James II., and she, now succeeding to the throne, adopted the policy of her predecessor. The war that followed lasted thirteen years. As most of its events took place during her reign, it is known in history as Queen Anne's War, though the name sometimes used is much more appropriate — the War of the Spanish Succession.

The Iroquois or Five Nations, whose hunting grounds formed a barrier between Canada and New York, made a treaty of neutrality with both the French and the English. The Indians of Maine did the same, but the French Jesuits persuaded them to break their pledge. Having assailed the unsuspicious settlements, they laid them waste from the town of Wells to Casco Bay.

In 1703-4, in the depth of winter, Deerfield was attacked and destroyed. Forty-seven of the inhabitants were tomahawked, and more than a hundred carried into captivity. They underwent indescribable sufferings, few living to reach Canada, and

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still fewer surviving to return to their homes. Maine and New Hampshire were swept by the merciless savages, who spared neither age nor sex.

In 1707, Massachusetts failed in an attempt to reduce Port Royal, which, three years later, surrendered to an English and American fleet, after a feeble defense of a few days. This brought the whole of Nova Scotia under the dominion of the English. The name of Port Royal was changed to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne.

You have been told of the next attempted invasion of Canada. Through the utter incompetency of Admiral Hovendon Walker, eight of his best vessels were dashed to pieces in the St. Lawrence, and a thousand of his men lost, so crippling him that he returned to Boston, where the colonial troops were disbanded. The land force heard of the failure long before they had gone far enough to strike a blow, and they also returned to their homes.

Negotiations looking to peace were already under way in Europe. Peace was declared on the eleventh of April, 1713, at Utrecht, a town in Holland. By this treaty England secured control of the fisheries of Newfoundland; and Labrador, Hudson Bay, and Acadia or Nova Scotia were ceded to Great Britain.

The peace thus brought to the colonies lasted thirty-one years. In 1740, Charles VI. of Austria died, and two claimants contested for the succession. The war that followed spread in every direction, until most of the nations of Europe were engaged in it. England and France, as a matter of course, were arrayed against each other. The contest is often called the War of the Austrian Succession, but in this country it is referred to as King George's War, because George II. was then king of England.

The principal event of King George's War was the capture of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island. The particulars of that brilliant triumph have been fully given in another place. Peace came in 1748, through a treaty signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, a town in western Germany. To the rage and mortification of New England, the island of Cape Breton was given up to France, which thus regained Louisburg, one of the most formidable fortresses in the world. The peace that ensued was simply a truce, for a great struggle between the two mighty contestants had yet to come.

You have doubtless been impressed by the fact made manifest many years previous to this date, that France and England were the great rivals in the New World, and that, as their claims interfered from the growth of the colonies, a tremendous struggle for the mastery was inevitable: that the power which should emerge victor from the conflict would drive the other from America.

Although Spain had been the first to plant a permanent settlement on the soil of this country (St. Augustine, 1565), her work in the way of colonization was not to be compared in importance either with that of England or of France. Previous to the founding of St. Augustine, her explorers had sailed along the western coast of our country, and the region now known as New Mexico and Colorado was visited. The town of Santa Fé was founded by the Spaniards in 1582, and the first settlement in California was made by that nation in 1769, at San Diego. Florida remained in the possession of Spain long after its exploration by Ponce de Leon in his search for silver and gold,

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and the fountain of youth. Little progress, if any, was made, and the Spanish posts were nothing more than military positions intended to hold the command of the Gulf of Mexico. On the eastern coast, the Spanish authorities quarreled and fought with Oglethorpe over the boundary between Georgia and Florida, and in the history of that colony were given the particulars of the dispute between the rival claimants of that section.

Sir Francis Drake, on his return from his expedition to the Spanish Main, laid St. Augustine in ruins. When it was safe to do so, the Spaniards returned and rebuilt the

THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

place. In 1593, a number of brethren of the Order of St. Francis were sent to Florida to continue such missions as had been established among the natives. In the following century many missions were founded through the south-west, but eighty-two years after the founding of St. Augustine the Spanish population in Florida had not increased, but diminished.

During the English and Spanish negotiations, the St. Mary's River came to be regarded as the true boundary between Florida and Georgia, and it has so remained ever since. The story of the collision between the settlers of these rival provinces was told in the history of the settlement of Georgia.

Although at one time one-half of the territory of this country was claimed by

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Spain, and the claim was conceded, yet her possessions rapidly diminished until she was left without a foothold on the continent. This nation, which at one period was

DEATH OF DIESKAU.

among the most powerful in all Europe, declined in strength and prestige, while her more vigorous rivals, France and England, fought out their battles on land and sea in both hemispheres.

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Now let us note what these nations had done and were doing in America.

The colonies of England were distributed along the Atlantic seaboard. Her settlements were strung all the way from Maine to Florida. Basing her pretensions, however, on the discovery of the Cabots, and not by actual occupation, she extended her claims westward to the Pacific Ocean, though she had no inland towns.

On the other hand, France first colonized the valley of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, one of her oldest towns, being half a thousand miles from the sea. But with this she was not content. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, she began to push westward and southward. Planting her advance settlements along the shores of the Great Lakes, she extended them to the headwaters of the Wabash, the Illinois, the Wisconsin and the St. Croix, and then, following these streams downward to the Mississippi, made no halt till she reached the Gulf of Mexico. Her purpose was to establish a grand empire for France and for the spread of Roman Catholicism.

The pioneers in these aggressive movements were the Jesuit missionaries, whose marvelous energy places their achievements among the most remarkable of any country. France lost no time in following the paths which these devoted men opened through the wilderness. In 1688 she had established military posts at Frontenac, Niagara, the Strait of Mackinaw, and on the Illinois River. Within the succeeding half century she made permanent settlements on the Maumee, at Detroit, at the mouth of the St. Joseph, at Green Bay, at Vincennes, on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Kaskaskia, on the present site of Natchez, and at the head of Biloxi Bay on the Gulf of Mexico. France now prepared to occupy the Ohio Valley, when all the English provinces would be confined to the country east of the Alleghenies. England at that time had only the outpost at Oswego on Lake Ontario, and a few straggling cabins in West Virginia. But she clearly foresaw the purpose of her rival and resolved to defeat it.

The inevitable scene of collision was the Ohio Valley, which both nations attempted to colonize at the same time. The trade in furs and peltries with the Indians was very profitable, and for a number of years itinerant traders from Virginia and Pennsylvania paid regular visits to the Indian towns on the upper tributaries of the Ohio. In 1749 these traders encountered others from Canada, engaged in the same business. They drove such a thriving trade as to interfere with the Americans, who were indignant and determined to stop it.

Under her ancient charter Virginia claimed the whole country between her western borders and Lake Erie, and, to shut out the intruders, a number of leading Virginians formed themselves into the Ohio Company. They intended to occupy the disputed territory, with the least possible delay. In March, 1749, the company received from George II. a land-grant covering half a million acres, to be located either between the Kanawha and the Monongahela, or on the northern bank of the Ohio. By the conditions of the grant, the land was to be selected without delay, a colony of one hundred families located upon it within seven years, while the land was to be rent free for ten years.

The French, however, were not idle. Before the Ohio Company was able to send the colony into the territory, Bienville with three hundred men appeared on the scene

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by order of the governor of Canada. He began to explore the Ohio Valley, burying at different points along the river plates of lead, bearing French inscriptions, as evidence that the territory had been pre-empted by France. They not only explored the country as far west as the Miami towns, but drove out the English traders and sent a letter to Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania warning him to encroach no further on lands that belonged to the king of France. This work was completed in the autumn of 1749.

The following year an exploring party, in the employ of the Ohio Company, reached the Ohio opposite the mouth of Beaver Creek. Crossing to the northern bank they made their way to the Great Miami, and thence to within a few miles of the Falls of Louisville. They returned to Virginia in the spring of 1751.

France abated not a jot of energy. Her headquarters were at Presque Isle, now Erie, from which point she sent out a strong force which built a fort called Le Bœuf on a tributary of the Allegheny, and another at the junction of that stream with the river, naming it Venango, now Franklin. Marching against the English post on the Miami, her troops broke it up, and carried the garrison prisoners to Canada. While they were thus employed a party of English surveyors, fully armed, explored the country south of the Ohio, between the Great Kanawha and the Monongahela. A road was opened from Will's Creek through the mountains into the Ohio Valley, and, in the summer of 1753, several families were settled on the Youghiogheny. The hostile forces were separated by a strip of territory constantly growing narrower, and collision between them could not long be deferred.

The Indians were as deeply interested as the white men, for their interests were involved. They held frequent councils and discussed the situation with an earnestness that proved how fully they understood its gravity. They were divided in their allegiance, but the French having murdered several Miami chieftains, the majority strongly inclined to the English.

In the spring of 1753, Du Quesne, the French governor of Canada, sent twelve hundred men down the Allegheny to colonize the country. This roused the ire of the Shawnees, Delawares, Miamis and Mingoes. Their leading chieftain was sent to Erie to protest to the French commandant against the invasion of their hunting grounds. The officer listened to the message, and then curtly replied that the land belonged to the French, and they meant to have it. This kind of treatment produces but one effect on an American Indian. The chief went scowling from the presence of the scornful foreigner, and dug up the hatchet against the intruders. About the same time, the wise Benjamin Franklin met a number of chiefs at Carlisle, and formed a treaty of alliance with them.

Virginia was roused. She was ready to fight, but, before proceeding to violence Governor Dinwiddie decided to make one more remonstrance. A paper was carefully, drawn up, setting forth in temperate language the grounds upon which the English claimed the territory occupied by the French. It was necessary to place this paper in the hands of General St. Pierre at Erie, who was the commander of the French forces in the west. To do so, a long, toilsome and dangerous journey had to be made through an unbroken wilderness during the worst season of the year.

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WINSLOW READING THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION. (*See page 300.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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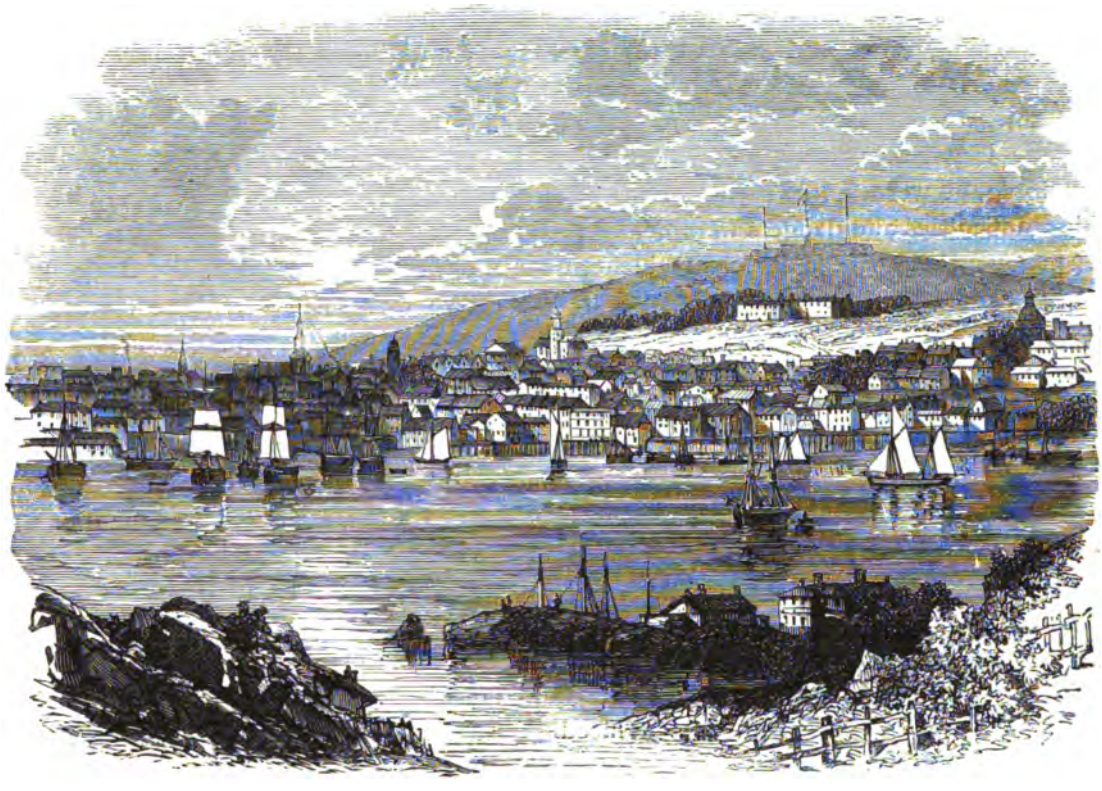
You will readily see the importance of this mission, for on the answer depended the question of peace or war — a war too which would prove the most momentous that had ever occurred on the American continent and settle for all time the question of French or English supremacy in the New World. It was necessary that the bearer of the message should be a man of powerful physique, active, brave, clear-headed and possessed of sound discretion. The governor knew just the man he wanted.

A valued acquaintance of his barely twenty-two years old, had at the age of sixteen, been employed to examine the valleys of the Allegheny mountains, and at the



HALIFAX.

end of three years perfected his work with admirable skill. When only nineteen, he was appointed adjutant-general over one of the districts of Virginia, his rank being that of major. Under his brother and other officers he studied military tactics, and he developed such ability, that although the districts of Virginia were reduced to four, this young Virginian was left in command of one of them. His duties required him to instruct military officers, inspect men, arms and accouterments and to establish a uniform system of maneuvers. Thus, when he was only twenty-one years of age, he was performing the work of an experienced major-general. Such was the man selected by Governor Dinwiddie for the delicate and important duty.

If you will examine your maps, you will get a fair idea of this memorable journey.

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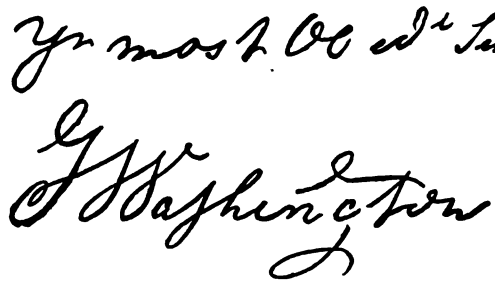
which extended quite across two large states. You will observe that Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, which was the starting point of the young man, is in the south-eastern part of the state, while Le Bœuf — now Waterford — lying close to the present town of Erie, is in the extreme north-western corner of Pennsylvania. He was obliged to traverse mountains, ford streams, and tramp day after day where no white man had ever penetrated. The Indians claimed the unbroken forests as their hunting grounds and many of them would be glad to take the life of the daring explorer. The distance both ways must have been fully a thousand miles.

On the last day in October, 1753, Major Washington left Williamsburg, with four comrades, and that famous guide Christopher Gist, who had done much similar service for the Ohio Company. At that charming season of the year, the forest leaves, that fluttered to the ground with every breath, were of the most brilliant and gorgeous hues, and the cool winds that sighed through the branches gave warning of the coming winter without as yet bringing any of its biting cold. The little party were well mounted, and no doubt were in high spirits, though they must have known that many hardships, difficulties and dangers were before them.

They arrived without special incident at the mouth of Will's Creek, the last noteworthy tributary of the Potomac from the north. Two weeks had passed, and, without making any halt, they pushed on through the dim forest, following an Indian trail that none of them had ever seen before. The compass showed that its general direction was toward the north-west, so they kept to it, winding over mountains, swimming rushing streams, clambering across deep ravines and threading their way between the arching shades, until at the end of nine days they came to the junction of the two rivers that form the Ohio. Washington perceived at once the vast importance of this place, and was convinced that a fort should be built there at the earliest opportunity.



AUTOGRAPH OF WASHINGTON.

The chief of the Delawares now guided the party across the Allegheny and twenty miles down the river to Logstown. The weather had become cold; at times flurries of snow almost blinded the travelers and the driving sleet cut their faces like needle points. At Logstown they met a number of Indians and held a council with them. The red men repeated their pledges of friendship, and promised to give the English all the help they could in driving the French from the country. Washington learned that the emissaries of the latter were even then among the savages, striving to turn them against the English, but he was assured that their efforts could never succeed.

Several of the Delawares joined the little company, which pressed northward until the French post of Venango was reached. The officers there treated the guests courteously, but made no secret of the meaning of their presence in the country. They had come to take possession of the Ohio, no matter whom it displeased. They boasted

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Washington's Mishap

On the Allegheny River.

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WASHINGTONS MISHAP ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER

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of their forts at Le Bœuf, Erie, Niagara, Toronto, and Frontenac, and said the English, though outnumbering the French two to one, were so dilatory that they were always too slow to check any enterprise on their part. What they said about the dilatoriness of the English was quite true.

From Venango, Washington and his friends still headed northward. The wintry winds whistled among the leafless trees, the whirling snow often shut them from each other's sight, and, when they kindled their camp fires at night, in some sheltered spot, with their blankets wrapping them from head to foot, the wintry air penetrated to their very bones.

A tempest of freezing rain prevailed for several days, and many of the mountain torrents were so swollen that it was necessary to bridge them with trees before venturing across. Their supplies of food had given out long before, but that was a small matter, for all were fine marksmen and excellent hunters. When Washington, Gist or any of their companions aimed a rifle and the click of the flint sent the spark into the pan, something was sure to be hit. The antlered buck, that paused for a moment to stare wonderingly at the strange objects, paid for his curiosity with his life; and the huge bear, that came mousing about the camp for food, was quickly changed into food himself.

Washington expected to keep on to Presque Isle before meeting the French commander, but on reaching Le Bœuf, fourteen miles to the south, he found St. Pierre superintending the building of the fortifications. The officer received the messenger with great politeness and read the letter from Governor Dinwiddie. Then he showed his loyalty and true soldiership by simply saying that he was there in obedience to instructions, that he could not discuss the question itself, but that the governor of Virginia and all interested should bear in mind that he meant to obey, in spirit and letter, his orders to eject every Englishman from the valley of the Ohio.

This answer was certainly explicit, and nothing was left for Washington but to go back to the distant capital of Virginia. The return was ten-fold worse than the journey out. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was unusually cold, and the numerous streams they had to cross caused extreme suffering. Snow frequently fell, and the endurance of the travelers was put to the severest test. When they reached Venango — only a short distance on their way — Washington and Gist left the river, and without any companions, struck into the wintry woods on foot.

The journey from that point was certainly one of the most remarkable ever made. The young Father of his Country was dressed in the robe of an Indian, a knapsack strapped to his shoulders and a rifle in his hand. He was over six feet in height, of immense frame, and prodigiously strong and active. You know that when a boy he could outrun all his companions: he could leap higher and throw a stone further than any of them. In fact he excelled them in every species of athletic sports. Such a youth becomes a powerful man. The iron-limbed guide, who had spent years in the forest, found his companion his equal in endurance, strength and woodcraft.

Many a time when they lay down to sleep their wet clothing was frozen upon their limbs; the ice on which they stepped often gave way in the middle of the stream and

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WOLFE LANDING AT LOUISBURG. (*See page 305.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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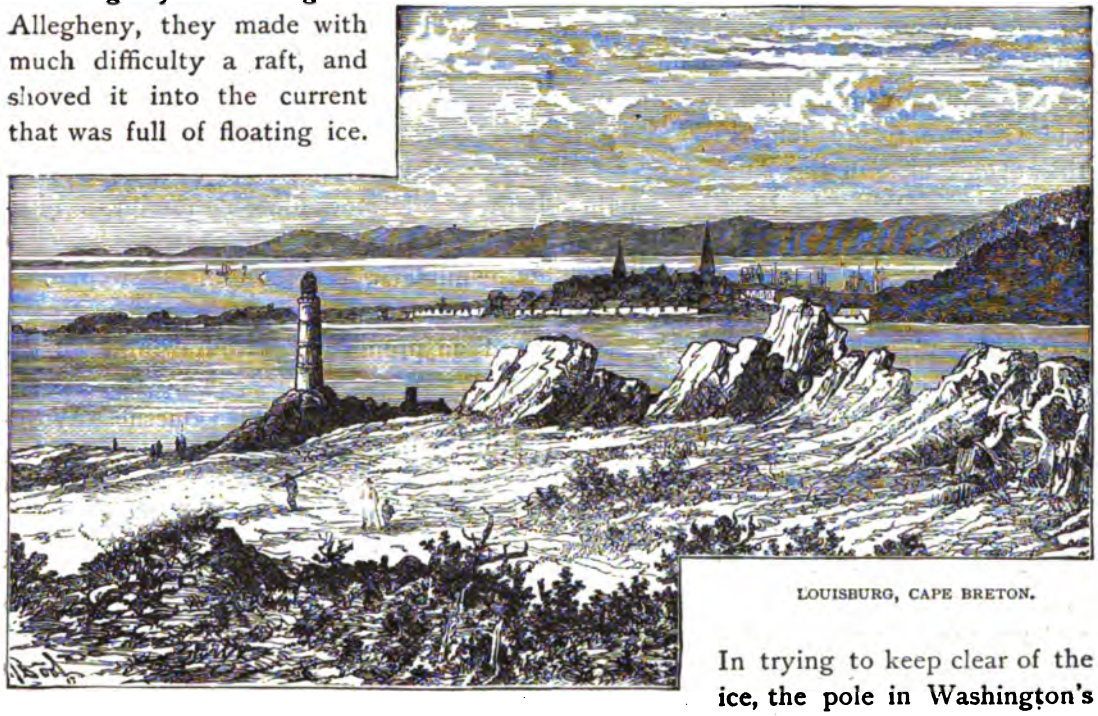
they were obliged to struggle to the other bank; hour after hour they labored through snow above their knees. Now and then Washington glanced at his pocket compass to make sure they were following the right course. At night the twinkling stars seen through the bare limbs overhead guided them toward the home that lay so many miles south-east.

One day a treacherous Indian fired at Washington, when less than twenty yards away. He did not touch him, and before the miscreant could flee, Gist had him by the throat. He insisted on putting the savage to death, but Washington would not permit. He was held a prisoner until night and then allowed to slip away. The neighborhood was so dangerous that Washington and Gist traveled all night and through the following day. Reaching the Allegheny, they made with much difficulty a raft, and shoved it into the current that was full of floating ice.



LOUISBURG, CAPE BRETON.

In trying to keep clear of the ice, the pole in Washington's hand was wrenched from his grasp and he was thrown headlong into the river. He was too good a swimmer, however, to be in danger even in the freezing water. The two reached a small island where they passed the night. At daylight the stream was frozen to the other shore. They walked across without once breaking through.

On the 16th of January, 1754, without scratch or scar, the couple arrived at the capital of Virginia. The defiant reply of St. Pierre was placed in the hands of Governor Dinwiddie and the first public service of George Washington was accomplished.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

1754—1757.

THE reply brought by Washington meant WAR, and Virginia acted promptly. The assembly voted £10,000 for fitting out an expedition, one of whose duties was to build at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela the fortifications that would be needed to protect the Ohio Company in their operations. At the time Washington and Gist were threading their way homeward through the wilderness a party of thirty-three men in the employ of the Ohio Company were pushing toward the head-waters of the Ohio. In March, 1750, they built a rude stockade on the site of Pittsburg. It was quite an exploit thus to anticipate the French, but in a few weeks, when the ice-gorges in the Allegheny were broken by the milder weather, the enemy swept down from Venango in their boats that were waiting for the rise. The little band was overwhelmed, and having surrendered, was released on promise of withdrawing from the country.

The French occupied the place, erected barracks and built Fort Du Quesne. Washington, who was now a colonel, set out for Will's Creek in May, 1754, to recapture the post and to "capture, kill or expel" all who interfered with the English settlement of the country.

The march was tedious and laborious. The soldiers had no tents, and it rained almost continuously; they were obliged to drag the cannon over roads nearly impassable, while none of the streams had bridges.

They reached the Great Meadows on the 26th of May. There Washington learned that a strong force of the enemy were marching to attack him. He hurriedly erected a stockade which he called Fort Necessity — a name that was certainly appropriate. Learning shortly after that the force in the neighborhood was simply a scouting party, he decided to strike the first blow. A couple of Mingo warriors took the trail and followed it to a rocky ravine, where the French had encamped. Washington hurried thither, advancing cautiously, but the enemy were on the alert. The young Virginian was at the head of his company, musket in hand, and dashing forward, he called to his men to fire. The engagement was fierce and brief. Eleven of the French were killed, including Jumonville, the leader, and twenty-one made prisoners.

Returning to Fort Necessity, earth-works were thrown up, and the fortifications strengthened. Re-enforcements had been promised and were said to be on the road, but they did not arrive. A few soldiers from South Carolina came in. Their captain, having a commission from the king, insisted that he ought to supersede Washington

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WASHINGTON'S ATTACK ON THE FRENCH IN THE RAVINE.

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The latter, however, was too sensible to permit it. While waiting, Washington employed the time in cutting a road through the woods in the direction of Fort Du Quesne. Learning that De Villiers was approaching with a strong force, he fell back to Fort Necessity. He was annoyed to find that the pompous captain from Carolina who remained at the fort had not raised his hand toward completing the fortifications.

Washington had about four hundred men under him. The Indians were disgusted with the tardiness of the colonies, and many who would have joined them refused to do so. On the 3d of July De Villiers, with six hundred soldiers and a horde of savage allies, attacked Fort Necessity. It was raining hard and the assault was pressed without intermission for nearly ten hours. Then when thirty of the English had been killed, De Villiers proposed a parley. He offered honorable terms, and Washington, clearly seeing that he could not hold out much longer, surrendered. It is worthy of note that the surrender took place on the 4th of July — a day that twenty-two years later acquired such deep meaning in the history of our country.

The garrison, retaining all their accouterments, withdrew from the fort and marched away. Thus the whole Valley of the Ohio remained in the possession of the French.

You must not suppose that Virginia was left alone to bear the brunt of the French and Indian War, even at this early stage. True, she had done all the fighting, but the other colonies understood too well the peril which threatened their very existence, if they remained idle.

England had already sent instructions to prevent the encroachments by the French, and the self-evident need of concerted action led to a convention at Albany on the 19th of June, 1754. Twenty-five delegates were present, representing every colony north of the Potomac. Beside the project of a union of the different provinces, it was extremely important that friendly relations should be cemented with the Iroquois, who showed signs of wavering, especially since the recent reverses of the English arms. After considerable persuasion, the powerful Six Nations, through their chiefs, reluctantly signed the treaty and went home.

The question of a union of the colonies then came up for action. Benjamin Franklin, who represented Pennsylvania, submitted the draft of a Federal Constitution, which proved that he clearly saw the needs of his country. He proposed to make Philadelphia the capital; the chief executive was to be a governor-general, appointed and supported by the king of England. The legislative authority was to rest in a congress whose members were to be chosen triennially by the general assemblies of the respective provinces. The ratio of representation was to be in proportion to the contribution of each colony to the general government, none, however, being allowed more than seven nor less than two representatives. The governor was to have the power of appointing all military officers, and of vetoing objectionable legislation. Congress was to appoint the civil officers, raise troops, levy taxes, superintend affairs, regulate commerce and assume the general duties of government. It was to meet once a year, choose its own officers and not remain in session longer than six weeks.

To show the relative importance of the colonies at that time, I give the representatives to which each was entitled by the scheme of Franklin: Massachusetts Bay,

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7; Virginia, 7; Pennsylvania, 6; Connecticut, 5; Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and New York, each 4; New Jersey, 3; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, each 2. You will observe that Nova Scotia, which was an English province, and Georgia were not included in this scheme. They were of small account at that date.

This Plan of Union was adopted by the congress at Albany—only the Connecticut delegates opposing, but it was rejected both by the colonial assemblies and the

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

British Board of Trade. The colonies objected to the veto-power given to the governor-general, while the mother country looked upon the scheme as an insolent attempt of the Americans to establish a government of their own.

England felt, however, that her honor and the welfare of her possessions demanded that vigorous measures should be taken to check the French, who were strengthening their works at Crown Point and Fort Niagara, and were jubilant over their success in Western Pennsylvania. There was as yet no declaration of war, the ministers of

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the two nations continually assuring each other (as you know is still the custom) of their pacific intentions, but England sent General Edward Braddock to America, with two regiments of regular soldiers, France, at the same time, dispatching three thousand to Canada. On the 14th of April, 1755, Braddock held a consultation at Alexandria with the colonial governors. It was decided that, inasmuch as there had been no declaration of war, Canada should not be invaded, but the plans of four distinct campaigns were agreed upon.

SIR JEFFREY AMHERST.

General Braddock as commander-in-chief was to march with his regulars against Fort Du Quesne, capture the post and drive the French out of the Ohio Valley.

Governor Shirley was to equip a regiment and expel the enemy from Niagara.

Colonel William Johnson was to enroll a force of volunteers and Mohawks in the pay of Great Britain and capture Crown Point.

Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, was to complete the conquest of that province, in accordance with the English idea of boundaries.

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General Braddock confidently announced that after completing his task, he would move on to Niagara and assist in the attack on that stronghold.

This was a grand project, but liberal provisions were made for all its details, and there seemed to be ground to hope for success. The Crown furnished six thousand equipped troops, and large grants of money were given the colonies to raise volunteers.

Misfortune seemed to attend Braddock's expedition from the first. When ready to move, it was found that the Virginian contractors had not furnished the necessary provisions, nor enough vehicles for the transport of materials. Pennsylvania instead of Virginia ought to have been selected as the base of operations, since it could readily provide what was wanted. When the troops started they were still short of supplies, which were furnished through the activity of Franklin after the troops were well on the road.

The English army numbered about two thousand men, most of whom were veterans trained in Europe. Washington joined the army at Fort Cumberland, and became aid-de-camp of Braddock. He had withdrawn from the service, like others, because of the offensive instructions to Braddock, which prescribed that the provincial captains and colonels serving in connection with the British army should have no rank. The wishes of Virginia and his own patriotism, however, led him to return and give his cordial aid to the commander-in-chief.

The choice of Braddock was unfortunate in every sense. He was conceited, irascible, and impatient of advice. When Franklin tried to impress upon him the danger of ambuscade from the Indians, he smiled pityingly, and showed how lightly he regarded such advice. The army that left Fort Cumberland on the last day of May was strung out to a length of four miles, Sir Peter Halket leading the advance with five hundred picked men and Braddock following with the main body. Washington was so impressed with the peril of this army that he could not hold his peace. He begged Braddock to employ scouting parties. The commander-in-chief felt insulted that an inferior officer should presume to advise him, and gave him to understand that when he felt in need of a backwoodsman's counsel, he might possibly apply to the presumptuous young Virginian.

On the 19th of June, Braddock placed himself at the head of twelve hundred troops and pushed forward with more vigor. Colonel Dunbar followed with the rest of the army. The van arrived at the junction of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny on the 8th of July. They were now within twelve miles of Fort Du Quesne, with the supports many miles to the rear. Halket begged Braddock to advance with more care, for it was not to be supposed that the French commander, with such a large number of Indians at call, would allow to pass unimproved any chance to cripple his foe.

The next morning the English army followed the Monongahela and crossed to the northern bank a short distance above the confluence of Turtle Creek. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, with a detachment of three hundred and fifty, led the advance, accompanied by a working party of two hundred and fifty, with guides and flanking parties. Plunging through a road scarcely four yards wide, with the dense undergrowth on every side, they pressed on, many a soldier, as he looked around him, being struck with the favorable nature of the place for an Indian ambush.

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The thought had no more than presented itself, when the dreadful war whoop burst from hundreds of throats, and the forests broke into one sheet of flame. The English army had walked into the very trap which had been set for them, and against which Washington and others had warned Braddock again and again.

Contrecœur, the French commander of Du Quesne, was convinced the day before that not the slightest hope was left. He had been receiving re-enforcements for weeks, but his garrison could not possibly hold its ground against the powerful force that was sweeping down upon him. Even the Indians were so impressed with the hopeless situation, that the commander had hard work to persuade them to help ambuscade the British. At last two hundred and thirty French, led by Beaujeu and Dumas, and about six hundred Indians started out to harass the English rather than to bring on a regular battle. The French, who knew the ground, fixed on a certain spot, where they meant to lay an ambuscade, and were in the very act of doing so, when the English flanking parties came in sight.

The French opened at once, and the Indians, having emptied their guns and emitted their inevitable yells, sneaked back to cover. Gage's men returned the fire and Beaujeu dropped dead. The vanguard fell back in disorder, leaving their two six-pounders in the hands of the enemy. Braddock, hearing the firing, left four hundred troops in charge of the baggage and pushed the rest of his force toward the front. While struggling thither, they encountered the van retreating in a panic. Most of the English were firing wildly, often injuring their own friends, while the foe, keeping themselves carefully concealed, poured their murderous volleys among the helpless men as fast as they could load and discharge their weapons.

Braddock used superhuman exertions to rally his troops. He partially succeeded, and, for a few minutes, the artillery sent their solid shot crashing among the trees, tearing off limbs, plowing the ground and causing a terrific racket, but doing no harm. The French and Indians, encouraged by their success, spread further along the flanks of the English and in a few minutes all was confusion again.

Washington and his provinciais imitated the tactics of their assailants and sheltered themselves behind the trees, from which they fired with some effect. Their leader besought Braddock to instruct his soldiers to do the same, but it looked too much like skulking to suit him and he continued the battle—if such it can be called—according to the rules of civilized warfare.

There could be no questioning the bravery of the British commander, who had five horses shot under him, whose secretary was killed, and both of whose aids were disabled, until in a very short time only Washington was left to carry orders. It was wonderful how he escaped, for the French and Indians took great pains to pick out the officers. A number of savages who knew Washington, aimed at him again and again. Four bullets passed through his coat, and two of his horses were killed, but he was not injured.

Finally Braddock received a dreadful wound through the lungs and sank fainting to the ground. Washington saw him fall, and ran to his help.

"What shall we do now?" asked the stricken officer.

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"Retreat — retreat at once."

Braddock was reluctant to yield, and rallying slightly, he continued to give orders as he lay on the ground. When, however, it was learned that the baggage was attacked, and that they were entirely surrounded, the drums sounded a retreat. Washington with his thirty Virginian s— all who survived the massacre — covered the flight of the disorganized army, which left artillery, provisions, ammunition, baggage, private papers of the general, the dead, and most of the wounded, on the field.

The Indians reveled in the spoils of the massacre. Never before had they gathered such a rich harvest. They allowed the smitten survivors to straggle beyond reach, while they held high carnival among the dead and wounded. Scalps were gathered right and left and when the wild miscreants came whooping back to Fort Du Quesne, they were resplendent in laced coats, military boots and the gorgeous uniforms of the British officers.

Braddock's massacre has taken its place as one of the most shocking events in the history of our country. Out of eighty-two officers, twenty-six were killed and thirty-seven wounded. Fully one-half the men were dead or disabled, while the loss of the French amounted only to three officers, thirty men killed, and about the same number wounded.

The survivors straggled back to Fort Cumberland, none of the enemy pursuing. There, on the fourth day, General Braddock died and was buried at Great Meadows, where his grave may still be seen. Dunbar, who succeeded him in command, seemed to be panic-stricken for several days after all danger was over. He ordered all the remaining artillery, the heavy baggage and all the public stores to be destroyed. This was done, their value being half a million dollars. Fort Cumberland was abandoned and the remnant of the army made its way to Philadelphia. It was a little past the middle of summer, and winter was several months away, but Dunbar thought it best to stay in that comfortable town until the inclement season should come and go.

Thus the expedition of the commander-in-chief of the British forces in America had ended in most overwhelming disaster — a disaster so shocking in all respects that it not only spread gloom throughout the colonies, but caused dismay in England.

The second campaign, as you will recollect, was to be conducted by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, who, since the death of Braddock, was commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. The expedition was to start from Albany, proceed to Oswego and thence by water to the mouth of the Niagara. The post there was known to be very weak and could be readily overcome. With Fort Niagara in the possession of the English, they could cut off the communications of the French by way of the lakes. In the month of June the army at Albany numbered nearly six thousand men. It was composed mainly of provincials, miserably disciplined, and of Indians, without any discipline at all. Shirley's plan was to lead his forces by way of the Mohawk River and Oneida Lake to Oswego, and thence to Niagara. But delay marked every step. It was the latter part of August before Oswego was reached. A month was spent in preparing boats for embarkation; then, when every thing was ready, a storm arose; after that subsided, it was discovered that the wind was blowing in

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WASHINGTON PLANTING THE FLAG AT FORT DU QUESNE. (*See page 307.*)

Drawn by Francis Christy.

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the wrong direction; the wind fell, after which another storm came, followed by sickness in camp. October arrived, and, after surveying the lake, Shirley decided that it was too dangerous to be trusted. The Indian allies lost patience and left. Shirley himself was terrified by the news that reached him of the destruction of Braddock's army, and, in the latter part of October, he marched homeward. The only thing he had accomplished was the rebuilding of the fort at Oswego, which he garrisoned with seven hundred men under General Mercer.

A detachment of this expedition was to make the assault on Crown Point under the leadership of Colonel William Johnson, whose duty also was to drive the French from the shores of Lake Champlain. Johnson, who possessed unbounded influence over the Indians, was at the head of three thousand four hundred troops, many of whom were Mohawks. General Phineas Lyman assembled a large force at a place between the Hudson and Lake George, about forty-five miles north of Albany, where he erected Fort Lyman, afterward called Fort Edward. Johnson, some time later, led the main division to that point and laid out his camp. Then the artillery and stores were brought forward and boats made ready for embarkation, little attention, however, being given to the important matter of fortifying the camp.

Dieskau, the French commander at Crown Point, attempted to anticipate the movements of the enemy, somewhat had been done by his friend at Fort Du Quesne. With a force of two hundred regulars, seven hundred Canadians, and six hundred Indians, he sailed up the lake to South Bay, now Whitehall. At that point he learned that the fort built by Lyman had no cannon and that Johnson in his camp had hardly any cannon at all, conducting himself indeed as though danger was out of the question. Dieskau decided to make a sudden advance upon Fort Lyman, thus cutting off Johnson from his supplies. He would also gain a position from which he could make his way to Albany and cut the communication with Oswego, or assail the New England border. Johnson learned of the danger, and sent a thousand men under Colonel Williams, with two thousand Mohawks, under the veteran chieftain Hendrick to the relief of the fort.

Meanwhile, Dieskau had been led astray by his guides, and at dawn, on the 8th of September, he found he was four miles north of Fort Edward, on the road from the Hudson to Lake George. Catching sight just then of Colonel Williams's regiment and his Mohawks on their way to the relief of the fort, Dieskau formed an ambush into which the English marched.

The Indians under Dieskau, however, refused to fire upon their countrymen, and warned them of their danger. The Canadians and French poured a murderous volley into the English, killing a large number, among whom were Williams and the chief Hendrick. Lieutenant Whiting succeeded in rallying his men, returning the fire, and retreating toward the lake.

Colonel Johnson in his camp, heard the sound of firing and made hasty preparations for a general engagement. His cannon were placed in position just as the fugitives flying before Dieskau came in view. The sight of the huge guns so terrified the Indians that they refused to make the assault, but the French regulars advanced with

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perfect steadiness and opened the hottest battle which had yet been fought on American soil. In their white uniforms, and with gleaming muskets, they came down the road in splendid style, the Canadians and Indians on their flanks, pouring a rattling fire against the breastworks. The provincials were alarmed at first, but soon regained their courage and took careful aim as they opened on the regulars before them.

Colonel Johnson was wounded at the opening of the battle and taken to his tent. Lyman succeeded in the command, and showed great bravery. The Mohawks returned to the fight, when the English troops, leaping over the beastworks, charged upon the French and Indians and sent them skurrying in all directions. Nearly all the French regulars were killed. Dieskau was wounded three times, but would not retire. His aids came forward to carry him away; one fell dead and he sternly forbade the others to lay hands on him. Seating himself on the stump of a tree, he coolly gave orders until he was left almost alone. A Frenchman fighting on the English side rushed up to make him prisoner. Dieskau felt for his watch to offer in token of surrender. His countryman, thinking he was searching for a pistol, discharged his musket at him, inflicting wounds from which he afterward died.

The victory was a dear one, but following on the heels of Braddock's disaster, it caused great rejoicing among the colonies. Colonel William Johnson, who had really done very little, received unbounded praise; parliament made him a baronet and presented him with £5,000. He showed his wisdom by building a strong fort which was named William Henry. Fort Edward was also much strengthened, after which the troops returned to their homes. The French also re-enforced Crown Point and fortified Ticonderoga.

The fourth campaign was for the conquest of the province of Nova Scotia or Acadia, which, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, was ceded by France to England. Although, during the following half century, it remained under the dominion of England, the people were essentially French. The British colors floating over Louisburg and Annapolis were about the only signs that the oldest French colony in America had passed under foreign control. At the outbreak of the French and Indian War, the French population was sixteen thousand. It was thought best to crush them, and the task was entrusted to Governor Lawrence, to be assisted by a British fleet under Colonel Monckton, which sailed from Boston, May 20, 1755, with three thousand troops.

There were at that time only two French fortified posts in the province, both of which were on the narrow neck of land joining Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Beau-Sejour, the most important, was at the head of Chignecto Bay, while the other, called Gaspereaux, was on the north side of the neck at Bay Verte. The first intimation the French commander had of his danger was the arrival of the English fleet. The forces landed June 3d and the next day laid siege to the fort. It could offer no successful resistance, and speedily surrendered. Beau-Sejour, the capital, received an English garrison, and was re-named Fort Cumberland. Gaspereaux capitulated, and took the name of Fort Monckton. Captain Rous was sent against the fort at the mouth of the St. John's, but the garrison burned the town and withdrew into the interior. Thus,

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in the space of a few weeks, the whole territory east of the St. Croix fell into the hands of the English, who lost less than a score of men.

Acadia having been conquered, the French inhabitants still outnumbered the English three to one. What should be done with them? Admiral Boscawen, fortified by the opinion of the chief justice of the province, agreed upon the savage plan of driving them out of the country.

As in the fable of the wolf and the lamb, a weak attempt was made to justify this course by prescribing an oath of allegiance that no honest Catholic could take. By advice of the priests, the inhabitants declined the oath, but declared their loyalty to their conquerors. They were then ordered to give up their firearms and boats. They obeyed, and then seeing there was no help for them, many offered to take the oath. Governor Lawrence replied that it was too late, and that they must suffer the consequences.

The scenes that followed are among the most painful in all history. The peaceful hamlets were laid waste, and the people forced into the larger towns along the seaboard. A proclamation was issued ordering all the inhabitants to assemble on the 5th of September at their respective villages. Four hundred and eighteen men came together at Grand Pré, and were marched into the church. The doors were closed and guarded, and then Colonel Winslow, leader of the New England levies, and descendant of the famous Edward Winslow, who was one of the founders of the New Plymouth colony, rose in front and read the royal proclamation, which informed the Acadians that their lands, tenements, cattle of all kind, and live stock were forfeited to the Crown, with all their effects save their money and household goods. They were told that orders from which there was no appeal required them to make ready without delay to be taken out of the country.

The sad company driven from Grand Pré alone numbered nearly two thousand souls, including the aged, the sick and the helpless, and the entire number of hapless Acadians who were taken away and distributed, half starving and dying, among the English colonies, was more than three thousand. They were forced into the waiting boats at the point of the bayonet, and as with streaming eyes, wringing hands and moans of anguish, they cast longing looks at the shores they were leaving forever, they saw the smoke of their burning homes rising to the clouds.

This closed the four campaigns that General Braddock, in consultation with the colonial governors, agreed upon, at Alexandria, early in the spring of 1755. The result was any thing but creditable to the English arms, and for awhile longer, the war was prosecuted in a desultory fashion, in which England and the colonies steadily lost ground.

Early in 1756, Washington, with his Virginia provincials, drove the French and Indians from the Shenandoah Valley, while the Pennsylvania volunteers built a fort on the Lehigh, and conducted a successful campaign. Parliament, after a long debate, made the Earl of Loudoun the commander of all the forces in America, with General Abercrombie second in rank. Commissions were given to forty British and German officers, and in the spring of 1756 Abercrombie sailed for New York with two bat-

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talions of regulars. On the 15th of June, a man-of-war was sent to America with a hundred thousand pounds to repay the colonies for their expenses already incurred in prosecuting the war. While making these preparations, it seemed to occur to England that it would be appropriate to declare war. This was done on the 17th of May, and France quickly followed with a similar declaration.

Abercrombie reached Albany on the 25th of June, made some observations, and quartered his soldiers on the citizens. Lord Loudoun arrived in July and took command of the colonial army. He had it within his power to march entirely through Canada and capture every post in it, but he showed no relish for the task. He dug

RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

ditches, quarreled with other officers, talked a great deal about advancing, and decided to wait for cool weather. When winter came he was still talking, and made sure that his men were comfortably quartered on the uncomfortable citizens.

It must not be supposed that the French were idle all this time. During the summer, they organized a force of five thousand men, crossed Lake Ontario, and, with the brave and skillful Marquis of Montcalm at their head, laid siege to Oswego. The two forts at that point made a brave defense, but were compelled to surrender, the French securing an enormous amount of ammunition, provisions, small arms and accouterments.

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Inflamed with scorn at the weakness of the English, the Delawares in Western Pennsylvania, disregarding their treaties, overran the country like so many wild beasts. In a few weeks they killed or captured more than a thousand people. Colonel John Armstrong, with three hundred volunteers, crossed the Alleghenies, and, after an exhausting march, arrived at the Indian town of Kittanning, about forty miles northeast of Pittsburg. At daylight, September 8, they assailed the town, and in a desperate struggle slew nearly every warrior. The lodges were burned to the ground, and the Indians were so completely crushed that for a long time they were not heard of again.

The French were quick to learn the insignificance of Lord Loudoun. They strengthened Crown Point and erected a strong fort at Ticonderoga, so that at the close of the year they had made substantial progress against the English.

After months of pondering, Loudoun saw that he would have to do something, and he decided to capture Louisburg. You remember that at the treaty of Utrecht, this powerful fortress was given back to the French, who still retained it. Lord Loudoun sailed from New York June 20, with an army of six thousand regulars, arriving at Halifax July 1, where he was joined by Admiral Holborn, with a fleet of sixteen men-of-war, having on board five thousand regulars from England. Never was grosser incompetency shown than by Loudoun, who landed this magnificent force before Halifax, and set his officers to drilling the skilled regiments. An immense crop of onions and vegetables was planted in order to fight off the imaginary scurvy. Before the crop could be gathered, Loudoun heard that the French fleet before Louisburg numbered a single ship more than did the vessels under his command.

That was enough: he ordered the fleet to cruise around Cape Breton, embarked his army for New York, and when he arrived there, proposed to fortify Long Island against an enemy that in strength could not be compared with his own.

The fiery little Montcalm, skillfully trained in the European service, reached Ticonderoga by way of the Sorel and Lake Champlain, with a force of six thousand French and Canadians, and nearly two thousand Indians. The artillery and boats were dragged across the portage to Lake George, where the troops re-embarked, and, on the 3d of August, he laid siege to Fort William Henry. The garrison consisted of five hundred men under Colonel Monro, with seventeen hundred troops within supporting distance, while General Webb with more than four thousand British regulars was at Fort Edward, fourteen miles away. Webb sent word to Monro advising him to surrender, and suggested to his own officers, at a council of war, that they should retire to Albany.

Colonel Monro, with his small garrison, made a most gallant defense for six days. By that time half his guns had burst, his ammunition was exhausted and his men worn out. Honorable terms were promised, and he surrendered. The French took possession of the fort on the 9th of August, and an escort to Fort Edward was given the prisoners. Sad to say, however, the Indians, already inflamed by their success, having procured some liquor in the English camp, became ungovernable and began to massacre the prisoners. Montcalm and his officers claimed that they had exerted themselves to restrain the savages, but thirty of the English were tomahawked and many others dragged into captivity. Only half the garrison succeeded in reaching Fort Edward,

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and they, as may well be supposed, were panic-stricken. Since Montcalm unquestionably possessed the power to check this massacre, had he chosen to exert it, his failure to do so must forever remain a stain upon his memory.

Montcalm demolished the fort, and the French withdrew with the immense plunder captured from the enemy. Webb, at Fort Edward, was filled with consternation, fearing that his turn would come next. He hurried his baggage to a place of security, and wanted to withdraw to the Highlands of the Hudson. Governor Pownall of Massachusetts, ordered the inhabitants west of the Connecticut to destroy their wagons and drive in their cattle. Only at the extreme south was there any thing like peace and moderate prosperity. Governor Ellis ruled Georgia with firmness and wisdom. He established friendly relations with the Creek Indians, and made the colony a refuge for those who fled from the turbulent frontiers to the northward. Numerous families after Braddock's massacre had sought safety in South Carolina from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, but serious trouble arose with the Cherokees and much suffering followed. Further north the country west of the Blue Ridge was swept with fire and sword by the French and Indians. Fort Loudoun at Winchester was the main protection of the western frontier. Washington had urged Virginia to erect forts along her frontier at distances of fifteen miles, but Londoun made such demands upon the military resources of Virginia, that little was done except to strain every nerve to send recruits to his large and unwieldy army. The dark days had come, and many believed that nothing could prevent France from overrunning the American continent. The French had driven the English out of the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio; they were supreme on the lakes, and had fastened their iron grip on the north and west. So triumphant indeed had been their campaign that, at the close of 1757, France held twenty times as much territory as did England, and it looked as if she would soon be mistress of the whole country.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

1757—1763.

ENGLAND was exasperated at the imbecility shown in the management of affairs in America. The ministry was forced to resign, and a new one was formed with that remarkable man, William Pitt, at the head. In the control of vast resources, he proved at once his marvelous energy, and far-seeing statesmanship. England and her American colonies were more mighty than France: all they needed was a capable hand to direct them, and that was now furnished in the person of the great Commoner, as he has been called.

GENERAL WOLFE.

The first wise step of Pitt was to dismiss the imbecile Lord Loudoun from the place he ought never to have held. General Abercrombie was appointed his successor, and Admiral Boscawen was placed in command of the fleet consisting of twenty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates. Pitt showed his faith in the colonies by providing that England should furnish equipments, arms, ammunition, a quota of trained soldiers, and the principal leaders, while America was to clothe, feed, and pay the men. The colonial troops were to choose their own officers up to and including the colonels, who should rank with English officers of the same grade. The brave and brilliant young Lord Howe was next in grade to Abercrombie; Amherst held an important command; James Wolfe was at the head of a brigade, and Colonel Richard Montgomery led a regiment.

The plans of Pitt met with an enthusiastic response in the colonies: they answered cheerfully to the call for men and money.

The objective points of the three campaigns, planned for 1758, were the same as before—Louisburg, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and Du Quesne. Amherst, acting with the fleet, was to take Louisburg; Lord Howe, under the direction of the com-

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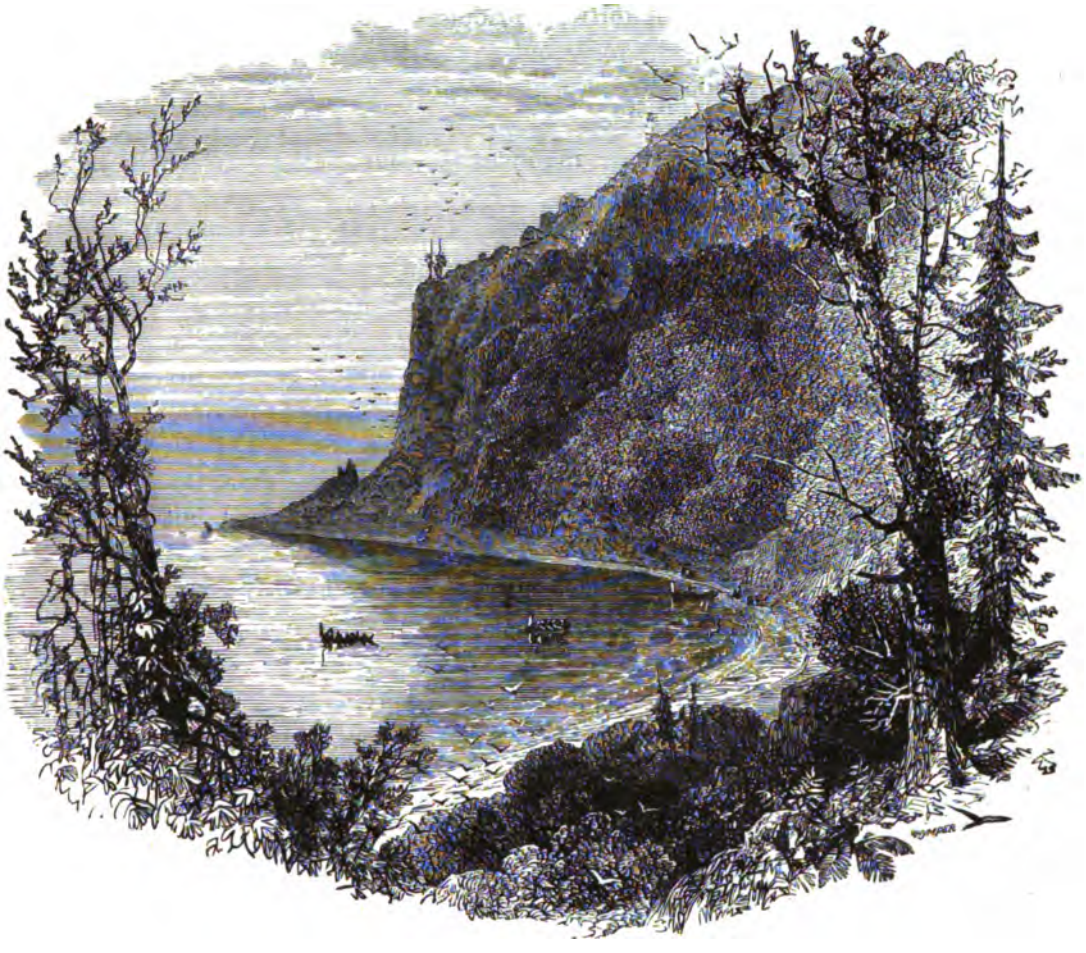
mander-in-chief, was to capture Crown Point and Ticonderoga, while General Forbes assumed the task of recovering the Ohio Valley.

The expedition against Louisburg left Halifax on the 28th of May. Its thirty-seven vessels carried fourteen thousand troops, mostly regulars. A strong wind delayed them, but just at daylight, on the 8th of June, they began landing in Gabarus Bay. Wolfe, always popular with his men, was greatly admired for his coolness and daring.



WOLFE'S COVE.

He led the first division, and would not allow a gun to be discharged in answer to the fire of the French. When the boats reached shoal water, he sprang overboard, with only a cane in his hand, and, swinging it aloft, cheered his followers, who were as eager as himself.

Advancing against the French batteries, the rampart of felled trees was passed, the batteries taken, and the French driven in. The north-east harbor was next secured, and heavy guns were planted on the cape near the lighthouse. This course soon silenced the island battery. Louisburg being invested, the siege was prosecuted with

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vigor and caution. The French ships in the harbor were not spared. One of them caught fire from the explosion of a bomb, and blew up. The flames set fire to two others, and destroyed them. The two remaining ships of the line were captured one dark night, one being run aground and the other brought off in safety. Among the officers who took part in the gallant enterprise was the man that afterward became the celebrated navigator, Captain Cook. The part he played that night won for him his promotion to a lieutenancy.

The guns kept pounding at the fortress. Louisburg was a heap of ruins, the walls were breached in several places, and forty out of the fifty-two guns were disabled. On the 28th of July, it capitulated, and its artillery, provisions, and military stores, were surrendered. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island fell into the hands of the English. The garrison, including the marines, and numbering six thousand men, were sent as prisoners of war to England.

General Abercrombie, with an army of fifteen thousand men led by Lord Howe, reached Lake George on the 5th of July, and embarked for Ticonderoga in one hundred and thirty-five whale boats and nine hundred *bateaux*, with the artillery on rafts. The sight must have been inspiring, as, with banners flying and music playing, they moved along the lake, halting in the evening at Sabbath-day Point. The country around the French fortress was so unfavorable for military operations that the English were compelled to leave their artillery behind. On the 6th, in the immediate vicinity of the fort, the English fell in with a picket line of the French, numbering more than three hundred, and a severe fight followed. The French were nearly all killed, but the English suffered a loss that was irreparable in the death of Lord Howe.

The attack opened on the 8th. Abercrombie was ignorant of the great strength of the abattis, and hurled his regulars against it again and again. The useless assault lasted for more than four hours, but with no more success than if they had assailed the sides of a mountain. The abattis was defended by four thousand Frenchmen under the direction of Montcalm, of whom glimpses were caught on that hot afternoon, as he darted from point to point, with his coat off, encouraging his men at all points.

It was nearly sunset, when the assailants were finally driven back, having lost nineteen hundred and sixteen in killed and wounded. There is no record of any battle fought during the Revolution in which the British suffered such severe loss.

The English retreated to Fort George, at the head of the lake, and sent three thousand men, under Colonel Bradstreet, against Fort Frontenac, which stood on the present site of Kingston, at the outlet of Lake Ontario. After a siege of two days, the fort was captured, and forty-six cannon, nine vessels of war, and an immense quantity of stores fell into the hands of the English. The victory was a highly important one, and caused much dejection among the French, who were not only growing weaker, but were threatened with a famine on account of the failure of crops in Canada.

In the autumn, Abercrombie's forces at Lake George were strengthened by some regiments from Louisburg, sent by Amherst, who succeeded the incompetent Abercrombie in the chief command.

Early in July, General Forbes set out from Philadelphia, at the head of nine thou-

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sand men, to capture Fort Du Quesne. Washington joined the expedition with two regiments, and contributed a great deal to its success. He wished to make all haste over the same road that Braddock had taken, but against his protest, a new route was opened, and great delay resulted. Forbes himself became critically ill, so that it was not until September that they reached Raystown. The impatient Major Grant pushed on to within a few miles of Du Quesne, and in attempting to decoy the French and Indians into ambush, was himself ambuscaded, and lost a third of his men.

A month later they were still fifty miles from Du Quesne, and snow was flying in the air. A council of war decided that it was too late for further operations, but Washington obtained permission to advance. Pressing forward, he was within ten miles of the fort by the evening of October 24. That night the garrison, numbering five hundred, set fire to the defenses, and floated down the Ohio in their boats. On the 25th, the victorious army tramped over the ruined bastions, and Washington himself planted the British flag on the smoking ruins. The place was named Pittsburg, in honor of the great English minister, whose policy was winning such glory in America.

Pitt was quick to see England's grand opportunity. He poured his men into America, which grew stronger as Canada became weaker. Abercrombie having been weighed and found wanting, Amherst, who had proved his ability, had been promoted to the chief command. Parliament voted £12,000,000 to carry on the war. By the early summer of 1759, England and the colonies had nearly fifty thousand troops in the field — a tremendous array for those days, almost equal to two-thirds of the entire population of Canada, and more than six times the army that France had on this side of the Atlantic. The blood of Pitt was up; he meant to conquer Canada, and the war was to be prosecuted in earnest to the end.

Three decisive campaigns were planned for the year. General Prideaux, commanding mostly provincials and Indians, was to capture Niagara, and descending the St. Lawrence, was to meet the other two armies at Montreal.

Amherst was to march against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and enter Canada by the northern route.

Wolfe was to take an expedition up the St. Lawrence against Quebec.

Amherst, with an army exceeding eleven thousand men, led the main advance against Ticonderoga, disembarking July 22, near the landing-place of Abercrombie. The French did not dare to make a stand. The outer lines were abandoned by the French, and immediately occupied by the English. A few days later, when Amherst was ready to open with his batteries, the magazine was blown up and the garrison retreated to Crown Point. Amherst took possession, and then cautiously pushed on to Crown Point. He found that deserted also, the French having withdrawn to Isle aux Noix, on the northern shore of Lake Champlain. Thus the whole country about Lake Champlain had been captured without a battle. Amherst, instead of pressing on, spent the rest of the season in strengthening Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He had met with great success, and, though he made a few demonstrations, he seemed content with the glory already won.

While Amherst was advancing toward Lake Champlain, Prideaux was marching

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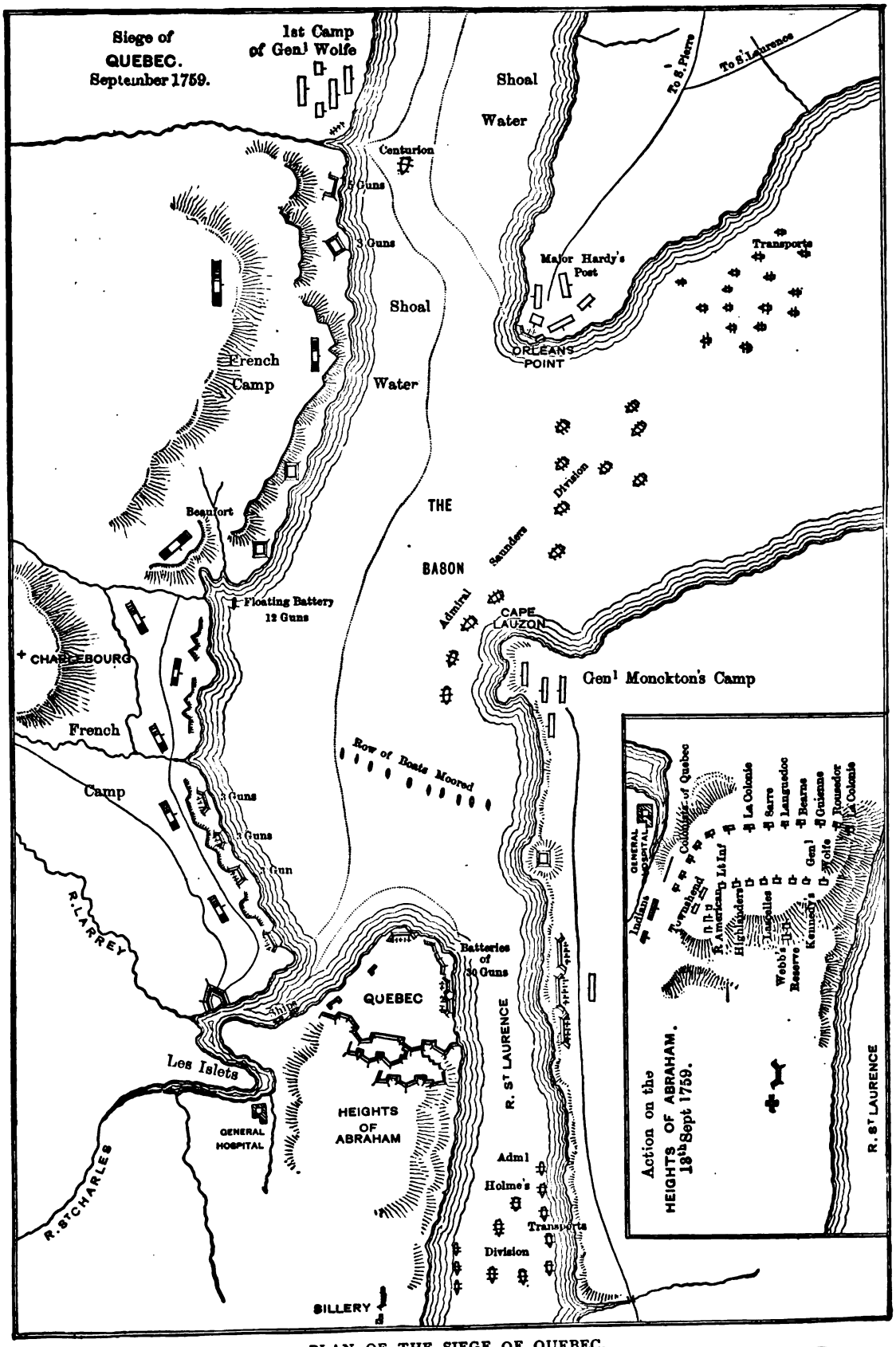

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

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against Niagara. The place was invested on the 10th of July. D'Aubry gathered a re-enforcement numbering twelve hundred from Detroit, Erie, Le Bœuf and Venango and went to the relief of the endangered fort. General Prideaux was killed on the 15th, by the accidental bursting of a mortar. Sir William Johnson succeeded to the command, and was furiously assailed on the 24th by the re-enforcements of D'Aubry on their way to the fort. The French were utterly routed with great loss. Pouchot, the commander at Niagara, when he could no longer doubt the news of the misfortune, surrendered, and the six hundred troops in the town became prisoners of war.

MONTCALM.

The crowning triumph awaited Wolfe. The St. Lawrence River, as you are aware, lies well to the northward, and the weather at its mouth is as cold as that on the coast of Norway. It was a long time before the great stream was cleared of ice, and it was not until June that Wolfe left Louisburg. His force consisted of about eight thousand men and a fleet of forty-four vessels under Admirals Saunders and Holmes; Monckton, Townsend and Murray being his brigadiers. The Isle of Orleans was reached on the 27th of June, and camp pitched on the upper end of the island. Two nights later, General Monckton, with four battalions seized Point Levi, and thus was enabled to plant a battery opposite the city. With this battery he reduced the lower town, as it

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is called, to ashes, while the upper town suffered considerable injury. The fortress, however, appeared to be impregnable against any attack.

Quebec, as perhaps you are aware, stands on the lofty promontory formed by the junction of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles, and is divided into the upper and the lower town. The latter stands on ground which rises to a considerable height. On the most elevated portion of the upper town is the citadel, three hundred and forty-five feet above the river. The fortifications, reaching almost across the peninsula, inclose a circuit of nearly three miles.

West of the fortifications are the Heights of Abraham — a rugged precipice rising more than three hundred feet, and seeming to be insurmountable from the river. Believing that it was impossible to storm the city from the side toward the river, the French had extended their line of intrenchment from the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, extending for five miles from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles. The force of Montcalm amounted to about twelve thousand French and Canadians, with a few Indians, most of whom were in an indifferent state of discipline.

Late at night on the 28th, a number of fire-ships came down with the tide toward the English vessels; but the slow-matches burned out too soon, and most of the explosions took place before they were close enough to injure the English vessels. Such as reached the fleet were towed ashore by the British sailors, where they burned themselves out without harming other property.

Wolfe was impatient. He crossed the north channel on the 9th of July and encamped his army on the east bank of the Montmorenci. This is the stream which you will notice in the upper left hand corner of the map. It is fordable when the tide is out, and a council of war determined on an attack at low water on the 31st of July. Generals Townsend and Murray dashed across with their two brigades, but Monckton, who, according to agreement, was to advance from Point Levi or Cape Lauzon at the same time, ran his boats aground and considerable delay was caused. Before the regiments could form in line of battle, the others had dashed with impetuosity against the French intrenchments. They were hurled back by the accurate fire of the defenders. A blinding rain storm descended, and in the hurried retreat to the boats the Indians hung on the flanks of the English, and used guns and tomahawks as the chance offered. Night was coming, the tide rising and five hundred men had been lost. Retreat was all that remained, and Wolfe, worn out and chagrined, fell into a violent fever. While he lay in his tent, he proposed at another council that a second assault should be made, but he was overruled.

It was now agreed to ascend the St. Lawrence with a view of gaining, if possible, possession of the Heights of Abraham, in the rear of Quebec. Camp was broken, and on the 6th of September the troops and artillery were conveyed to Point Levi. Diverting the attention of the French by assuming great activity, Wolfe once more moved the army to a point several miles up the river. He then carefully searched along the bank for some path among the precipitous bluffs, by which the heights could be gained. The place known as Wolfe's Cove was discovered on the 11th, and it was agreed that there the ascent should be attempted.

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Wolfe, who was still weak from his illness, had a presentiment that he would not survive the battle which was soon to open. He called a friend to his cabin aboard the *Sutherland*, and gave him the portrait of the young lady to whom he was betrothed, with the request to return it to her in case he should be killed. He then added a codicil to his will, and was ready for the dangerous attempt.

That night there was no moon, but the clear autumn sky was studded with stars which never shone more brilliantly than when they looked down on the strange scene below. A little past midnight two points of light, one above the other, suddenly gleamed from the mainmast of the *Sutherland*. The signal was expected and instantly acted upon. Thirty flat-bottomed boats, bearing sixteen hundred soldiers, drifted noiselessly down stream. They kept close to the north-western bank, so as not to miss the landing-place. The men were as silent as shadows, for it was death to speak; but, as Wolfe's own barge swung from under the rocky shores, out into the star-lit night, he repeated in a low voice the words of Gray's Elegy, which he had received only a short time before from England.

That poem, one of the most perfect in our language, impressed all with its wonderful beauty. They must have been touched, when Wolfe softly uttered the stanza:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As he finished, the general said, "I should rather be the author of that poem than to take Quebec."

It was still dark when they drifted into the cove. Wolfe was among the first to leap ashore, and his spirits rose as he surveyed the mountainous heights, reaching far aloft in the gloom. For two hundred and fifty feet, overcoming every obstacle and careless of danger, the soldiers toiled eagerly upward, following a narrow path where two men could hardly walk abreast. The main body of light infantry was swept a little further down the river. They clambered up, clutching at points of rocks, boughs, roots, and whatever would help. The Highlanders were as nimble as monkeys. The French guard at the top heard the suspicious rustling of bushes and scraping against the rocks, and fired down at the dim figures. But it was too late to check the advance. The dark forms suddenly poured over the rim of the precipice, and upon the heights above, like the rush of a mountain torrent. They fired at the picket, who fled in hot haste.

The brigades under Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray were soon on the plain above, where, in the breaking light, they formed in military array. The boats rowing back met the squadron under Holmes, which had started down the river about an hour after the first division. They speedily climbed the rocks, and when morning dawned the English army stood in battle array on the Heights of Abraham.

The number of men thus drawn up was not quite five thousand. They had but a single cannon, which, with incredible toil, they had dragged up the cliff, and each man was furnished with seventy rounds of ammunition. Facing about, they marched in files

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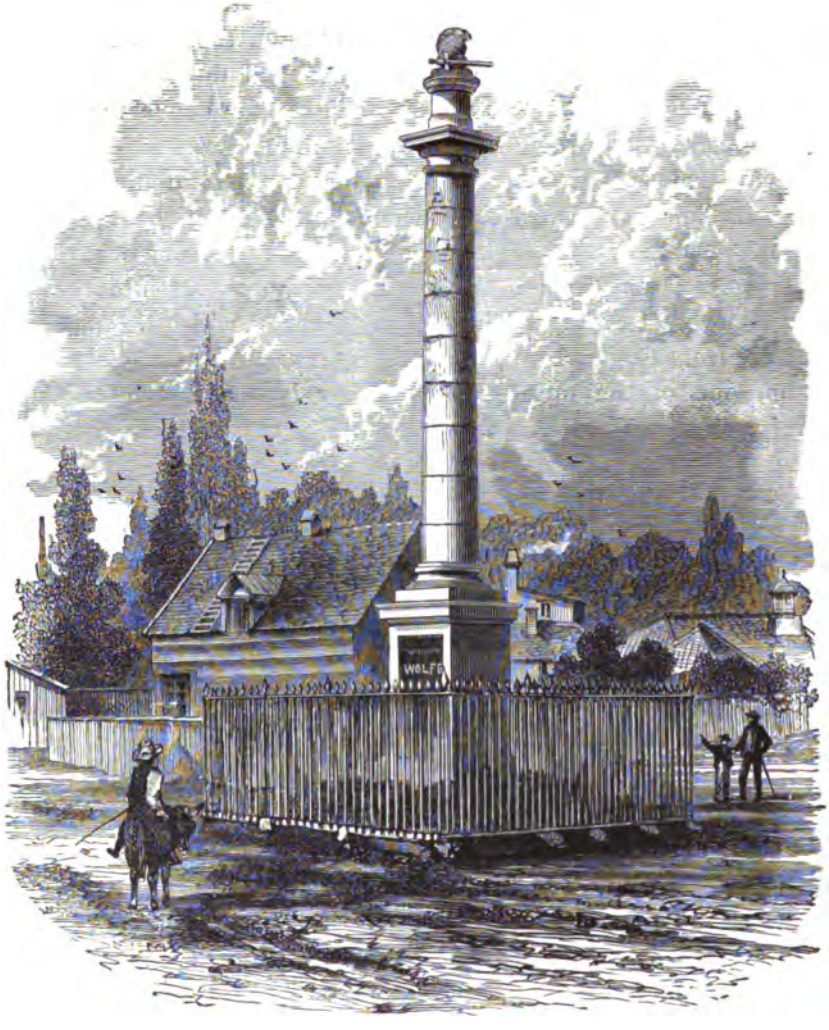
toward the city. Light showers of rain were falling, yet the English soldiers plainly saw the stronghold of the enemy rising before them.

When in the gray light of early morning a messenger rushed to Montcalm with the news that the whole British army had scaled the Heights of Abraham and were about



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AT QUEBEC.

to attack Quebec, he would not believe it; but his eyes quickly told him the astounding truth.

"They have got on our weak side at last!" he exclaimed; "we must crush them at once."

Mustering troops to about the same number as the English, he led them over the St. Charles by the bridge of boats, and the battle speedily opened. The British were under much better discipline, and their volleys, delivered with deadly precision, were more than the French could stand. Placing himself at the head of his men, Wolfe led

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DEATH OF WOLFE.

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel of Benjamin West's picture.

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them on the decisive charge. The foe broke and scattered, and the English pressed triumphantly forward. Wolfe was struck in the wrist and then in the side, but in the enthusiasm of the moment he paid no heed to his hurts. A third ball, however, entered his breast and he fell. He was hastily carried to the rear, where it was proposed to bring a surgeon. He weakly shook his head.

"It is needless; this is the end," he murmured.

He was sinking into a lethargy when he caught the shout,

"They run! they run!"

The dying general roused and opened his eyes.

"Who run?" he asked, with the fitful energy that strong men often show at the last moment.

"The French," was the reply; "they are giving way everywhere!"

Wolfe turned painfully on his side and murmured,

"Now God be praised; I die happy." And so he died.

Almost at the same moment, Montcalm, while at the head of his troops, trying to rally them, was struck down. He was shot twice, and fell at the second wound. Having been carried into the city, the surgeon told him he had but a brief time to live.

"So much the better," said he; "then I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He expired just before daylight on the morning of the 14th.

The French were driven behind the walls of Quebec, and four days later they surrendered. An English garrison occupied the citadel, and the year 1759 closed with the English arms triumphant everywhere.

The French withdrew to Montreal and the English sent off part of their army in the fleet. During the winter which followed, both sides remained inactive, but on the opening of the river in spring, De Lévis came down from Montreal with a force of nearly seven thousand men. General Murray, the commandant of the garrison in Quebec, had less than half that force, but he marched boldly out to meet the enemy, and another battle was fought on the Plains of Abraham. There could be but one result when the armies were so unevenly matched. The English were routed and driven back into the city, and the French prepared for a siege. Each side hoped for speedy re-enforcements, and they came in May, but only for the English, whereupon De Lévis tumbled his heavy guns into the river and withdrew.

Great Britain rapidly gained ground. Colonel Haviland came up from the south, with an army from Crown Point, and Amherst, with his formidable force of ten thousand regulars and provincials, increased at Oswego by a thousand Indians under Sir William Johnson, entered Canada from Lake Ontario. This enormous force, with General Murray from the east, gathered before Montreal, which surrendered on the 8th of September, 1760.

The conditions of peace were discussed for a long time, while the war continued on the ocean. The British fleets were continually victorious, and finally on the 10th of February, 1763, a treaty of peace was made at Paris. By its provisions, France gave to England all the French possessions in North America east of the Mississippi, from its source to the river Iberville and thence through Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain to

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the Gulf of Mexico. Spain, with whom England had been at war, ceded East and West Florida to Great Britain. Then, as an equivalent, France gave Spain all that immense territory west of the Mississippi known as Louisiana, equal in area to all the rest of the country.

You will observe that by this important treaty, France lost all her possessions in the New World. It was humiliating, and it may seem to have been a vast sacrifice, but the French statesmen who were parties to the agreement thought differently. They believed it was one of the wisest steps ever taken by France, and subsequent events proved they were right.

A colony is an element of weakness rather than of strength to the mother country, and the American provinces were growing strong and self-reliant so fast that no nation in Europe would be able to hold them in subjection. France was well rid of them, and she knew that they would soon be a burden to England, her great rival.

Canada having been conquered, and the French power overthrown in America, it remained for the English authorities to take actual possession of the vast territory bordering on the Great Lakes. It was stipulated by the Marquis of Vaudreuil, in surrendering Montreal, that all the western forts under the control of France should be turned over to England. Accordingly, in the fall of 1760, General Amherst dispatched Major Robert Rogers with two hundred provincial rangers to receive the surrender of the outposts.

This brings us to what is known in history as the Conspiracy of Pontiac — an episode of such interest that it must be given a chapter by itself.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.

IT took news a long time to travel a hundred years ago. The telegraph, locomotive and steamboat were not dreamed of. A fleet horse outstripped all other means of conveyance, but it was only in carrying letters from one place to another within the settled portion of the country that this method could be employed to advantage. Weeks and months often passed before posts separated by only a few hundred miles of forest could exchange important tidings with one another.

Some months after the surrender of Quebec, as you have been told, Major Robert Rogers, a noted New Hampshire ranger, was sent by General Amherst to take the news to the commander of the French post at Detroit, and to receive the submission of that and other posts on the western frontier. The start was made in November, 1760, Rogers being provided with two hundred rangers as an escort. When they reached the site of the present city of Cleveland, the weather was so bad that they went into camp until the skies should clear. While waiting, they were visited by a party of Ottawa Indians, under the leadership of a chief of distinguished appearance. He was in middle life, of very dark complexion, strongly built and with a haughty bearing. He told the English that he was the owner of that country, and that they had no right to intrude upon it without his permission. He was PONTIAC, the famous chieftain, and he demanded the errand of Major Rogers in thus venturing upon his grounds.

Major Rogers, as I have told you, was a famous ranger who was the hero of many desperate encounters with the Indians. His escape on snow shoes, when set upon by a party of savages determined to take his scalp, was one of the most daring ever known. He understood the Indian nature, and knew this sachem was one of the most famous of his race. The major explained that in the war between England and France, England had won the victory; Canada had become English, and just as soon as the major could reach Detroit and tell the commandant what had taken place, that post would surrender. He hoped the great Pontiac would allow him and his party to pass through his hunting grounds, and he hoped further that the white and the red men would live in peace. Pontiac, after taking a night to consider the matter, replied that he wished to maintain peace with the English, and, so long as they treated him properly, they might stay in his country. That Pontiac was honest at that time was proved when Rogers and his rangers reached the Detroit River, where four hundred Detroit Indians were lying in ambush. Pontiac interfered, and persuaded them not to molest the English.

Detroit surrendered November 29, 1760. The Indians who saw the larger force

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VISIT OF PONTIAC AND THE INDIANS TO MAJOR GLADWYN.
Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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yield to the weaker, concluded that the English were beings of superhuman prowess. Pontiac, however, was wise enough to understand the truth. He hated the English, and believed that after conquering the French, they would turn upon the American race and enslave or destroy them. He was told by the Canadian traders that the king of France had been asleep, and would soon awake and sweep through the wilderness at the head of a resistless army, so that not an Englishman should be left.

Like King Philip who preceded, and Tecumseh who came after him, Pontiac spent many days in brooding over the impending fate of his people. In the solemn depths of the forest, by the silent river, in the stillness of night, this chieftain pondered the one mighty theme — how could he save his race? No doubt his soul was stirred by the dim traditions that had come down through countless generations, and the valiant deeds of people in his own time. The result was inevitable: there was but the one way of saving them — that was by destroying the pale-faces.

The campaign upon which Pontiac determined to enter was a mighty one. He meant that on the same day all the forts should be overwhelmed, the settlements destroyed, and then, with the help of the French, no English should be left in the country.

Pontiac was an Indian of marked ability, and he was warranted in hoping for success. Realizing that his own people, even if they united, were not strong enough to exterminate the English, he saw no reason why they should fail, if the French assisted them in the campaign, for the latter nation had proved that she was nearly, if not quite the equal of the English, and when Pontiac should fling a score of tribes into the scale with them, what could prevent their triumph?

But such a magnificent enterprise could not be arranged in a week, or a month, or a year. Pontiac did not allow himself to be led into any rash demonstration that was likely to overturn his whole project. Two full years had passed after the surrender of Detroit, when he sent embassadors to the different tribes, to lay before them his plans, and to secure their pledge to join him. These parties took with them, as the insignia of their office, a tomahawk painted red and a wampum war-belt. They visited every tribe between the Ottawa and the Lower Mississippi. Sir William Johnson was able to keep five nations of the Iroquois confederacy from joining the conspiracy, but the Senecas promised to assist. Nearly all the Algonquins, the Wyandots, and a number of the southern tribes joined the Ojibwas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies, who were under the direct control of Pontiac.

The time fixed for the great uprising was the 7th of May, the date being arranged according to a certain change in the moon, which took place on that day. Each tribe taking part was to assail the nearest fort, after which all were to fall upon the settlements. It was impossible that such a vast conspiracy, reaching so far and requiring so long a time for its complete formation, should remain absolutely secret. Ensign Holmes, commanding at Fort Miami, where Fort Wayne, Indiana, now stands, was told of the plot by a friendly Indian. Not only that, but he secured the war-belt. The red men, when accused, confessed the plot, promising to take no part in it. Holmes sent the war-belt to Major Gladwyn, with a letter, and asked him to forward both

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to Amherst. But Gladwyn, like so many officers before and since, who have been placed in a similar position, was incredulous to the point of stupidity. He would not believe the news sent by Holmes. He forwarded the information to Amherst, but assured him that no cause for alarm existed.

Pontiac called a council of war on the Ecorce River, near Detroit. A famous gathering of warriors took place there on the 27th of April, 1763. The sachem made a speech, according to the Indian model—that is, he went over a long list of wrongs his race had suffered at the hands of the English. The French were their friends, and would soon sail up the river in their big war canoes and help them to kill the English. Then he related that one of his people, who had been admitted to the presence of the Great Spirit, had been assured that if the Indians would cast aside the weapons and costumes of the whites, and return to those of the red men, they would prevail everywhere against the hated race.

Pontiac was to lead the attack against Detroit. He visited the fort with forty of his warriors a few days before the date fixed for the assault, and they danced the calumet-dance before the officers. During their visit they made good use of their eyes.

Pontiac now called his chiefs about him and explained his precise plan. They were to enter the fort, each carrying his gun under his blanket. The chief was to make a speech and present the wampum-belt wrong end first, as a signal for the massacre. Instantly they were to bring out their guns and begin the slaughter. The other savages, lounging about the gate or in the streets, would know what was going on, and were to fall upon the soldiers and settlers.

The fort at Detroit consisted of a square, inclosed by a palisade twenty-five feet high. A wooden bastion, mounting a few pieces of artillery, was at each corner, and block-houses over the gateway. Even at that remote day, it was of considerable importance, there being fully one hundred houses, separated from each other by narrow streets, with a wide space between them and the inclosing palisades. The buildings were of wood, as were the barracks for the soldiers and the small church that had been erected some years before. The garrison numbered one hundred and twenty, and a third as many more were capable of bearing arms. Two armed schooners lay in the river.

On the morning of May 7th — the date fixed for the general massacre — Pontiac and sixty chosen warriors came through the gateway, as they had been accustomed to do, unchallenged by the sentinels. The red-men were in their gayest plumes and paint, each sinewy warrior holding his long blanket wrapped about his shoulders and reaching to his knees. Under each blanket was a loaded rifle, while tomahawk and knife rested in the girdle ready to be snatched forth the instant needed. No one could see the weapons, but they were at hand, awaiting the signal from Pontiac. He carried the lighted match of treachery, and had only to touch the magazine to cause the explosion that should spread death in every direction.

As Pontiac came through the gate, his black eyes glanced to the right and left. What a tempest of rage must have swept through his heart! That single glance told him his plot was discovered. The entire garrison was under arms and posted in readiness for orders, while every officer had a sword and two pistols in his belt. Fierce as must

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have been the wrath of the dusky conspirator, he repressed it with matchless skill. As he approached Gladwyn, he asked, as though the matter was of small account to him:

"Why do I see so many of my brothers in the streets with arms in their hands?"

"They have been ordered out for exercise," replied Gladwyn, in the same careless manner. The Indians took the seats assigned them and Pontiac, with an embarrassment that he could not entirely conceal, began his speech. Strange indeed must have been his emotions, when he found that the men whom he and his warriors had conspired to kill knew every particular of the plot.

And yet there is the best reason for believing that while the chief was making his speech, he was inclined to begin the massacre. Major Gladwyn watched him as a cat watches a mouse. Once when the chief acted as if about to give the signal to his followers, the officer made a slight gesture, which was answered by the rattle of arms at the door of the council-room. It was enough: Pontiac understood it.

Laboring through his short address, as best he could, the sachem took his seat, and Major Gladwyn answered. He said he would be glad to continue on good terms with Pontiac and his warriors, but that his friendship would last no longer than it was deserved. On the first hostile act, he would visit vengeance on the guilty. The Ottawas, sullen, scowling and baffled, withdrew.

Two days before, the blacksmith at the post had been surprised by the number of Indians who visited his shop to borrow his files. When he asked why they were wanted, he received evasive replies. The same day, the wife of one of the settlers visiting the Ottawa village, noticed many of the warriors filing off the ends of their gun-barrels. On her return, she reported what she saw, and the blacksmith instantly knew why his files were wanted. He lost no time in warning the commandant. The latter was doubtful until the next day, when he questioned an Indian girl (who was a sort of Pocahontas), during her call at the post. After some hesitation, she revealed the whole plot: all that followed was a matter of course.

Pontiac and three of his chiefs came back on the 8th, and presenting the officer with a calumet informed him that evil birds had sung lies in his ear. Major Gladwyn smiled grimly, and Pontiac could hardly have thought him deceived.

The day following the chieftain again appeared, but at the head of a large body of warriors. He found the gates barred, and, when he asked the reason, was told that he might enter alone, but that those with him must stay outside. It was idle to dissemble any longer, and Pontiac now threw off all disguise. The warriors gave utterance to their war-whoops, brandished their weapons, and running to the houses of several English settlers, living outside the palisades, quickly dispatched the inmates, and flourished the scalps before the eyes of the garrison.

By order of Pontiac, the Ottawa village was moved across the river to the Detroit shore, and located at the mouth of Parent's Creek, afterward known as Bloody Run, about a mile and half north-east of the fort. The Ojibwas having joined the Ottawas, the regular siege of Detroit was begun. Screening themselves behind barns, outbuildings, stumps, trees, and inequalities of the ground, the Indians opened fire on the

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fort, and kept it up for six hours. The garrison, as chance offered, returned the shots. Whenever a dusky warrior more daring than his fellows exposed his body, several guns were discharged, sometimes with fatal effect. A group of out-buildings used for

ATTACK ON FORT AT PRESQUE ISLE.

shelter by the savages received a charge of red hot spikes from one of the cannon. A minute later the dry structures broke into flames, and the Indians hurried to other shelter. The shooting ceased at dusk, very little having been accomplished by the besiegers. Five of the garrison were wounded, but none killed, while the assailants lost several.

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Even then Major Gladwyn believed the affair much less serious than was the case. He opened negotiations with Pontiac, who sent word that he wished to have a talk with the English, and asked that Major Campbell, the second in command, should be sent to him. The major went out as requested, taking as his companion Lieutenant McDougal. They were hardly within the Indian lines when they saw they were betrayed, but they could not help themselves. Campbell, after being kept several weeks, was murdered by a warrior in revenge for the death of his nephew, killed in a skirmish. The lieutenant, however, managed to escape and reach his friends.

The Wyandots having joined Pontiac, the siege was pressed with great energy. The fire of the Indians became so galling that by frequent sallies the garrison destroyed every thing that could shelter the savages in the immediate neighborhood of the fort. The redmen held the cannon in great fear, and when their boom rolled through the woods, and the solid shot crashed among the trees, would leap shuddering behind the nearest shelter.

The savages did their utmost to fire the buildings, knowing that a conflagration would place the garrison at their mercy. Twisting tow about the tips of their arrows, they shot them with skillful aim from the edge of the woods. The flaming missiles circled high over head in the darkness, curved downward, and struck the dry roofs with a thud plainly heard by the besieged. In a few minutes a coil of flame would rise from the timber into which the arrow-head had been driven, and, had not the supply of water been inexhaustible and the vigilance of the garrison unremitting, the settlement must speedily have been reduced to ashes. By the time the blaze was fairly started, there would be a splash, and it was extinguished. Flames would appear in half a dozen places at the same moment, only to be put out in the same manner.

Safety lay in constant watchfulness, and day after day, and night after night, half the garrison watched while the others slept. The food was carefully husbanded, considerable being obtained from the Canadians on the other side the river, who stole over under cover of night. These people of course were looked upon by the Indians as their allies, but, as the siege continued, and provisions ran low, Pontiac made forced levies upon them. He answered their complaints by reminding them that he was fighting for their interests as much as for his own. He forbade stealing, but made regular requisitions upon the Canadians for supplies. He gave in payment his promissory notes, written on the inside of birch-bark, and signed with the figure of an otter — his totem. Every one of these aboriginal notes, as they may be called, was redeemed by the famous chief of the Ottawas.

The situation of Detroit was one of great danger. Though Major Gladwyn was able to keep his assailants outside the stockades, his supplies were running low, and the number of besiegers increased every day. Some of the Indians came long distances, and all were stirred by the furious earnestness that fired their leader. The commandant knew that re-enforcements and supplies were due by way of Lake Erie, and he sent one of the schooners to hurry them forward. Some days later, the sentinels at the fort called out that the supply boats were coming. As they came into view, the crews were seen to be rowing right lustily. The faces of the beleaguered garrison were lit

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NIGHT ATTACK ON THE SCHOONER.

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up with joy, for now they were sure of food and ammunition in abundance, and the strength of the garrison would be measurably increased. But, while all eyes were turned toward the river, they saw something that at the first glance was not understood, but whose fearful meaning quickly appeared. One of the white men was struggling with an Indian warrior. Then it was discovered that the boats were swarming with savages, who had at first concealed themselves in the bottoms, hoping to enter the fort undetected. The stores, guns and ammunition intended for the garrison were in the hands of their enemies.

The schooner sent by Gladwyn to hurry the re-enforcements, missed the boats and continued on to Niagara. The boats proceeded leisurely along the coast of Lake Erie until they reached the mouth of the Detroit River. There the party went ashore, without the least suspicion of danger, and while making preparations to go into camp, a large war party of Wyandots assailed them with irresistible fury. In a few minutes sixty men were killed or taken prisoners, two only of the boats escaping. In one of them was Lieutenant Cuyler, the leader of the expedition, and some forty men. They made their way back to Niagara, with news of the disaster, while the Wyandots compelled their prisoners to row the other boats, and the attempt was made to enter Detroit by treachery.

As soon as Cuyler reached Niagara, another expedition of relief was fitted out and sent to Detroit in the schooner from the post. On the 23d of June she was in sight of the fort, but the wind had died out, and she dropped anchor. Those on board had gone through too sharp an experience to be caught napping a second time. They scanned the shores, as night closed around them, and, though they saw no suspicious signs, they knew that many a pair of dark eyes was stealthily watching their every movement. Peril threatened, but they meant to be ready for it.

The hours wore slowly on, but the vigilance of those on the schooner was not relinquished. At last, the straining ears caught the soft dip of paddles, and the next moment the outlines of a dozen canoes, swarming with Indians, came to view through the gloom. They were allowed to approach within a few yards, when a broadside of grape-shot, and a shower of musket balls fairly riddled the Wyandot navy, sending fourteen warriors to the bottom, wounding still more, and compelling the survivors to pull hastily for the shore. When a breeze sprang up a few days later, and the schooner sailed to the fort, she poured a broadside into the Wyandot village as she passed, just to show the savages that they had not been forgotten.

The schooners in the river were a great annoyance to Pontiac, as their fire commanded the approaches to the fort. In the hope of destroying them, he sent several fire-rafts down stream, but the vigilance of the crews saved the vessels from destruction. The chieftain showed no relaxation of purpose, and the siege continued. The Pottawatomies and Wyandots, however, grew weary, and finally made propositions of peace, exchanging their prisoners with those held by Major Gladwyn, but the Ottawas and Ojibwas were held immovable by the iron will of their imperious leader.

On the morning of July 29th, twenty-two barges from Niagara, containing two hundred and eighty men under Captain Dalzell, entered the river. A dense fog veiled

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their approach, but when opposite the villages of the Wyandots and Pottawatomies, they received a heavy fire which wounded or killed fifteen men. Their arrival raised the spirits of the garrison, and all serious danger was believed to be over. Dalzell himself was so confident that he proposed a rash plan for crushing the besiegers, to which Major Gladwyn gave his consent with great misgiving.

At two o'clock, on the morning of July 31th, two hundred and fifty men stealthily left the fort, and led by Dalzell, marched silently through the woods and along the shore toward the Indian camp, on the further bank of Parent's Creek. Two large bateaux, each carrying a swivel-gun in the bow, kept abreast of the soldiers. The force was a formidable one, and ought to have been successful, but the secret of the intended attack had been betrayed to Pontiac by some Canadians. He stationed his warriors behind trees, fences and whatever offered shelter, and they waited like shadows until the whites had passed. The first attack was made when the van reached the bridge over the creek and more than half the advance guard were killed. Dalzell, cool and courageous, checked a panic and led his men forward in the darkness, but no enemy was in front, and finding himself on strange ground, he could do nothing but order a retreat to the fort.

Pontiac and his merciless warriors now had the brave fellows at a fearful disadvantage, and a converging fire was poured into them from all directions. Those who fell were pounced upon and scalped by the dusky barbarians, who fought with the ferocity of tigers. Dalzell, twice wounded, was shot dead while attempting to rescue a fallen sergeant. The massacre was of the most atrocious character, and scarcely a man could have escaped had not Major Rogers with a strong party taken possession of a house already crowded with refugees. While the remainder of the men fought their way to the fort, Rogers was besieged by a powerful force of Indians, until the bateaux opened fire and scattered them. The loss of the English was fifty-nine killed or wounded, while the Indians probably lost less than a score. The battle, if such it can be called, is known in history as that of Bloody Ridge.

The siege of Detroit was marked by many thrilling occurrences. One of the schooners was returning from Niagara with dispatches, having a crew of only a dozen men, when, on the night of August 4th, she was attacked in the Detroit River by fully three hundred Indians, who were not discovered until they were climbing the sides of the vessel. Bounding to the gunwales, the crew fought desperately with spears and hatchets, but the savages could not be beaten back. The mate, seeing that all was lost, shouted an order to fire the magazine and blow up the boat. Several of the Indians understood the command, and the next moment the entire party had leaped overboard and were swimming frantically for shore. The captain was killed and several of the crew disabled.

The provisions brought by the schooner were sorely needed, and even with these, it was necessary to place the garrison on short allowance. A strong expedition under Major Wilkins, sent from Niagara, was caught in a violent tempest and seventy lives lost, besides all the stores and ammunition.

As time passed, the Indians began to tire of the siege, which they could not help seeing was hopeless, although they were encouraged by the frequent disasters

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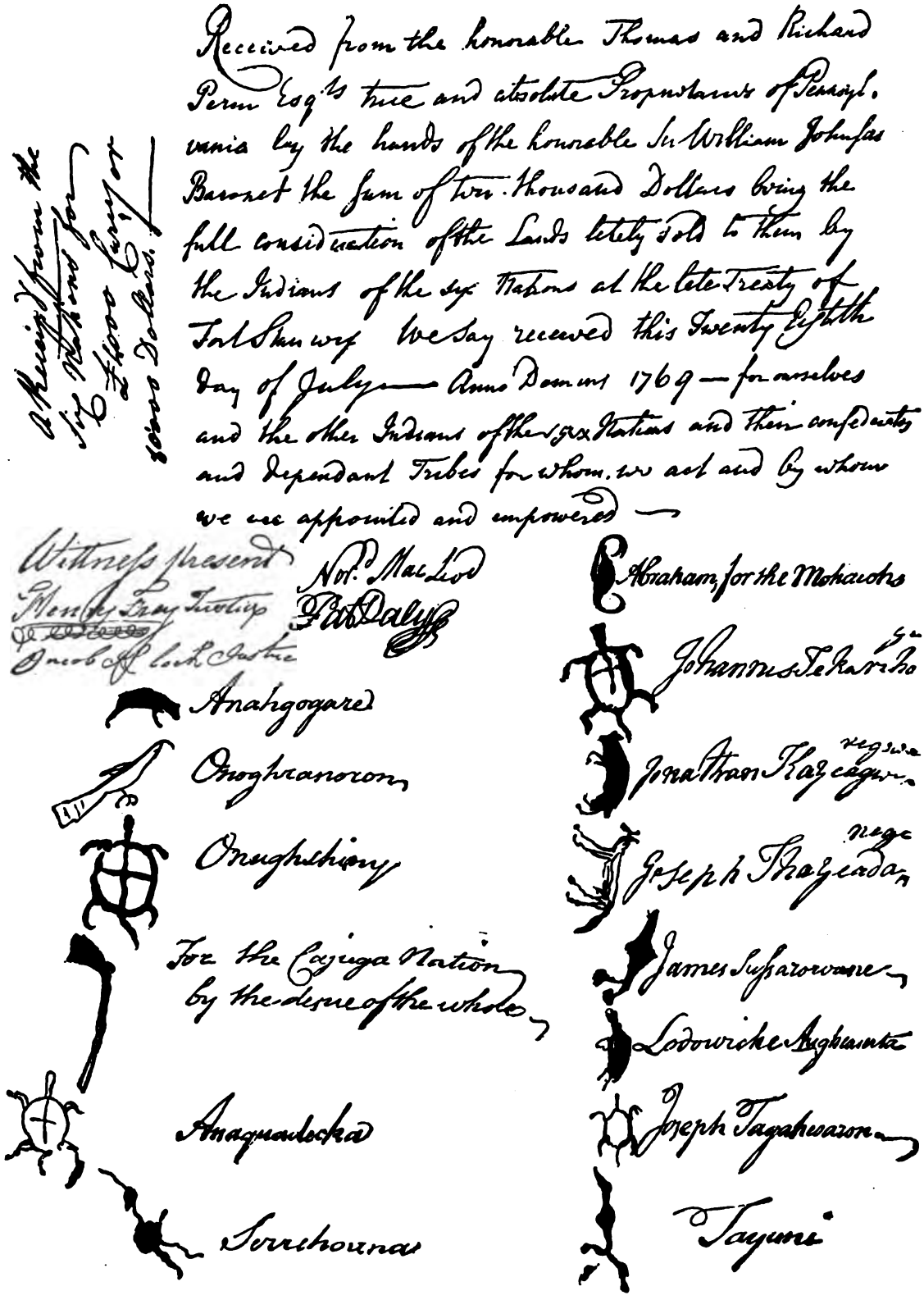
Received from the honorable Thomas and Richard Perm Esq.ts true and absolute Proprietaries of Pennsylvania by the hands of the honorable Sir William Johnson Baronet the sum of two thousand Dollars being the full consideration of the Lands lately sold to them by the Indians of the six Nations at the late Treaty of Fort Stanwix We say received this Twenty Eighth day of July — Anno Domini 1769 — for ourselves and the other Indians of the six Nations and their confederates and dependant Tribes for whom we act and by whom we are appointed and empowered —

Witness present
Henry Frey Justice
Jacob Hoch Justice

Nor.d MacLeod
Pat Daly

Abraham, for the Mohawks
Johannes Tekarihoga
Jonathan Kazeagwe
Joseph Thazeadanega
James Sussarowane
Lodowicke Aughcamita
Joseph Tagahwaron
Tayuni

Anahgogare
Onoghranoron
Onughshiny
For the Cajuga Nation by the desire of the whole
Anaquadecka
Serrehouna

A Receipt from the Six Nations for £4000 Curry or 10000 Dollars.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF TREATY WITH INDIAN TRIBES, 1769.

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that overtook their enemies. On the 12th of October, representatives of all the hostile forces, except the Ottawas, told Major Gladwyn they were anxious for peace. He replied that he had no power to make peace, but would agree to a truce. The Indians accepted, and the commandant took advantage of the opportunity to gather a good stock of supplies for winter. The Ottawas showed no signs of yielding until the 30th of October, 1763, when a French messenger from M. Neyon, commanding Fort Chatres, on the Mississippi, visited Pontiac. He told the chief that peace had been made between the English and French, and he need expect no help in any hostile design against the English. Pontiac saw that all was over, and sullenly abandoned the siege. He went to the Maumee country, hoping to organize another movement, but it amounted to little.

Though this formidable conspiracy failed in its main purpose, especially respecting Detroit, many of the attempts in other quarters succeeded. Seven Indians, on the 16th of May, approached Fort Sandusky, commanded by Ensign Paully, and asked for a conference. They were admitted without suspicion, when, at a given signal they sprang upon Paully and bound him. The fort was captured in a twinkling, and most of the garrison slain. The structure was burned, and the Ensign carried off to be tortured to death. An aged squaw, however, came forward and offered to marry him. Paully might not have accepted the offer had he been without hope of escape, but he consented, and it is a pleasure to know that some time afterward he succeeded in reaching his friends.

A week later, a large party of Pottawatomies secured admission in their usual treacherous fashion into Fort St. Joseph, standing at the mouth of St. Joseph River. The garrison numbered only fifteen men, including Ensign Schlosser. Only he and three others were spared.

Two days after, Ensign Holmes, commanding at Fort Miami, was induced to visit the Indian village near by to give assistance to a sick woman. He was shot dead, and the garrison, under a pledge of mercy, surrendered to the large body of Indians that encompassed it. Fort Ouatanon, on the Wabash, was forced to succumb, but the lives of the garrison were spared through the intercession of some French traders.

Fort Michilimackinac was captured by an ingenious stratagem. On the 4th of June, its garrison was invited by the Chippewas to witness a game of foot-ball on the plain in front of the fort. With no suspicion of danger, the sport was viewed from the open doors and windows, all admiring the vim and dash of the red men in their efforts to force the ball over the goal of their opponents. No doubt they fought for the championship as fiercely as do the college elevens of the present day. Suddenly the ball rose high in the air and fell near the gate. The savages swarmed after it, but just as suddenly lost all interest in the sphere. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Lester, who were standing by the gate, witnessing the game, were seized and carried away, while the rest of the Indians rushed into the fort. Their squaws were already there with guns under their blankets. These were quickly passed to the Indians, who attacked the soldiers. The latter were taken completely off their guard, and could make no resistance at all. Seventeen were killed and a number reserved for

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torture. The English traders were robbed of their goods and carried into captivity. The French were not disturbed.

There was hard fighting at Fort Presque Isle, which stood near the present site of Erie, Pennsylvania, and was under the command of Ensign Christie with a courageous garrison. Early on June 15th, it was surrounded by two hundred Indians, most of them from the neighborhood of Detroit. The garrison immediately withdrew to the block-house, prepared to fight as long as the least hope remained. As at other points, burning arrows rained upon the roof, which repeatedly caught fire, but was as often extinguished by the cool daring of the soldiers. The assailants threw up a rude but strong breastwork on a ridge commanding the fort, and for two days and a half the desperate fight continued. A number of the Indians, with unusual daring, attempted to run from behind their breastworks, and shelter themselves close to the walls of the fort, but the watchful garrison picked off every one of them. The defenders, though as sparing in the use of water as possible, were compelled to use all they had to fight the flames that broke out again and again. The well in the parade ground was swept by the iron sleet, so that it was sure death to seek water from that source. Then the men set to work to dig a well inside the block-house. By the most desperate toil, they succeeded in reaching water just in time to extinguish the flames kindled by the blazing arrows.

The bravery of the garrison only nerved the assailants to more determined work. They began a mine, and, there being no way of checking them, succeeded in reaching and firing the house of the commanding officer. The smoke and heat almost stifled the garrison, but they held out grimly, and, whenever they could catch sight of a dusky figure, riddled it with bullets. All that night and through the next day the heroes fought and labored with unsurpassed courage.

Meanwhile the assailants pushed their mining operations, until the sound of their digging was heard under the edge of the block-house itself. Further resistance could avail nothing, and Ensign Christie agreed to surrender under pledge that he and his exhausted men should be allowed to depart unmolested. The promise was given, but broken: all were bound and taken as prisoners to Pontiac's camp, from which Christie succeeded in escaping and reaching the fort at Detroit.

A dozen miles to the south was Fort Le Bœuf, which was attacked three days after the fall of Presque Isle. A strong force appeared in front, and succeeded in setting it afire. The savages danced and howled with delight at the thought that the helpless defenders were roasting to death inside, but their rejoicing was premature. Ensign Price and his thirteen men cut a hole through the rear wall, and every one escaped undiscovered. One half succeeded in reaching Fort Pitt, the rest dying of hunger on the way.

Still further down the Allegheny stood Fort Venango, which met a shocking fate. The Indians gained admittance, as in other places, by treachery, massacred the entire garrison, tortured Lieutenant Gordon to death, and burned the fort to ashes. Fort Ligonier was attacked, but the garrison held out until relief came.

Fort Pitt, formerly Du Quesne, was an important post under the command of Cap-

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tain Ecuyer. He had a force of three hundred and thirty soldiers, woodsmen and traders. When the news reached him of some of the disasters described above, he set to work to prepare for the storm that he knew would soon break over his head. The walls were strengthened, a large supply of water stored, and arrangements as complete as possible made for extinguishing fire. In the latter part of June, some Delawares sought an interview with Ecuyer. They assured him that a resistless confederation of Indians had captured all the other posts, and were at that time marching against Fort Pitt. They urged him, as the only way of saving the lives of his men and their families, to take them to the English settlements without delay. Bad Indians had already arrived in the neighborhood, but the Delawares promised to protect their friends from them.

The captain was too shrewd to be deceived, and when it came to "drawing the long bow," as the expression goes, he could teach them a lesson. He thanked them impressively for their interest, which he would never forget. Then to prove how much he appreciated their friendship, he said he would tell them something in strict confidence. An English army, six thousand strong, was sweeping through the wilderness, and would soon reach Fort Pitt, while another not quite so large was on its way to attack the Ottawas and Ojibwas, and a third, on the frontier of Virginia, would soon be joined by the Creeks and Catawbas, who would never rest till they had exterminated the Delawares—warriors, squaws and pappooses. Because the captain loved the Delawares, he begged them to lose no time in fleeing from impending destruction.

The frightened delegates withdrew, but they may have suspected the truth of the amazing story told by the captain, for they came back a month later and repeated what they had said before. The commandant told them he cared nothing for their threats and defied them to do their worst. They took him at his word, and began the attack that night. Sheltering themselves as best they could, they kept up a rapid fire that did no harm.

The imperiled situation of Fort Pitt had become widely known, and Colonel Henry Bouquet, a skillful Swiss officer in command of the English troops in Philadelphia, was ordered to march to its relief without delay, with the largest force he could muster. He set out with five hundred men, mostly Highlanders, and reached Carlisle a week after the first call of the Delawares upon Captain Ecuyer. Carlisle was swarming with fugitives from the desolated settlements, so that many had to encamp in the fields. Leaving the town about the middle of July, Bouquet sent forward thirty picked men to Fort Ligonier and, following with his main force, scattered the Indians besieging that post and Fort Bedford. Then pushing on, he found himself treading the ground on which Braddock had been so disastrously defeated eight years before.

But Bouquet was a very different officer from that unfortunate leader. He understood savage warfare to the minutest particular, and never relaxed his vigilance. He knew that in an Indian country the *tactics* of the enemy must be imitated. There was no cause to fear any such blunder on his part as had been made by so many of his predecessors.

A little past noon, on the 5th of August, his command reached the vicinity of a

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small stream known as Bushy Run. The day was warm, and they had hardly halted since daybreak, so the leader decided to give them the rest so much needed. As was his invariable custom, he took every precaution, and it was well he did so, for almost immediately his advance guard was attacked. He sent forward a strong support, brought his cattle, horses and wagons into a compact mass, and surrounded them with a reserve guard, but the battle in front speedily assumed such a furious character, that he led up most of the reserve. They poured a destructive fire into the savages, and scattered them at the point of the bayonet.

A fierce assault was now made on both flanks of the whites, and the firing from the rear showed that the convoy had also been attacked. Bouquet fell back in regular

THE STAMP ACT RIOTS AT BOSTON.

From an old print.

order to meet these unexpected assaults, and though he saw himself surrounded by a greatly superior force, he and his men fought with the valor of seasoned veterans. The uproar of battle and the whizzing bullets terrified the horses. They plunged hither and thither, and there being four hundred of them, the confusion became indescribable.

But there was no panic on the part of the troops. Wherever a half dozen Indians appeared they went at them with the bayonet, and many a dusky miscreant was pierced through before he could leap out of the way. Most of the Indians, however, would escape to cover and then turn and fire at the soldiers as they withdrew. Bouquet was as self possessed as if on parade, and to his example much of the won-

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derful steadiness of his men was due. Thus the fearful struggle continued until darkness closed around the combatants.

Colonel Bouquet, as soon as the firing ceased and his dispositions were made for the night, wrote a dispatch to General Amherst which was a model of calmness and self-possession. After recounting what had taken place, and referring to what was a matter of course, that he and his men would fight it out to the end, he gave it as his conviction that not one of his command would survive the morrow.

The brave officer was certainly warranted in his belief, for he was hemmed in by an overwhelming force, and no relief could reach him for days. Great as was the number of his assailants, they would be joined by others during the darkness, so that the next day's struggle would open with still greater advantage on the side of the savages. Sixty of his men had already been killed, and many wounded. They were shut off from water, which caused intolerable suffering, especially to the wounded, tormented as they were by the fever which gunshot wounds always cause. There was no choice, however, but to wait where they were for the morrow: then it would be victory or death, with the chances in favor of the latter issue.

At daylight, the Indians renewed the battle with the ferocity of the day before. Looking upon his heroes falling on every hand, Bouquet saw that it was simply a question of how long it would take the savages to shoot down his last man. They had formed a complete cordon around the doomed troops, and were so concealed themselves that it seemed impossible to reach one of them. The soldiers were eager to charge, but none of their foes would wait to be charged.

In this desperate situation, Bouquet had resource to an expedient that would occur to none but the most skilled strategist. He pretended to retreat. Two companies of light infantry were ordered to fall back into the circle which was the central point of defense. The troops opened on the right and left to receive them, and then closed up in the rear, as if to protect the retreat of the inner circle. Two other companies immediately drew up as if to assist in the retreat. Believing their victims were about to escape, the Indians poured from the woods in a compact mass, and with wild shouts rushed after the soldiers.

This was exactly what Bouquet had maneuvered for. He wished to bring his assailants where he could strike them, and that could not be done so long as they kept out of sight. They were now on equal terms, and he straightway proceeded to show them what he and his brave men could do under such circumstances. Disposing his troops with admirable generalship, he launched a portion against the charging savages, using bullet and bayonet until such as were not killed turned to flee from the vengeance that could not be resisted. As they did so, two other companies assailed their flanks, and every bayonet was kept at work. Rushing headlong from the whites, the Indians found themselves face to face with other companies in their front. The positions had been reversed: it was the Indians who were now surrounded. The latter were completely routed, and the few who could escape never paused to look behind as they plunged into the woods. The triumph of Colonel Bouquet was complete, though it had been bought at the price of eight officers and one hundred and fifteen

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men. He reached Fort Pitt on the 15th of August, and all danger to that post was ended.

The Indians were tired of a war from which they saw nothing was to be gained. I have told you that M. Neyon, the French commandant at Fort Chartres, did all he could to bring the hostilities to an end. He sent wampum belts and calumets, with messages urging peace, to more than a score of tribes between the Ohio and the Lakes, and indeed everywhere east of the Mississippi. M. Neyon deserves credit for his honorable course toward his old enemies, and doubtless he helped to show the red men the folly of continuing their war against the English.

A general pacification followed, prisoners were given up, and in the summer of 1766, the leading warlike tribes met Sir William Johnson at Oswego and signed a treaty of amity and good will. The most distinguished sachem at that memorable gathering was Pontiac, the famous chief of the Ottawas, who assented to the terms of the treaty. He had originated one of the most formidable conspiracies ever conceived by the American race, and had carried it through with wonderful daring, skill and success, but like King Philip and other great chieftains, was finally overtaken by defeat and disaster. In 1769, Pontiac was assassinated, on the spot where East St. Louis now stands, by a Kaskaskia Indian, bribed by an English trader with a barrel of whisky and the promise of an additional reward.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

CONDITION OF THE COLONIES AT THE CLOSE OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

BEFORE entering upon the events of the Revolution, or War for Independence, let us learn the condition of the colonies engaged in that memorable struggle.

The original colonies, as they are called, were thirteen in number — Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, known as New England; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, constituting the Middle States; and Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, making the Southern States and Georgia.

It is estimated that in the year 1760 the population of these colonies amounted to a million, six hundred and ninety-five thousand, of whom three hundred and ten thousand were blacks. The entire white population, men, women and children, was about equal to the number in New York City to-day.

Virginia was the most populous, having two hundred and eighty-four thousand people, of whom one hundred and sixteen thousand were Africans. Massachusetts was the most powerful, with her two hundred thousand white people. Pennsylvania had but a few thousand less; then came Connecticut with a hundred and thirty thousand; Maryland with slightly more than a hundred thousand; New York, with eighty-five thousand; New Jersey not quite so many, while Georgia was the feeblest, her entire population, including negroes, not amounting to five thousand. In 1766, Benjamin Franklin estimated the number of white men in the colonies between the ages of sixteen and sixty years to be three hundred thousand. The population of Pennsylvania had doubled in sixteen years, while New York and Massachusetts had done nearly as well. The import and export trade had grown with great rapidity, the yearly imports from Great Britain amounting to upward of two millions sterling.

To show what the colonies could do in the way of military operations, it may be stated that twenty thousand, and at one time, nearly twenty-five thousand of their militia and volunteers, were kept under arms. They served with the royal army, but were equipped and maintained by the colonies. Massachusetts, when called upon to raise a quota of 2,300 men, furnished 7,000, which remained in the field to the close of the French and Indian War. In addition, she manned the forts, supplied three hundred seamen to the royal navy, and equipped a twenty-gun war ship and an armed sloop at a total yearly cost of £80,000. The war expenditure left a debt of £2,500,000, which was rapidly reduced. England repaid £700,000, which was less than one quarter of the amount expended by the colonies.

The people of the latter were beginning to be nationalized. You remember how distinct from the others in point of character were those who made up each of the

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PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH. (*See page 338.*)

"If that be treason make the most of it!"

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colonies first planted on our shores; Massachusetts and Connecticut settled by the stern, uncompromising Puritans; New York by the phlegmatic Dutch; Pennsylvania and Delaware largely by Quakers; Virginia by a proud though hospitable and freedom-loving people; North Carolina by a turbulent class, mostly hunters, impatient of restraint; South Carolina mainly by the descendants of the French, hot-blooded and jealous of their rights.

But in spite of these marked differences in character of the thirteen original colonies, a common interest and destiny were bringing them together. Free schools were established in New England and private institutions of learning existed in a greater or less degree in the other colonies. Harvard College was established in Massachusetts, in 1638; William and Mary in Virginia, in 1692; Yale in Connecticut, in 1700; Princeton in New Jersey, in 1746, King's (now Columbia), in New York, in 1754, Brown in Rhode Island, in 1764, while Queen's (now Rutgers), Dartmouth, Hampden and Sidney soon followed and gave promise of the many years of usefulness before them. The first medical college was founded in Philadelphia in 1764.

You have learned about the first newspaper, the Boston *News Letter*, established in Boston in 1704, and of the *New England Courant*, which appeared in 1721. At the close of the French and Indian War, only ten newspapers were issued in this country, although more than double that number had been started. The population was so small and communication so difficult, that there was little encouragement for such enterprises. The population of New York City was about twelve thousand; of Boston and Philadelphia scarcely eighteen thousand each. South of Philadelphia there was not one important town, and the villages were by no means plentiful.

Trains now make the distance between New York and Philadelphia in two hours. Before the Revolution the journey required two days. No general system of post-offices or post-roads had been established, and many weeks passed before the news of the stirring events in the Old World became known on this side of the Atlantic. You can readily see how immeasurably your advantages surpass those enjoyed by your ancestors.

But the colonies were like a young giant who begins to realize his strength. The French and Indian War was the West Point of the Revolution, in which our generals were trained for the great struggle. You have been told of what was done by Washington. Nearly every officer who took a prominent part in the War for Independence served in the struggle that shattered forever the French power on this continent.

Then was the time for England to display genuine statesmanship in the management of her American dependencies. They had shown a splendid loyalty, and it would have been easy to retain their love and devotion, but it looked as if she was determined to drive them into revolt against her rule.

You remember the oppressive Navigation Act, passed a hundred years before, by which the prosperity of the colonies was so seriously crippled. Although our forefathers could protest, and in many cases, evaded the law, they were too weak to enforce its repeal. In 1733, was passed the Importation Act, which laid enormous

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duties on the sugar, molasses and rum imported into the provinces. The law was evaded and finally disregarded. In 1750, it was decreed that no iron works should be built in America; the manufacture of steel was forbidden and the felling of pines outside of inclosures was prohibited. The only result of the enactment of these laws was to exasperate the people, who openly disobeyed them.

In 1761, the English ministry made a resolute effort to enforce the Importation Act. Writs of Assistance, as they were called, were issued by the colonial courts, by which petty constables were authorized to search any place and to seize goods if there was reason to believe that the duty had not been paid.

Great indignation followed. At Boston and Salem the courts resisted the application for the writs. James Otis, Jr., the advocate-general, whose duty it was to appear in behalf of the Crown, resigned his office, made an eloquent plea for colonial rights, and denounced the parliamentary acts as unconstitutional. John Adams, referring to this incident, says, "Otis was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born."

In 1763, and also in the following year, a strenuous attempt was made to enforce the law laying a duty on sugar and molasses brought into the colonies. In an immense town-meeting, at which Samuel Adams was the principal orator, the citizens of Boston protested, but British cruisers hovered around the American harbors and many vessels with cargoes of sugar and wine were seized. The colonial trade with the West Indies was ruined.

You have heard the phrase *taxation without representation*, the meaning of which may be thus given. Parliament, the governing body of England, determines through the vote of the branch known as the House of Commons, what taxes and customs are necessary for the support of the kingdom. The American colonies claimed that their own assemblies constituted their Houses of Commons, who should pass upon the question of taxation. England would not admit this reasonable view of the case, and retained the right of taxation in her own House. In that great body, the Americans had not a single member or representative to look after their rights — they were *taxed without representation*.

As yet, parliament had made no effort to impose a direct tax on the colonies, but there could be no doubt that she had resolved to do so. The mutterings of the Revolution were already heard on both sides of the Atlantic.

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PART III.—THE REVOLUTION.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLOUDS OF WAR.

THE first formal declaration of the intention of parliament to tax the American colonies was made in 1764, shortly after the close of the French and Indian War, and while great excitement existed on this side of the Atlantic. On the 10th of March of that year, a resolution was passed by the House of Commons declaring it proper to charge certain stamp duties in the colonies. It was stated that a bill embodying this principle would be prepared by the ministers and submitted at the next session of parliament.

The news of the proposed measure added to the indignation in America. Political meetings were called, and the people were addressed by impassioned orators. The newspapers contained little besides arguments against the proposed tyranny. Remonstrances were sent to the king and two houses of parliament, and even agents were dispatched to England to exert all the influence possible against the passage of the odious law.

The anger of the Americans was not soothed by the declaration of the English ministers that the colonies ought to pay all the expenses of the French and Indian War. The Americans justly answered that Great Britain was bound by honor and humanity to defend her colonies which had given her as much aid as they had received from her. Furthermore, the cession of Canada had fully repaid England for her losses. It was not, however, the payment of the enormous debt which the Americans dreaded so much as it was the surrender of their liberties.

The wise Pitt was no longer prime minister and the remonstrances of the colonies were unheeded. On the 22d of March, 1765, the abominated STAMP ACT passed both houses of parliament. It received a majority of five to one in the House of Commons, while every member of the House of Lords voted in favor of it. King George III. was insane at the time, and therefore could not sign the bill. The royal assent was given by a board of commissioners acting for him.

The Stamp Act required every note, bond, mortgage, deed, license and legal document of whatever kind, used in the colonies, to be executed on paper bearing an English stamp. The British government was to furnish this stamped paper, the price varying, according to the nature of the document, from three pence to six pounds sterling. Furthermore, every colonial pamphlet, almanac, and newspaper was to be printed on stamped paper, ranging in cost from a half penny to four pence. Each adver-

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tisement was taxed two shillings. None of the documents named was legal unless written on paper bearing the prescribed stamp. These stamps did not resemble our adhesive postage stamps. On printed matter the design was stamped by hand in red ink. When parchment or vellum was used, a die was employed which gave a relief impression on blue paper pasted on the document. The reverse impression of the stamp was covered with a piece of white paper bearing the monogram G. R. (Georgius Rex). The act was to go into effect on the first day of November, 1765. You cannot imagine the tempest that was aroused by the news of the passage of the Stamp Act. In Philadelphia the bells were muffled and in Boston they were tolled. A mob surged through the streets of New York carrying a copy of the Stamp Act with a death's head nailed to it, and bearing aloft a large placard with the words—THE FOLLY OF ENGLAND AND THE RUIN OF AMERICA.

In the Virginia House of Burgesses, the youngest member was Patrick Henry, a sturdy mountaineer, just chosen to represent Louisa County. His modesty kept him quiet,

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

until at last, losing all patience with the timidity of the older members, and carried forward irresistibly by the patriotic fervor of his feelings, he dashed off a

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series of fiery resolutions declaring that the Virginians being Englishmen were entitled to the same rights as Englishmen; that like the people of Great Britain they had the right of voting their own taxes; that they were not bound to obey a law from any other source imposing taxes upon them, and that whoever asserted the contrary was an enemy to the country.

A violent debate followed, in which the patriots had the best of it. It is worth noting that during the argument George Washington occupied his seat as a delegate, and Thomas Jefferson, fresh from college, stood just outside the railing, a deeply interested listener. Patrick Henry's eloquence on that occasion made him immortal. How many school boys have committed to memory the burning words which then fell from his lips! That speech will live forever and inspire the hearts of Americans for ages to come.

"Cæsar had his Brutus," shouted the youthful orator swinging his arm aloft; "Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—"Treason! treason!" interrupted the horrified Speaker and the more timid members. In a voice that rang out like the tones of a trumpet, the impassioned Henry added—"*may profit by their example.* If that be treason, make the most of it!"

The resolutions passed by a close vote. Many of the delegates were frightened, however, and the next day, when Henry was absent, the most defiant of his sentences were stricken out. The edge of the "fiery sword," however, could not be dulled. Messengers were galloping northward carrying the resolutions to Massachusetts, as the expression of the oldest of the American colonies. On their way they met and saluted the Massachusetts messenger to Virginia and South Carolina inviting them to join in a Continental congress. You will observe that as the colonies drifted away from England, they were drawn more closely together.

The Massachusetts assembly met the same week, where similar action was taken, and the eloquent James Otis secured the adoption of a resolution inviting the thirteen colonies to send delegates to the congress to be held in New York, on the first Tuesday in the following October. New York, Massachusetts and Virginia strongly supported this project. New Jersey, Maryland and New Hampshire, though they hesitated at first to accept the leadership of Boston, finally joined the rest, and South Carolina actively co-operated. This action of Virginia and the leading colonies was taken in the spring and early summer, so that several months of anxious suspense were yet before the people. They were marked, however, by stirring incidents.

Connecticut sent Jared Ingersoll to England to protest against the passage of the Stamp Act, and Massachusetts dispatched Andrew Oliver on the same errand. Both these men were won over by their enemies, and not only assented to the measure, but each accepted the office of stamp-master, their duty being to sell the stamps for a liberal commission. They arrived in Boston August 8th, and found matters altogether too warm to be pleasant.

A company of working men, calling themselves "Sons of Liberty," hanged Oliver in effigy. The chief justice and deputy-governor commanded the sheriff to take down the figure, but the sheriff seemed to want a week or two to think over the command

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before obeying it. At night a crowd of people, with the uncouth effigy stretched upon a bier, marched by the state house, and under the windows of the council chamber, shouting "Liberty and no stamps!" The structure which Oliver meant to use for his stamp-office was pulled down and set on fire, and the effigy was burned in front of his dwelling-house.

Deputy-governor Hutchinson ordered the commander of the town militia to beat his drums and disperse the mob, but no attention was paid to him. Finally Hutchinson himself was forced to flee before the crowd. The next day the mob swarmed about the houses of Hutchinson and Oliver and demanded that the latter should resign his office, and the former declare his disapproval of the Stamp Act. Governor Bernard took refuge in the fort and issued a proclamation for the arrest of the rioters. Hutchinson managed to keep out of the reach of the multitude, but some nights later the people kindled a bonfire and burned the records of the admiralty court and the account books of the comptroller of customs. The doors of Hutchinson's house were splintered with axes, and he was driven to take refuge with the governor in the castle.

In Rhode Island and Maryland the houses of the officials connected with the Stamp Act were torn down; and in New York, New Jersey, and New Hampshire they were terrified into resigning. Ingersoll promised the people in Connecticut that he would not issue the stamps without their consent, but nothing less than his resignation would do, and he was compelled to give that.

The first Colonial congress, to which the different colonies had been invited to send delegates, was held in New York, from the 7th to the 25th of October, 1765. Representatives appeared from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Delaware, New Jersey, and New York. New Hampshire and Georgia sent word that they would stand by the action of the congress. The proceedings were calm and wise. Twenty-eight delegates were present, Timothy Ruggles of Massachusetts being president. The discussion was long and able, ending in the adoption of a Declaration of Rights, setting forth in clear language that the American colonists as Englishmen, would never consent to be taxed except by their own representatives. The views of the congress were manly and respectful. Memorials were addressed to the two houses of parliament, which, professing loyalty to the king, prayed that the colonies might receive more just and humane treatment.

It was close to the first of November, the date on which the Stamp Act was to take effect. Large quantities of the stamped paper had been prepared and shipped from England, but it was toil and money thrown away. In Boston the paper was scattered and burned; in Connecticut the stamp officer narrowly escaped hanging; in New York, ten boxes were destroyed, while ship loads were sent back to England.

The first of November was observed as a day of mourning; flags were hung at half mast; bells were tolled, and many of those who had favored the hated measure were burned in effigy. The Sons of Liberty took charge of the opposition in New York and similar organizations did the same in other places. The importers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia made a solemn pledge to buy no more goods of Great Britain until the Stamp Act should be repealed.

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You may be sure that England was angry when she found out what had been done in the colonies. Some of the leaders could think of no measures too severe for their punishment, but, fortunately for all, there were others who showed their good sense by taking the side of the Americans. Mr. Pitt, who had been kept out of parliament a long time by illness, said, "On a question that may mortally wound the freedom of three millions of virtuous and brave subjects beyond the Atlantic Ocean, I can not be silent. When the resolutions were taken to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could

SAMUEL ADAMS.

have endured to be carried in my bed, I would have solicited some kind hand to lay me down on this floor, to bear my testimony against it. America, being neither really nor virtually represented at Westminster, can not be held legally, or constitutionally, or reasonably, subject to obedience to any money-bill of this kingdom. Taxation is no part of the governing power; the taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, his majesty's Commons of Great Britain,

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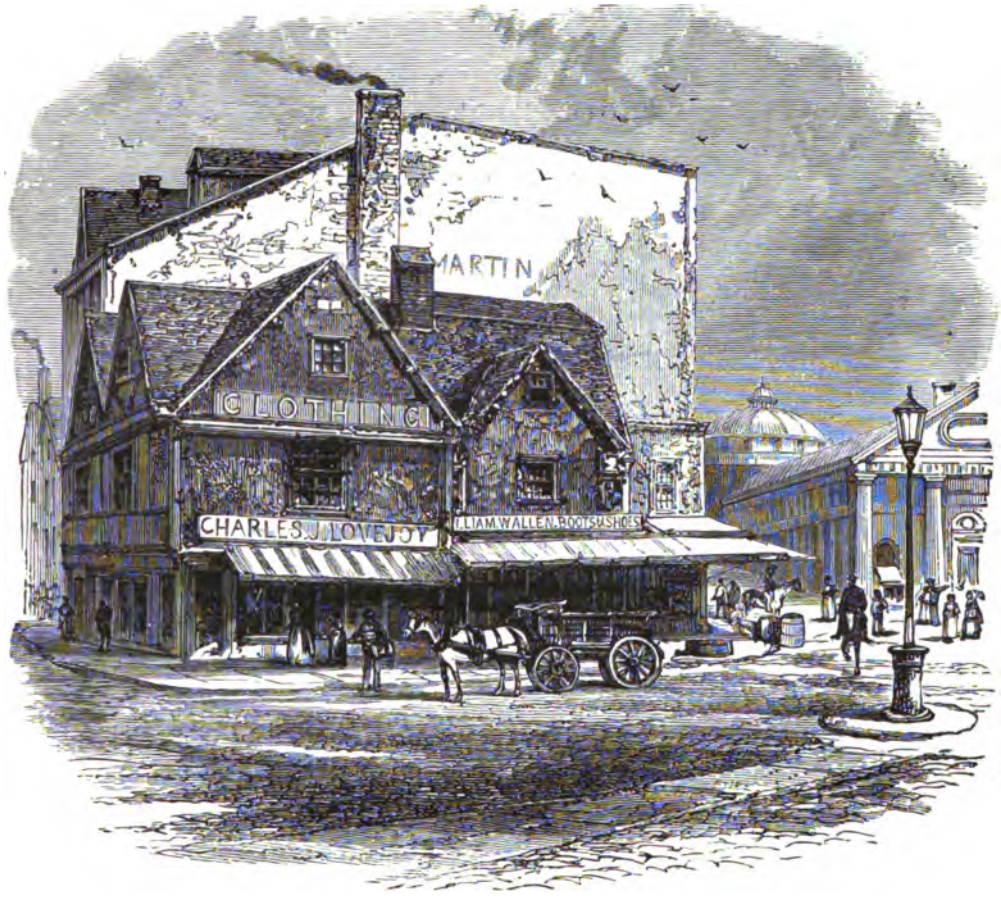
give and grant to his majesty—what? Our own property? No. We give and grant to his majesty the property of his majesty's Commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms. The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this, their constitutional right of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it."

Other of the leaders joined the great Commoner, and on the 18th of March, 1766, the Stamp Act was formally repealed. The vessels in the Thames were gay with flags



OLD BUILDING AT BOSTON WHERE THE TEA-PLOT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN HATCHED.
From an old print.

and bunting, and in all the mercantile and manufacturing towns the delight was unbounded. In America the people were wild. The whole country was ablaze with bonfires, and the air resounded with bursts of oratory. It was ordered that full length portraits of General Conway and of Barré, (who had done so much to secure the repeal of the Stamp Act), should be placed in Faneuil Hall. Maryland proposed to erect a statue to Pitt, and Virginia voted to honor George III. in the same manner. New York went still further. The assembly, in answer to long petitions, voted to erect statues both of the king and of Pitt. The king's birthday coming shortly after, the citizens

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erected a tall liberty pole in what is now City Hall Park, and drank an immense quantity of punch in honor of the monarch who had been kind enough to change his course when compelled to do so.

But this rejoicing did not last long. Although the Stamp Act was repealed, England had not given up her claim of the right to tax the colonies. Pitt, now the Earl of Chatham, and the leader of the new ministry, was kept at home a great deal by sickness. Charles Townshend, the chancellor of the exchequer, was an enemy of the colonies, and he brought forward another plan for taxing them. On the 29th of June, 1767, an act was passed, imposing a tax on white and red lead, glass, painters' colors, paper, pasteboard and tea, which might thereafter be imported into the colonies. At the same time was passed the act for suspending the New York legislature, because it had refused to make provision for some British troops sent thither.

The anger of the colonies flamed out again. The newspapers teemed with denunciations of parliament, and the assembly of Massachusetts called upon the other colonies to help her in an effort to obtain redress of grievances. This so enraged the British ministers that they ordered the assembly to recall their action and apologize for it. That patriotic body immediately re-affirmed the resolution. Governor Bernard commanded the assembly to disperse, but it took its own time, and first prepared charges against the governor, and asked King George to turn him out.

Early in summer, a sloop, charged with trying to evade the payment of duty, was seized by the British custom house officers in Boston. A mob quickly formed, assailed the houses of the officers, and forced them to flee to the fort in the harbor. Governor Bernard saw how critical the situation had become, and appealed to the ministers for help. The Crown was fast losing all patience with the fiery colonies. With a view of scaring them into submission, General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, was directed to take a regiment of soldiers from Halifax to Boston and quarter them on the citizens.

Every thing done or ordered to be done added fuel to the flames. The news that the hated "red coats" would soon reach Boston roused the wrath of the citizens to the fighting point. Samuel Adams condemned the act, and denounced Bernard, Hutchinson and the commissioners of customs for the part they had played. He declared that England had no right to send troops to America, and that if they came they would come as foreign enemies whom it was right to shoot the moment they set foot on American soil.

This was bold language, but it was repeated by others and printed in the *Boston Gazette*. Nevertheless, the troops came. At noon, on the 28th of September, the squadron from Halifax arrived in Nantasket Bay, with two regiments and artillery, which the governor had specially requested. They landed on the Long Wharf, October 1st, each soldier carrying sixteen rounds of shot, and the whole marching with fixed bayonets. Drums were beating and colors flying, and, as if they meant that no one should miss the sight, they paraded in the afternoon on Boston Common. Eight ships of war anchored off the wharves with one hundred and eighty loaded cannon leveled against the city. Governor Bernard, frightened almost out of his senses, had fled to the country, so that

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SALMONS GEOGRAPHICAL MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, 1760.

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Colonel Dalrymple had charge. He encamped the 29th Regiment on the Common and begged the Sons of Liberty to let the rest stay in Faneuil Hall over night. Consent was given, and the soldiers confiscated several hundred stands of arms kept in the building.

Governor Bernard stole back to town, and the next morning, by his order, the state-house was opened for the reception of the soldiers. Two field-pieces with the main guard were stationed in front. Among the other buildings occupied by the military were the chamber of the assembly and the court-house, so that the members of council, in going to or coming from the building, had to pass through guards placed at the doors. The soldiers seemed to be everywhere. Citizens were challenged at night by the sentries, who were rude and often insulting, and in their turn the citizens pestered the soldiers continually.

"There goes a man too mean to pay for dressing his hair!" shouted a barber's urchin, on the evening of March 5, 1770, pointing at an officer, who was walking rather pompously on the other side the street. The sentinel at the custom-house heard the insulting words, and leaving his post, struck the youngster with the butt of his musket. You know that an American youth, under such circumstances, is not likely to be very quiet. This urchin gave out a number of yells, which quickly brought a crowd to the spot. The sentinel was in danger of being mobbed, and a party of soldiers hurrying from the barracks to his help, dared the people to fight them.

The boys kept annoying the sentinel, who loaded his gun and threatened to fire on them. The peril of this soldier became so great that Captain Preston, commanding the guard, forced his way with six soldiers to his help. These soldiers carried loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. The mob became wilder; beating down the muskets, they dared the soldiers to fire. The bells of the city began to ring, and people ran thither from every direction. Six more soldiers with loaded muskets joined their imperiled comrades, who were cursed, and called "lobster-backs,"—a term of reproach quite common at that time. Captain Preston showed good judgment and self-command. He bore all the insults without reply, and strove to get his men back to the barracks without bringing on a collision.

Such self-restraint is sure to embolden a mob. By and by, one of the howling patriots struck a soldier with a club. The "red coat" instantly raised his musket and fired. Most of the other soldiers did the same. As the guns flashed out in the gathering gloom, and their sharp reports rang above the tumult, several of the citizens staggered and fell. The soldiers had fired to kill.

Samuel Gray and a mulatto named Attucks were the first to fall dead. A third person was killed and eight wounded, two of whom lived but a short time. As the terrified mob scattered, the dead and wounded were stretched on the ground with their blood dyeing the snow around them.

The excitement was fearful. All the bells were jangling, and the drums of the 29th beat to arms. Hundreds, including the leading citizens, swarmed toward the scene of conflict. Governor Hutchinson addressed the multitude from the balcony of the state-house, promising that a full investigation should be made in the morning. A citizens'

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guard of one hundred men took charge of the streets, and at a late hour the town became quiet. This conflict is known in history as the Boston Massacre.

In the morning, a solemn meeting of the townspeople so overflowed Faneuil Hall that it was forced to adjourn to the Old South Church. It took them but a few minutes to resolve that nothing less than the immediate removal of the troops could prevent terrible consequences. A committee, of which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were members, carried the resolution to the governor, the council and the military commanders at the state-house. After a brief conference, the governor said he had no authority to remove the troops, since they were under the command of General Gage of New York, but Colonel Dalrymple was willing to place the 29th regiment (the one that had fired on the people), in Castle William. This answer was carried to the multitude in the Old South Church, but it did not satisfy them. Samuel Adams went back to the state-house at the head of a smaller committee, and said that nothing less than the removal of all the troops would satisfy the people. The governor, after conferring again with Dalrymple, yielded the point and the troops were sent away.

Captain Preston and the soldiers who did the firing, having surrendered themselves, were brought to trial. They were defended by those eminent patriots John Adams and Josiah Quincy. They did their work so well that Preston, and all the soldiers except two were acquitted. Those two were declared guilty of manslaughter, and were punished by branding on the hand.

On the very day of the Boston Massacre, Lord North, prime minister of Great Britain, secured the passage by parliament of an act repealing all the duties on American imports except that on tea. This exception was made that the colonies might understand that the mother country would not yield her right to tax them.

The pledge into which the leading merchants had entered was immediately changed, so that tea was the only article which they agreed not to import. At the same time, the people vowed to use no more tea, so long as the tax remained.

The governors of the colonies being the appointees of the king of England, were very anxious to keep his good will, so that, as a rule, they were quick to carry out any commands from England. They did what they could to keep down the rebellious spirit of the Americans. Besides, the majority of the people did not believe that the troubles would cause a final separation from the mother country, nor did they desire a separation.

The governor of Massachusetts added to the anger of his fellow citizens by the eagerness with which he obeyed orders from across the sea. He summoned the legislature, as he had done before, to meet in Cambridge, and reminded that body that it had not yet apologized to the king for its defiant action. The governor having been directed to transfer the custody of the Boston fortress to officers under General Gage, did as he was told, though he knew it was a clear violation of the constitutional rights of Massachusetts. Other illegal steps were taken, and in November, 1770, the assembly chose Benjamin Franklin as their agent in London, with Arthur Lee as his assistant, to lay their grievances before the king.

In reading about the stirring times that preceded the Revolution, we are apt

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to think that the excitement was confined to Boston and its vicinity. But this is not so.

A collision between the citizens and the soldiery took place in New York before the Boston Massacre. The liberty-pole in the park was cut down by a party of soldiers. A riot broke out and lasted two days, but, as no deadly weapons were used, the injuries were not serious, and the populace got the upper hand. A new pole was set up at the junction of the Battery and Broadway, and this was looked upon as a great popular triumph.

Scenes scarcely less violent occurred in Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter colony, Governor Tryon ruled with as much tyranny as was ever shown by Andros. A popular insurrection took place, but the iron ruler stamped it out. Many of the insurgents fled the colony, and, escaping across the mountains, secured lands of the Cherokees, and thus became the founders of Tennessee.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

The time had come for the leaders in England to win back the loyalty of the Americans by a course of justice and kindness. A calm had followed the withdrawal of the troops from Boston, but those who, it may be said, held the destinies of America in their hands, did not know how to direct them wisely.

In 1772, parliament passed an act ordering the salaries of the governor and judges of Massachusetts to be paid out of the colonial revenues without consent of the assembly. The latter immediately declared such an act unconstitutional and therefore void.

About the same time, the *Gaspé*, under Lieutenant Duddington, was cruising off the coast of Rhode Island to enforce the revenue laws. She annoyed the seamen and fishermen by seizing, searching and damaging their property under the plea of hunting for contraband goods. As the commander would show no legal warrant and was not a sworn customs-officer, Chief Justice Hopkins ruled that he had no right by force of arms to continue such acts. The governor of Rhode Island appealed to Admiral Montague, who curtly answered that the lieutenant had done his duty. He added the warning that if any parties interfered with him they would be taken to Boston and hanged as pirates.

On the 9th of June, 1772, the *Gaspé*, while chasing a Rhode Island packet, ran aground near Pawtuxet. The following night six boats rowed to her, drove out the

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crew (wounding the lieutenant while doing so), and setting fire to the vessel, burned her to the water's edge.

This was a daring and unlawful act. When the news reached England, orders were sent that the guilty parties should be brought to that country for trial. A special commission of inquiry was held at Newport, consisting of the admiral, the judge of the vice-admiralty court at Boston, the governor of Rhode Island, and the chief justices of Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey. Mr. Darius Sessions, deputy-governor, and Stephen Hopkins, chief justice of Rhode Island, insisted that there had been no fault on the part of the government of that province, but the neighboring chief justices thought enough transgression had been committed for the little province to deserve a forfeiture of its charter. It is more than likely that the latter judges wanted to keep the good opinion of the Crown.

The next step was for the governor of Rhode Island to lay before the assembly, in February, 1773, his ministerial instructions to arrest and send the offenders to trial. Once more, however, Chief Justice Hopkins interfered, declaring that such a course was contrary to common law, and that the clause in the act of parliament on which the order was based had no effect outside the kingdom of Great Britain. The matter was soon pressed out of sight by more momentous events. The patriots that burned the *Gaspé* never suffered any punishment.

Tea was lightly taxed, but the colonies refused to buy it. It is not true, however, to say that there was not a single person in America who drank tea. No doubt some of the patriots had a good stock on hand, and the Dutch, who knew all about New York, managed to smuggle considerable into the country. The English trade in tea from China was a monopoly of the East India Company. That great corporation possessed vast political power, and had lost heavily by the closing of the American market. Their London warehouses were stocked with tea, and a drawback of three-fifths of the duty that had been paid was allowed on that re-exported to the American colonies. Lord North now offered the company a release from all duty in England on tea afterward sent to America, but he retained the duty of three pence a pound charged in American ports by the Act of 1767. This gave the colonists a chance to buy tea for less than the people paid in England. Four ships laden with the luxury started across the Atlantic, bound respectively for the ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. It would have been a good thing for the British Empire had every one of them sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The colonists knew they were coming and made ready. A public meeting, held in Philadelphia, October 18th, and another in Boston a fortnight later, resolved that the tea should be returned to England. The mercantile agents of the East India Company were called upon to resign their offices. They refused. The same thing took place in New York.

The *Dartmouth*, the first of the tea vessels, reached Boston, on Sunday the 28th of November, 1773. The ship was owned by Francis Rotch, a Quaker citizen of Boston, who promised that the cargo should not be landed until the following Tuesday.

A memorable meeting was held on Monday, at the Old South Church. Fully five

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thousand people were present in and around the building. Thus you see how deep was the interest of the people, for Boston at that time contained scarcely thirty thousand inhabitants. Jonathan Williams was chairman or moderator, while the resolutions were moved by Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Molineux, Young and Joseph Warren. It was unanimously agreed that, come what might, the tea should not be landed nor the duty paid: whoever should attempt it was declared a public enemy. A guard of twenty-five volunteers, under Edward Proctor, was placed over the vessel, and six horsemen were kept ready to gallop off and give the alarm to the adjoining towns.

Captain Hall of the *Dartmouth*, and Rotch her owner, saw the earnestness of the people and promised that the vessel should be sent back to England within twenty days without landing a pound of tea. This was the longest period that could be allowed — any ship staying longer in port without a clearance was liable to seizure. In that event, it would be delivered at the castle, and become the property of the governor. The latter asked the provincial council to take charge of the tea, but that body refused, declaring that the tax levied was contrary to the laws of the province. Day after day, Rotch and Captain Hall went to the custom-house and asked for a clearance and pass, that they might take the *Dartmouth* out of the harbor, with a regular permit from the governor. The comptroller and collector of customs, by an understanding with the chief executive, refused to give such clearance until the tea should be landed.

Thursday, the 16th of November came. If the tea remained where it was twenty-four hours longer, ship and cargo would fall into the possession of the government. The pass was still refused, and ships of war were stationed so as to prevent any ship going to sea without such permission. The Old South Church was again crowded with earnest and anxious citizens. They kept coming in from the surrounding towns. At night Boston was crowded. The governor had gone away to his home in the country. Rotch having been refused his pass at the custom-house, galloped out to the governor's home and made a last appeal to him. It was dark when the Quaker rode back to Boston and entering the dimly lighted church, told the people that the governor would not yield. The answer was expected, and Samuel Adams rising to his feet, said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

These words meant more than you would suppose. While the people were awaiting the refusal, they had made up their minds what to do when it came. The exclamation of Adams was a signal. He had scarcely uttered the words, when an Indian war whoop was heard on the outside. Fifty or more young men painted and disguised as Mohawk Indians, hurried out from the Old South Church and made for Griffin's Wharf, where lay the *Dartmouth* and two other vessels, lately arrived with cargoes of tea. The wharf was occupied by a trusty guard, while the Mohawks quietly boarded the vessels and began their work of destruction. The moon was shining brightly, and the men worked rapidly and silently. At the end of three hours, three hundred and forty tea chests had been broken open and their contents emptied into the sea. Nothing else was injured or taken away. Then the "Indians" quietly separated and went to their homes.

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The secret of the "Boston Tea Party" was well kept. Very few if any beside those who took part in it, knew who the "Mohawks" were. We can show you a picture of the house where there is reason to believe the plot was hatched, but no one can give you five names of those concerned in it. I have heard old persons say that their fathers were with the "Indians" who on that night threw the valuable cargo into the sea; but because they said so, I was sure they were mistaken, for the actors held their peace year after year. No doubt they were bound to do that because of some oath taken when the plot was formed.

A large part of Boston harbor was black with tea. A big windrow of it washed ashore, and Captain O'Conner hastily crammed a lot into his coat pockets. When his indignant fellow-citizens assailed him, he struggled so hard that he got away by leaving his coat-tails in their hands. The next day that part of his coat was nailed to the whipping-post as an expression of their opinion of his patriotism.

Another tea-ship had reached Charleston two weeks before. The consignees were persuaded to disown the cargo, which was seized by the revenue-officers. No one would buy it, and it was left to mold in the cellars where it was stored.

Before the vessel meant for Philadelphia reached that town, she was boarded, and the captain was induced to turn about and crowd all sail for London.

The ship intended for New York was driven northward by adverse winds, and put in at a New England port, where the captain was not allowed to land his cargo. A merchant who brought a few chests to New York on a venture was compelled to empty them into the river.

News of the "Boston Tea Party" reached England, January 27, 1774. It threw the whole country into a flame of wrath. Such insolence had never been known. The American colonies had become so defiant that it was high time something was done to bring them to their senses. England lost no time in making the attempt. Parliament passed several measures. The first, called the Boston Port-Bill, shut out the entire trade of that port, prohibiting all loading or unloading of vessels, not excepting the coast trade. The second altered the government and constitution of Massachusetts. The third provided for the trial in England of soldiers charged with acts of bloodshed, done in support of British authority. The fourth arranged for the quartering of troops on the towns of Massachusetts, and the fifth established a strong government in Quebec, or Lower Canada, with concessions of great privileges to the Roman Catholic population, and with an extension of the Canadian jurisdiction to the Ohio and Mississippi, at the back of the New England provinces.

The Boston Port-Bill, however, was a measure all-important to the colonies, for it threatened the ruin of the city. The custom-house was removed to Salem, but the people of that town refused to reap the profits thus placed within their reach, and the merchants in Marblehead offered the use of their warehouses free to their friends in Boston.

The other colonies made haste to show their sympathy for Boston. It had been decreed that the port-bill should go into effect on the 18th of June, 1774. In the seaport towns of Massachusetts the bill was printed with a black border and the

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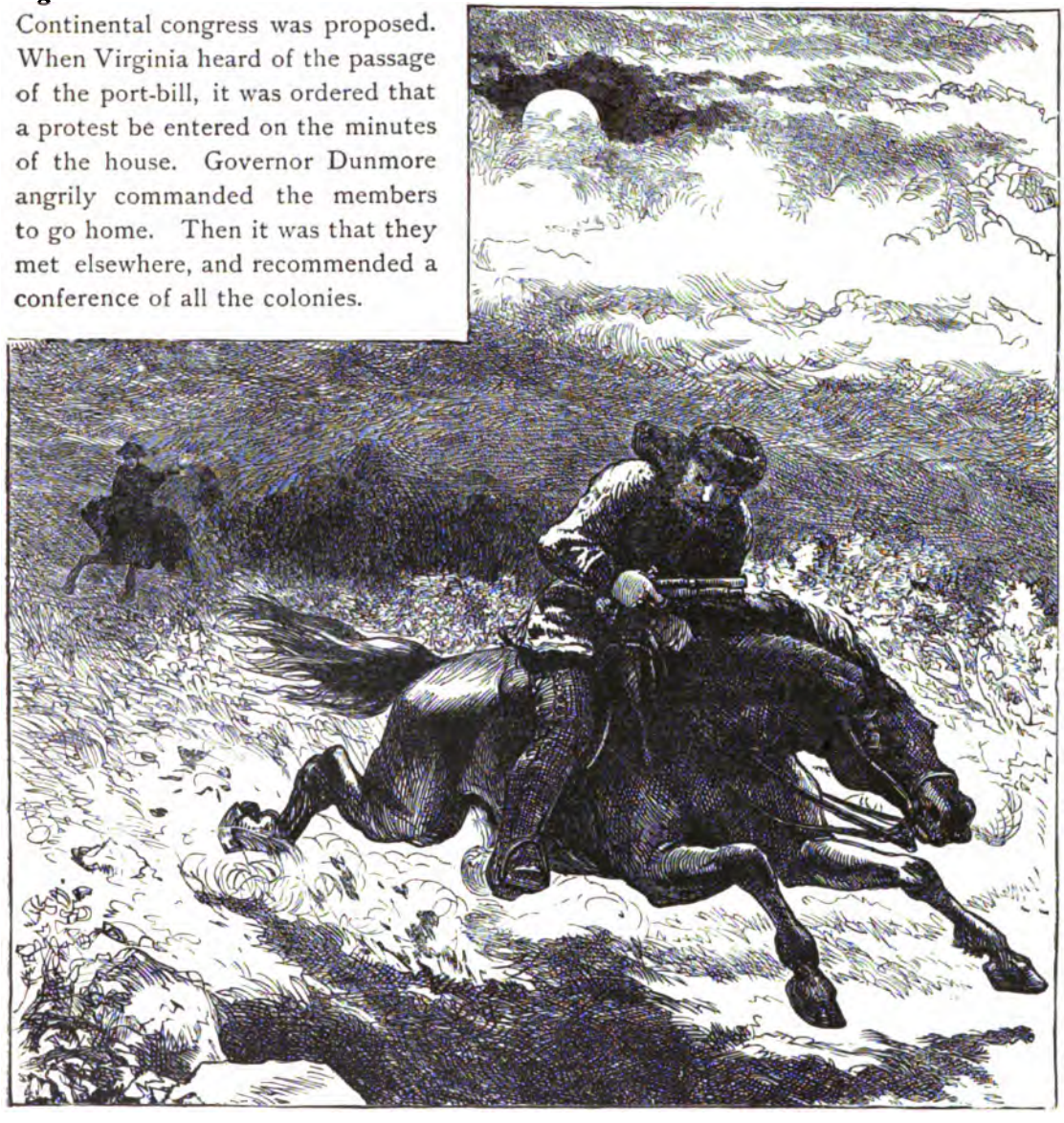
heading, "A barbarous, cruel, bloody and inhuman murder." Even before the news of the passage of the measure reached Virginia, the house of burgesses had formed a colonial committee of correspondence, and invited all the provincial assemblies to join them. New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island united in the appointment of legislative committees and a second Continental congress was proposed. When Virginia heard of the passage of the port-bill, it was ordered that a protest be entered on the minutes of the house. Governor Dunmore angrily commanded the members to go home. Then it was that they met elsewhere, and recommended a conference of all the colonies.



PURSUIT OF PAUL REVERE, THE SCOUT.

On the 20th of May the charter of Massachusetts was declared annulled by act of parliament; the people were proclaimed rebels, and the governor was directed to send to England all persons who resisted the loyal officers. To carry out the rigorous measures for subjugating Boston, Lord North appointed General Thomas Gage gov-

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ernor of Massachusetts, and he with an army of ten thousand men was directed to bring the defiant Americans to terms.

The second Continental congress met in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. All the colonies were represented except Georgia, whose governor succeeded in preventing the election of delegates. The whole number of members was fifty-three, and they included the most distinguished lawyers and the greatest statesmen in the country. Among them were George Washington, Samuel and John Adams, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. Peyton Randolph, late speaker of the Virginian assembly, was chosen president of the congress. After the formal business was done, Patrick Henry, in a burst of oratory, recounted the wrongs the colonies had suffered, and fired every heart by his wonderful eloquence. It was agreed to stand by Massachusetts in her struggle against the ministry. An address was sent to the king, another to the English nation and a third to the people of Canada. A resolution was also adopted favoring the stoppage of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until justice was done the colonies.

Peace was at an end: war must come.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

OPENING OF THE REVOLUTION.

WHEN it became clear what General Gage meant to do, the people of Boston began taking their ammunition to Concord. This was done by stratagem, most of it being hid in wagons among old rubbish. The British general had seized and fortified Boston Neck; brought the military stores in the arsenals at Cambridge and Charlestown to Boston, and ordered the general assembly to disperse.

Concord is less than twenty miles to the north-west of Boston. Gage was not long in finding out what the "rebels" were doing, and he took measures to bring their plans to naught. He dispatched two officers in disguise to acquaint themselves with the roads and the best means of reaching the small town.

On the night of Tuesday, April 18th, he sent a detachment of eight hundred men to seize and destroy the military stores at Concord. They started at night, so as to surprise those in charge of the property. They were under the command of Colonel Smith, and, landing where East Cambridge now stands, they marched across the salt marshes so as to reach the highway to West Cambridge.

The night was sharp and clear. Along the road several British officers were posted, in order to stop any messengers that might ride out from Boston to alarm the country. But the Yankee boys, too, were wide awake. Suddenly from the lofty belfry of the Old North Church, two points of light flashed out in the gloom, and many a patriot eye looking expectantly in that direction, read their meaning. The British were marching toward Concord, and Paul Revere on his swift steed was galloping, with the speed of the wind, in advance of them. Two British officers caught sight of the rider as he thundered down the road, and gave chase, but they were quickly left behind.

Reaching Medford, Revere quickly alarmed the captain of the minute-men, and thence to Lexington he aroused almost every household. It was midnight when he drew up at Lexington. There he found Adams and Hancock at the house of Rev. Mr. Clarke, and was joined by William Dawes. They stayed in the house a couple of hours, and then Revere, Dawes and Prescott started for Concord. On the way, Dawes and Prescott stopped to alarm a household, when Revere, who was awaiting them in the road, was surrounded by four British officers. Dawes and Prescott escaped, but Revere was taken back to Boston.

Meanwhile, Colonel Smith was pushing out into the country with his troops. Seeing that the alarm had been given, despite the precautions taken, he sent back for re-enforcements. At nine o'clock that morning they were started by General Gage.

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They consisted of a brigade under Lord Percy, who took the circuitous land route through Roxbury and Brookline.

The news of the approach of the British reached Lexington by two o'clock on the morning of the 19th. Men sprang from their beds, dressed hastily, and, catching up their weapons, hurried toward the one point of interest. The pale-faced housewife quickly struck the flint and tinder, and lit the tallow-candles, while the frightened children wondered what caused father and brother to dash out in the darkness, with gun, powder-horn and bullet-pouch. Shadowy figures were dimly seen in the early morning light, running toward the commons, where, in a brief space, one hundred and thirty were gathered under the command of John Parker.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

"Load with powder and ball," said he, "but remember—let *them* fire first."

In the gray of the early morning, the British soldiers were seen approaching, with Major Pitcairn at their head. Their brilliant uniforms and splendid marching made the sight a striking one. They, however, were only the advance, and, hearing the alarm-guns, halted to load while waiting for their comrades to come up. Then Major Pitcairn, advancing upon the Americans, called out:

"Disperse, ye rebels! disperse!"

Who discharged the first shot at Lexington can never be known. Parker, as

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you have been told, warned his men not to fire first. The British were equally anxious to make the Americans give them a pretext for sending a volley among them. Many of our accounts represent Major Pitcairn as swearing at the patriots and discharging his pistol toward them. He may have used vigorous language, but it is not by any means certain that he fired his weapon. It is claimed by others that one of

LORD HOWE.

Parker's men either discharged his musket, or it flashed in the pan. Be that as it may, some straggling shots came from the soldiers, and then all at once their leveled muskets outflamed. A crashing report awoke the echoes, and a number of Americans fell to the earth dead or dying. The shot had been fired that was "heard around the world" — the Revolution had begun.

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The patriots fired at random, killing one soldier, wounding another, and striking Pitcairn's horse. Colonel Smith delivered another volley, and then withdrew toward Concord. The troops had killed eight Americans and wounded several more. At Concord, the men were busy hiding cannon and military stores, while the women and children ran to the woods for shelter. The Concord minute-men had formed, and others were flocking thither from miles around. Observing that the British outnumbered them, the Americans retreated across the river Concord to a hill behind the village. Meanwhile, Colonel Smith broke off the trunnions of three new cannon he found, and destroyed some stores.

The soldiers were busy hunting through the houses, when shots from the direction of the North Bridge showed that fighting had been renewed. The minute-men, who were swarming thither, saw smoke rising from the town and believed that the invaders were burning it. The sight roused them to fury, and they hastened to assail them. As they drew nearer, they observed that the court-house and other buildings were in flames. They discovered three companies of troops just beginning to tear up the bridge. Colonel Barrett, who had charge of the minute-men and militia, gave the order to advance, but instructed his men not to fire until they were attacked. Indeed the course of British and Americans proved that they knew the vast importance of what in reality was only a skirmish, and each sought to make the other in the eye of the world the aggressor.

The minute-men from Lincoln, under the command of Isaac Davis, volunteered to clear the bridge of the British. The fire of battle gleamed in their eyes, and Davis, looking into their glowing faces, uttered these memorable words,

"There is not a man in my company that's afraid!"

Colonel Barrett ordered them to pass the bridge without discharging a gun, unless the British first fired at them.

"Forward, march!" rang out the order.

The shrill fifes struck up "The White Cockade"—a tune so lively that it will almost set one dancing, and the minute-men started for the bridge. Laurie in command of the English recrossed, and, as the Americans bore down on them, the red-coats fired three volleys.

"Fire, fellow soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" shouted Major John Buttrick of Concord. Up went the muskets of the minute-men and a sheet of fire flamed from the muzzles. As the crashing report rang out, they advanced upon the British, who continued to fall back. The latter were joined by a company from the northern side, and the whole body, seeing that the country was aroused, and having completed the business on which General Gage sent them, now made haste to reach Boston.

The volley of the British at the bridge killed two Americans. One of these was Isaac Davis, the captain of the minute-men of Acton. He had bidden his young wife a touching good-by as he ran to lead his men to the fight. A little later his dead body was brought to her door. War is made up of such sad scenes. It is interesting to know that the widow lived to be nearly a hundred years old — long enough to see the thirteen weak and struggling colonies grow into a mighty nation.

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The British soldiers, who up to this time had shown excellent discipline, began to lose their self-command. They saw, in whatever direction they looked, the Americans on a run toward them, guns in hand. Nothing gives one confidence like the sight of his enemy retreating. When the minute-men and militia noticed the uniformed troops breaking ranks and going on the double-quick toward Boston, the exclamation was on scores of lips, "The lobster-backs are afraid of us! Give it to them!"

If the soldiers glanced at a tree, they caught the flash of a gun from behind it. Bushes, stone-walls, and houses spouted flame, and the deadly bullets kept dropping the panic-stricken fugitives. The British fired as the chance presented, and now and then some daring minute-man rolled over on his back, and gasped out his life. The red-coats were caught very much as were Braddock's men a score of years before. Their enemies were on every side, and there was no way to escape their murderous aim, or to make their own aim effective.

When the British passed Lexington, early in the afternoon, they were in a pitiful condition. They were exhausted, and many of those that had been wounded fell to the ground unable to rise again. The others were huddling together like a mob, and the officers were desperately striving to rally and reform them, when Earl Percy, with nine hundrad soldiers re-enforced them. His artillery at once opened on the Americans, while the troops formed a hollow square into which the fugitives flung themselves, utterly worn out.

The artillery fire kept the Americans at bay, but did not scatter them. The country for a score of miles in all directions was roused, and boys, fathers and grandfathers, flocked so rapidly into Lexington that the British troops, numbering almost two thousand men, were in danger of being overwhelmed. Percy saw that it would never do to stay where he was, and, with only a half hour's rest the retreat toward Boston was resumed. The scenes already described were repeated. The number of fugitives had increased, and so also had that of their assailants, who fired with such rapidity and precision that for a time it looked as if not a soldier would escape.

Beacon Hill in Boston was black with people peering out over the road from Cambridge to Charlestown, whence came the sounds of musketry firing. Just as it began to darken, the flash of the guns was seen, and the troops in rapid retreat. Percy had to use his artillery again, and under the protection of several men of war, the fugitives were enabled to cross the Charles River, and get safely into Boston. The battle of Lexington was over.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the loss of the Americans was forty-nine killed, thirty-six wounded and five missing. The English lost sixty-five killed, one hundred and seventy-eight wounded, and twenty-six missing. Colonel Smith, the commander of the original expedition, was severely wounded.

All night long the tramp of minute-men, marked as it was by song and jest and the reckless ardor of a new and overwhelming emotion, was heard along the roads leading to Boston. For miles and miles volunteers converged toward the one central point of interest. Messengers on the fleetest of horses were speeding away with arrowy swiftness toward New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island and the other colonies,

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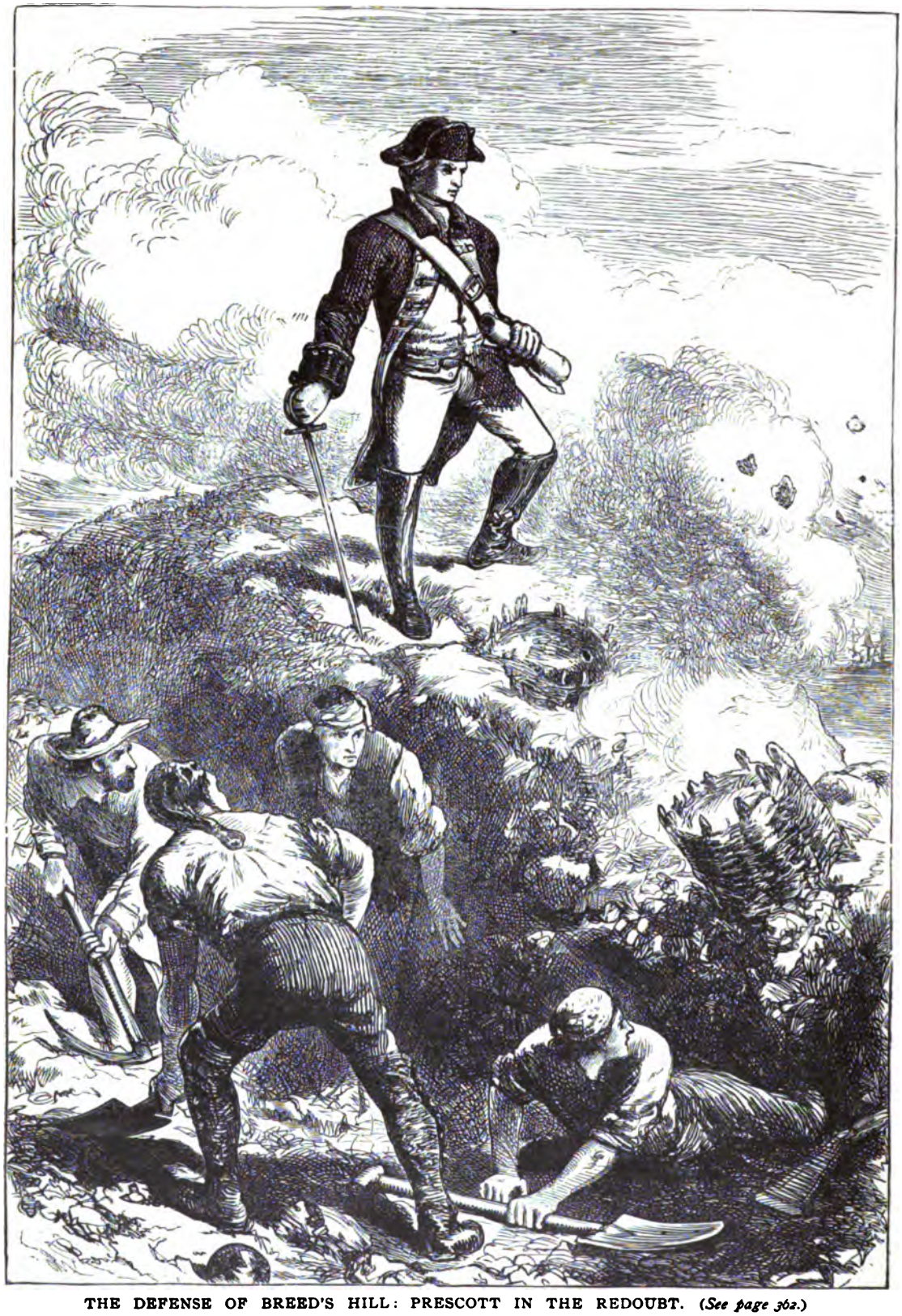

THE DEFENSE OF BREED'S HILL: PRESCOTT IN THE REDOUBT. (*See page 362.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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bearing the fateful tidings, and rousing the country to arms. Israel Putnam was plowing in the field, when some one shouted to him the news of the fight at Concord and Lexington. He unfastened his oxen, left his plow standing in the furrow and leaping on the back of a horse, started for Cambridge. It was a full hundred miles away, but his vigorous steed bore him thither by daylight the next morning.

As Putnam thundered along, he saw the militia mustering, and he ordered them to follow him without delay. John Stark came down at the head of the New Hampshire men, the brave Nathaniel Greene led the Rhode Islanders, while the equally brave Benedict Arnold was among the provincials from New Haven. In a short time an army of twenty thousand undisciplined men was gathered around Boston and it was plain to all that the shock of actual war must soon be felt.

Before, however, the famous battle of Bunker Hill took place, there were exciting events in other quarters. Among the first and most gallant of volunteers were the "Green Mountain Boys," as they called themselves. Vermont, as you know, was not an independent colony, and did not become a state until after the Revolution. Previous to the battle of Lexington, the Connecticut legislature had voted a thousand dollars toward the capture of Ticonderoga. This fortress was far more important than you might suppose. It had cost Great Britain many millions of dollars, and contained one hundred and twenty cannon and a large amount of military stores.

The expedition was arranged with great secrecy, for if the garrison had learned what was going on, they would have been able to hold even an army at bay. Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold — two of the most daring spirits that ever lived — quarreled as to which should lead the enterprise. Arnold held a Massachusetts commission, while Allen had been elected by the men themselves. The command was retained by the latter, who agreed that Arnold should keep by his side during the advance.

On the evening of May 9th, the force of less than three hundred men reached without discovery the shore of Lake Champlain opposite Ticonderoga. Boats were so scarce that at daylight only eighty-three men had crossed. As every thing depended on surprising the garrison, Allen saw that it would not do to wait any longer. He addressed the Green Mountain Boys, telling them that he would not insist on their advancing against their will, but not a man refused to go forward.

Quickly forming, the little company went through the open wicket like a whirlwind, Arnold and Allen running as if for a prize. The sentry snapped his gun at them, and then fled for his life. Another was captured and made to lead the way to the quarters of the commandant, Delaplace. Allen shouted to him to come forth and surrender the garrison. The captain bounded from bed, and only half dressed, appeared at the door of his quarters.

"By whose authority do you make this demand?" asked the astonished officer.

"In the name of Jehovah and the Continental congress," was the tremendous answer, and Allen swung his sword about in a very suggestive fashion.

Captain Delaplace would have made a fight, had there been the least hope of success, but the surprise was complete. He surrendered, and ordered his men to parade without arms. Besides the one hundred and twenty cannon and the military stores,

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there were prisoners to the number of fifty, exclusive of women and children, and all were sent to Hartford.

About the time of these events, Colonel Seth Warner, with a hundred men, appeared before Crown Point and demanded its surrender. As the garrison numbered only a dozen soldiers under a sergeant, they yielded at the first summons. Another party sent to Skenesborough, captured Major Skene, and brought a schooner and a number of small boats to Ticonderoga. These brilliant exploits, as they became known through the colonies, aroused the patriotism of the Americans to the highest pitch.

On the last day of May, 1775, the people of Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, held a convention at wh ch they passed the famous Mecklenburg Resolutions. These resembled in spirit the Declaration of Independence adopted the following year in Philadelphia. In some respects the language is very similar, and there has been a great deal of dispute about the resolutions, but it is generally believed that they are genuine.

On the very day that Ticonderoga fell into the hands of the Americans, the colonial congress, which had adjourned in the previous autumn, re-assembled in Philadelphia. Among those present were Washington, John and Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and others now revered by all Americans. A final appeal was made to England, and the king was told that the colonies had chosen war in preference to slavery. John Adams made a powerful speech in which he showed the condition and needs of the country, and especially the necessity of a commander-in-chief, to direct the military operations. The great abilities required by the officer holding that position were eloquently sketched. Then, in a ringing voice, he nominated George Washington of Virginia as commander-in-chief of the American armies. Washington was sitting a short distance away, looking straight at the speaker, never dreaming that he had been selected by the members. He started as if from an electric shock, and, greatly agitated, rose to his feet and passed out into the hall. When Patrick Henry with glowing face congratulated him, Washington, still trembling, shook his head and said, "I fear that my reputation is doomed!"

On the 15th of June, congress unanimously confirmed the nomination of Washington. He appeared in his seat the next day and said, with great emotion, "As the congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause; but I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not feel myself equal to the command with which I am honored."

Washington refused pay beyond his expenses, and by his commission was invested with the command of all the forces, raised or to be raised by the united colonies, with full power to act as he thought best for the welfare of the service.

You have already learned something about George Washington. It was he that saved the army of Braddock, and did such good service in the French and Indian War. He was afterwards a member of the Virginia house of burgesses and was elected a delegate to the Continental congress. Having been born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732, he was in the prime of vigorous manhood when called to lead the colonies in their struggle for liberty.

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There have been many great men whom the world is proud to honor, but when their characters are closely studied, you will find them as a rule marred by glaring defects. Not such, however, was the character of Washington. The closer it is examined the more admirable is it found. It has gone into the crucible of time and come out pure gold.

Congress also appointed the following major-generals: Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, and Israel Putnam; brigadier-generals — Seth Pomeroy, Richard Montgomery, David Wooster, William Heath, Joseph Spencer, John Thomas, John Sullivan and Nathaniel Greene. Horatio Gates was appointed adjutant-general.

Artemas Ward, being captain-general of the Massachusetts forces, held the leading position at Bunker Hill, but he had no commission as commander-in-chief. Bancroft says of him: "He was old, unused to a separate military command, from an infirmity not fit to appear on horseback, and wanting in 'quick decision and activity'; he never could introduce discipline among free men, who owned no superiority but that of merit, no obedience but that of willing minds." He resigned within a month his office of major-general under Washington. You will learn more of Charles Lee in the pages that follow. Philip Schuyler served in the French and Indian War, and would have commanded the expedition against Canada, but for his sickness which gave the command to Montgomery. Israel Putnam won his first laurels in the French and Indian War, which, as I have said, was the training school for the military leaders of the Revolution. He was impulsive and reckless in bravery, and his tombstone at Brooklyn, Connecticut, bears the appropriate words: "He dared to lead where any dared to follow."

Washington and Gates immediately set out for Cambridge to take charge of the army there. When they reached New York, they heard for the first time the news of the battle of Bunker Hill.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

1775 BUNKER HILL AND THE CAMPAIGN IN CANADA.

ON the 25th of May, 1775, General Gage was joined in Boston by Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, with re-enforcements by which the British army was increased to ten thousand men. The English general began to feel himself master of the situation. He issued a proclamation, branding those in arms against his authority as rebels, and offering pardon to all who would submit, with the exception of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. The English commander wanted to save these two to be hanged for treason — that is if he could get them in his power.

The Americans saw the need of taking possession of certain heights in the neighborhood of Charlestown and to the north of Boston. The principal of these are called Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill. Before the fortifications could be completed, it became known that General Gage intended something of the kind himself. It would not do therefore, to lose an hour.

The committee of safety was the directing power of the Americans, and under its orders, General Ward sent a detachment to take possession of the hill above Charlestown. This force was led by Colonel Prescott, and included the regiments of Prescott, Frye and Bridge, and some Connecticut men. Colonel Gridley with two cannon, accompanied the command. Each man was furnished with a blanket, digging implements and enough food to last twenty-four hours.

The expedition left Cambridge as soon as it was fairly dark, and crossing Charlestown Neck, reached Bunker Hill at ten o'clock. There Colonel Prescott called his field-officers about him for consultation. After a brief discussion, it was decided to leave Bunker Hill, and intrench Breed's Hill. The reason for this was that Breed's Hill being nearly a half mile closer to the city than Bunker Hill, would give the Americans much better opportunity to harass the British fleet.

Colonel Gridley, the engineer, marked out the lines of a redoubt, and the men fell to work. It was a warm night, and the moon was bright. The redoubt was about eight rods square, and a thousand lusty patriots plied pick and shovel. When they spoke it was in low voices, and they plainly heard the sentinels' cry of "All's well," as they paced back and forth on the ships in the harbor. Prescott had placed guards along shore and several times he walked down to the edge of the water to see whether the enemy had discovered the operations of his men.

You may well believe that General Gage and his army were amazed when on the morning of the 17th of June, 1775, they looked across to Breed's Hill and beheld

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DEATH OF MAJOR PITCAIRN. (*See page 363.*)

Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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the redoubt nearly finished, with its thousand builders still as busy as beavers. The sloop-of-war *Lively* was the first to discover the work of the audacious Americans. She speedily opened fire on the redoubt, and the boom of her cannon awoke all in Boston and Charlestown. Colonel Gridley returned the fire of the *Lively*, and the latter soon ceased by order of General Gage. Colonel Prescott mounted the parapet and coolly walked back and forth while giving directions to his men. Though under direct fire he showed not the slightest fear.

General Gage, in Boston, who was carefully watching the movements through a telescope, turned to Willard, a Tory brother-in-law of Prescott, who was standing at his side, and said,

"The commander is cool; will he fight?"

"That he will," was Willard's answer, "to the last drop of his blood."

General Gage saw the value of time. It was necessary that the works, which commanded the city, should be destroyed, and the longer he waited the more difficult this would be. It was a little past noon, when, protected by the fire of the *Glasgow* sloop-of-war, and two floating-batteries moored near by, the British troops passed in boats and barges from Long Wharf to Moulton's Point on the east of Charlestown. They numbered about two thousand, and were under the command of Major-general Howe and Brigadier-general Pigot.

The landing place was not far from the mouth of the Mystic, the object of the assailants being to flank the Americans, cut off their retreat, and capture the entire command. Observing that the patriots were calmly awaiting attack, General Howe drew up his men on the first rising ground, and sent back for re-enforcements. During the delay, Prescott fortified his camp with much skill. Behind the breastwork, and two hundred yards distant from it, was a low stone-wall capped by a fence of posts, joined by two lines of rails, which extended three hundred yards in the direction of the Mystic. On the inner side of this fence was a ditch. The Connecticut forces under Knowlton advanced to the obstruction with two field pieces and strengthened it by piling some newly mown hay between the rails, and by throwing up a second rail fence, parallel with the first and heaping hay upon that also.

Prescott was in a perilous position, and he appealed to General Ward for re-enforcements. Ward was opposed to giving battle, as he knew the Americans had only a small amount of ammunition. He was afraid also that the British meant to attack Cambridge, but finding that such was not their intention, he sent some New Hampshire regiments to the support of Prescott, and afterward furnished others from head-quarters. Among the volunteer officers who went forward was the veteran Seth Pomeroy, who had taken part in the capture of Louisburg, twenty years before. Joseph Warren was another volunteer, who refused a command, and asked that he might have a post of danger, which was granted him.

Not a minute was lost in adding to the defenses. A breastwork of stones was thrown up close to the Mystic, and three ranks of men, with others lying on the grass, were stationed behind it. This arrangement was made by Colonel John Stark, who fought independently of Prescott, and gave special attention to the protection of the

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flank. Putnam was working desperately to fortify Bunker Hill. He succeeded in forming a connection between the several points threatened.

The steeples and roofs of the houses in Boston were black with people, watching with breathless interest the impending battle. Charlestown had been fired and four hundred of its houses laid in ashes.

Between two and three o'clock, in the afternoon, the British troops advanced to the assault. Their brilliant uniforms and splendid marching, as they moved up the slope, made the sight a thrilling one. They formed in two lines and advanced under cover of a heavy fire of cannon and howitzers. Howe commanded the right wing and Pigot the left, the former meaning to attack the American lines on the flank, while the latter assailed the southern line of the redoubt.

The British advanced slowly so as to give their artillery chance to play on the works. Pigot's men had to march through tall grass, and frequently to climb walls and fences. They began firing too soon and produced little effect.

Prescott held the fire of his impatient men until the British were within a dozen rods. Then he shouted the command, "*Fire!*" A terrific volley followed. Scores in the front rank fell, and the rest staggered, hesitated a moment, then turned and ran down the slope. Some even sought refuge in the boats. But the officers having formed the troops in line again with considerable difficulty, a second advance was made.

The delay had given the Americans time to reload, and when the scarlet-coated soldiers were as close as before, another volley struck many low and scattered the rest like chaff. Their officers were as reckless and daring as before, but for a time it looked as if the terrified soldiers could not be forced to a third attempt. Now, however, cannon were brought to bear, the ships and batteries bombarding with great fury. The Americans were compelled to withdraw from the breastwork outside the fort. The redoubt was attacked simultaneously from three sides. The spectators, who were looking to see the troops hurled back for a third time, were horrified to observe a slackening of the fire on the part of the patriots, while the British swarming over the intrenchments, were fought with clubbed muskets. Sad to say, at the very moment when victory was in the grasp of the Americans, their ammunition gave out and they were forced to fall back, still bravely fighting.

Their retreat would have been cut off, had not the flanking party been checked by a company of provincials, who held them at bay until the main body had withdrawn. The battle of Bunker Hill, which lasted about two hours, was over and the Americans were defeated.

The loss of the latter was one hundred and fifty killed, two hundred and seventy wounded, and thirty taken prisoners. The British loss, as given by Gage, was two hundred and twenty-four killed, and eight hundred and thirty wounded. Prescott, who was the last man to leave the fort, had his coat and waistcoat torn to shreds by bayonet-thrusts, but he escaped unhurt. The brilliant Warren was killed, while among those slain on the side of the assailants was Major Pitcairn. When he fell his son Lieutenant Pitcairn was at his side. The youth stepped over and looked down in the face of his father, who, gazing affectionately at him, attempted to speak, but

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died without uttering a word. "I have lost my father," exclaimed the stricken son, bending over him. The soldiers ceased firing a moment, and one of them said tenderly, "We have all lost a father."

Prescott and Putnam led the retreat by way of Charlestown Neck, to Prospect Hill,

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

where a new line of intrenchments was hastily formed commanding Boston. The English intrenched themselves at the summit of Breed's Hill. They had captured the peninsula of Charlestown, but at a fearful cost. In making his report to his government, General Gage wrote the following impressive words,—"The success, which was very necessary in our present condition, cost us dear. The number of killed and wounded

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is greater than our forces can afford to lose. We have lost some extremely good officers. The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be, and I find it owing to a military spirit encouraged among them for a few years past, joined with uncommon zeal and enthusiasm. They intrench and raise batteries; they have engineers. They have fortified all the heights and passes around this town, which it is not impossible for them to occupy. The conquest of this country is not easy; you have to cope with vast numbers. In all their wars against the French, they never showed so much conduct, attention and perseverance as they do now. I think it my duty to let you know the situation of affairs."

CARLETON'S FLIGHT.

On Sunday noon, July 2, 1775, General Washington, accompanied by his aid Mifflin, Joseph Reed, his military secretary, and General Lee, reached Cambridge, where, as you may well understand, he was sorely needed. He and his companions remained for a few days as the guest of Langdon, the president of the Harvard College. His commission was read on the 4th of July to a part of the army and to the provincial congress of Massachusetts, and he assumed command.

The army was simply a patriotic crowd. There was little semblance of discipline, and the men came and went with scarcely any question. The material was there, but it needed to be molded into a compact mass. The volunteers had enlisted

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for varying terms of service, and the longest term was brief. Powder was alarmingly scarce, and the equipments poor. The returns showed that Washington had a total of sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-one soldiers. Nearly two thousand were sick, or absent on furlough. It was decided by the commander-in-chief and his advisers that at least twenty-two thousand were needed to protect their lines against the attack that all believed would soon be made.

But no attack was made. The British had been handled so severely by the Americans that it took a long time for them to recover, and the heat of the summer months was great. England was so dissatisfied with General Gage that he was recalled and the command of the army given to Howe. Gage sailed in October. The inhabitants continued to leave the city. They complained so much of harsh treatment that Washington, before the departure of Gage, addressed him a letter saying that he should regulate his conduct toward the British prisoners of war by that the Americans received. Gage insisted that all had been treated kindly, but that he could make no distinction between officers and privates, because he could recognize no rank not derived from the king. He charged the Americans with cruelty and threatened dreadful consequences if it was continued. In replying to this communication, Washington said, "I have taken time, sir, to make strict inquiry, and find the intelligence you have received has not the least foundation in truth. Not only your officers and soldiers have been treated with tenderness due to fellow-citizens and brethren; but even those execrable parricides, whose counsel and aid have deluged this country with blood, have been protected from the fury of a justly enraged people. You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I can not conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power."

Meanwhile, Washington steadily pushed his lines nearer Boston. On the night of August 26th he took possession of Plowed Hill, a little to the northwest of Charlestown Neck, and two days later he challenged the British to battle, but was refused.

The authorities in England suggested to Howe that it would be well to abandon Boston altogether for New York, or, if that was not feasible, to divide the army between Halifax and Quebec. Howe agreed that New York should be occupied and made what might be termed the base of operations. He promised to destroy Castle William in Boston Harbor before evacuation, and advised the seizing of the island of Rhode Island.

Now that the Revolution was fairly under way, it should be observed that Massachusetts and Virginia were the leaders. Most of the other colonies were somewhat backward, though the time came when all rallied under the flag of independence. William Franklin, son of Benjamin, and governor of New Jersey, was adroit and time-serving. He professed great sympathy for the patriots, but opposed *acts* of disloyalty. It may be said he was in favor of a war of independence, provided it could be carried on without any fighting. His course led to a quarrel between him and his illustrious father whose patriotism was always of the loftiest character.

Pennsylvania showed a similar disposition to compromise. The Quakers, as a body,

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were opposed to the Revolution. But there were some notable exceptions. Generals Mifflin and Greene belonged to that sect, and there were many of their faith in the patriot ranks. Delaware and Maryland from the first were enthusiastic in the patriot cause.

Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, was an ardent loyalist, and speedily got himself into trouble by seizing the public powder. Patrick Henry, in the name of the people, demanded restitution. The demand was backed in such an emphatic fashion that the governor was frightened into paying for what he had stolen. He was so terrified indeed that he took refuge on a man-of-war. There his courage came back. He proclaimed freedom to the slaves, raised a force of royalists and gave the patriots battle at the village of Great Bridge, near Norfolk. He was defeated, and finding himself obliged to fly from the country, burned Norfolk in revenge.

Before the close of 1775, British authority had been overthrown in all the colonies. The royal governors were compelled to espouse the cause of the home country or give way to those that would. The Americans made the mistake, which has been repeated more than once since, of believing that Canada would make common cause with them against Great Britain. While the long siege of Boston was pressed, an expedition was made into that province. When it became known that General Carleton, governor of Canada, was preparing to re-occupy Crown Point and Ticonderoga, General Philip Schuyler was ordered to proceed without delay to Ticonderoga, thence to advance into Canada and take possession of Montreal and St. John's. While the boats for the transport of the troops were building, Schuyler sent parties across the border to learn the sentiments of the people, and to gather needed information. On their return they reported that the people were friendly and that the militia, which did not number more than seven hundred, refused to serve under French officers.

Schuyler's second in command was Richard Montgomery, formerly an officer in the British army, and a daring Irish leader who had done valiant service. Schuyler falling ill, the command devolved on the Irishman. An armed camp was formed on the Isle Aux Noix, and a boom thrown across the channel, to prevent passage by the enemy's sloop-of-war. In several small conflicts that followed the Americans showed such insubordination and cowardice, that Montgomery was filled with rage, and expressed regret that he had ever undertaken to lead them. Nevertheless he invested St. John's with all possible vigor, while Schuyler at Albany did his utmost to forward men and supplies.

One of Montgomery's officers was Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga. With the wild courage natural to him, he went to Chambly to raise a force of Canadians. Having recruited eighty he united them with thirty Americans, and set out to capture Montreal. He left Longuel on the night of September 24th, and hastened to Long Point. Re-enforcements had been promised him there, but did not appear. He could not retreat and, therefore, made the bravest defense possible against a force four times as large as his own, but was finally compelled to surrender, with all his men who could not escape. He was heavily ironed and sent to England, where he remained a prisoner for some time.

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The fort at Chambly was besieged, and on the 18th of October it surrendered. The Americans thereby captured seventeen cannon and six tons of powder. Carleton tried to raise the siege but was driven back, while the force with which he was seeking to unite retired to Quebec. The fort at St. John surrendered on the 3d of November, the garrison of six hundred marching out with the honors of war. From the first, Carleton had taken a very gloomy view of the situation and he now decided to abandon Montreal. He embarked with about a hundred Canadians and regulars and started for Quebec. Finding his flight likely to be disputed, he disguised himself in the dress of a fisherman, and on the night of the 19th, was paddled down the river to Quebec. Montreal surrendered the next day, and Montgomery taking possession, issued a proclamation urging the Canadians to elect representatives to the Continental congress and to unite with the colonies in their war for liberty.

Benedict Arnold with eleven hundred soldiers had left the camp before Boston on the night of September 13th, and pushed northward as fast as circumstances would allow. His route was up the Kennebec, through the wilderness to the Chaudiere, which stream he intended to descend to Point Levi. The journey was one of great suffering and hardship. The men forced their way up the river against a current so powerful that they were often compelled to wade in the chilling water, dragging their boats after them, or carrying them on their backs over crags and around cataracts.

Leaving the river at last, they plunged into the gloomy forest, where they would have gone astray had not a small advance party "blazed" the trees — that is, chipped off the bark. In some places they sank to their knees in the morasses. It required a month to reach Dead River, up which they labored for eighty-three miles, passing seventeen falls, and struggling through a series of ponds choked with the trunks of trees. Their provisions gave out and they ate dogs and candles, and even chewed boiled moccasins in the hope of extracting some nourishment from them. They dug up roots and gnawed the bark like so many famishing dogs. Nothing but the dauntless courage of Arnold prevented the men from giving up. Scores fell sick and were left behind; numbers died, and Colonel Roger Enos, the second in command, who had charge of the rear division, numbering one-third of the force, abandoned the expedition and with his troops started back for Cambridge. Arnold pressed on, and, obtaining some cattle, sent them to the starving troops, who could scarcely wait till they were cooked before devouring them.

Winter was coming on and the outlook was terrible. It seemed death to go on, to turn back, or to stand still. The weather was intensely cold, and the briers and brambles had torn the clothing of the men to tatters. Large numbers were barefooted and their only covering at night was the leafless branches through which the icy rain drove against them. Who can blame Colonel Enos for abandoning such a hopeless expedition before it was too late?

On the 4th of November, the gaunt band descried the first house they had seen in a month. Traveling became less difficult, and Point Levi, lying on the St. Lawrence, south of the Isle of Orleans and opposite Quebec, was reached on the 10th. A delay of three days was necessary in order to obtain canoes, but at last the crossing was

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DEATH OF MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC.

From the painting by Benjamin West.

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made, and about seven hundred men, who to-day would have been looked upon as so many wretched tramps, huddled beneath the Heights of Abraham.

When we remember that they had no cannon, that their muskets were injured, their powder and cartridges in bad condition, and the men themselves weak and exhausted, it is almost incredible that they should have made an attack. Yet they did, encouraged perhaps by the belief that the Canadians would declare themselves friends instead of enemies. Up the same steep and jagged path by which the brave Wolfe and his band had scaled the plateau, the wretched patriots climbed until they stood before the walls of Quebec. Arnold sent a flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the town. The Canadians must have smiled at the grim humor of the whole thing.

A few harmless shots were fired, and then, finding that he had only five rounds of ammunition to a man, and was likely to be attacked, Arnold withdrew to point Aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, and between that city and Montreal. Montgomery reached the point on the 1st of December and assumed command. The army was now three thousand strong, with six field-pieces and five light mortars. Four days later, it encamped before Quebec.

It is a pitiful story that now has to be told. The earth was covered with snow and the weather was extremely cold. The ground was frozen to such a depth that earthworks could not be constructed. Some ice walls were formed, but they proved as useless as so much paper. The men became mutinous, and on the last day of the year 1775 an assault was ordered. The first division under Montgomery was to pass down the river and attack the lower town near the citadel. The second column under Benedict Arnold, was to move around the city to the north, attack by way of the St. Charles, and join Montgomery in the assault upon the Prescott Gate. The other two divisions were to stay in the rear of the upper town, to divert the attention of the garrison by feigned attacks.

When Montgomery reached the point where he was to lead the charge, the air was so full of blinding snow that the men could scarcely see each other. "Men of New York!" he called out, addressing his soldiers, "you are not afraid to follow where your general leads! forward!"

The Americans thought that the artillery-men in their front were not aware of their presence, but they were mistaken. They had only fairly started, when the battery opened, and at the first fire Montgomery and both of his aids fell dead. The men were shocked and dismayed at the calamity, and hurriedly retreated.

The English threw fireballs, by whose glare the musketeers were enabled to shoot with deadly aim. Had the retreat been less hasty, it is not likely that one man would have escaped.

Arnold's division, as agreed upon, moved along the river St. Charles, where the path was so narrowed by the ice thrown up by the stream, that the men could advance only in single file. They were forced to bend their heads against the driving hail and snow, and to keep their muskets covered with their coats.

The English were expecting them, and opened with a heavy fire from the walls.

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The Americans pressed on and attacked the first barricade with such fierceness that it was carried after an hour's fighting. Arnold was struck in the leg by a musket ball, and carried to the rear, suffering great pain.

At this crisis, Daniel Morgan, an able officer who had come all the way from Virginia with his riflemen to help in the enterprise, took command. The barricade was scaled with ladders, Morgan himself being the first to mount. The instant his head appeared above the walls, it was grazed by two musket balls, one of which was fired so close that his face was scorched. He was knocked down, but was instantly on his feet, and shouting to his men to follow, he led the way again. His soldiers dashed after him with such impetuosity that the barricade was carried, the enemy taking refuge in the houses on each side of the narrow streets.

Possibly had re-enforcements been thrown forward, the town might have been taken, but the Americans were in a perilous position. They were in darkness, knew nothing of the town, and the driving snow made it hard to discharge their guns. A few of the troops struggled to the next barrier, and climbed the scaling ladders, where they were confronted by scores of leveled bayonets. The fire of the English was very destructive, coming not only from the soldiers in front, but from the houses on either side of the streets. The advance party fought for hours with great courage, but, after a few had escaped, and fully sixty had been killed, the rest were forced to surrender.

The shattered army now fell to the care of the wounded Arnold, who, despite the uselessness of the struggle, still kept up a siege of Quebec. His hope was that Schuyler, to whom he had sent an urgent message, would forward re-enforcements. Some three thousand were sent during the course of the winter, but Carleton gave them little heed. He knew better than to venture out on the plain, as Montcalm had done, and was certain that help from England would reach him in the spring.

Congress believed that Canada could be won over to the side of the colonies, without the use of the sword. Proclamations worded with much skill were distributed, and a commission of eminent American gentlemen was dispatched to Canada with a view of organizing a political party. When they reached Montreal, they learned that a British fleet was at Quebec. Franklin, one of the commissioners, hurried back to Philadelphia to urge the need of re-enforcements.

General Wooster arrived in March with fresh troops and superseded Arnold in command. He had little military skill, and in May was succeeded by Major-general Thomas. The latter, finding he had hardly a thousand men at command, concluded that it was time to retreat, and did so. Carleton, who had been heavily re-enforced, was not afraid to attack him and captured a hundred prisoners, and most of the stores. Small-pox broke out among them during the retreat, and General Thomas was one of its victims.

Brigadier-general John Sullivan succeeded Thomas in the command of the army which had reached the Sorel. He was hopeful of doing some brilliant work, but he failed. After losing a large number of prisoners, he fell back on Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the disastrous campaign ending in June.

There was one pleasant feature connected with this dreadful business — the humanity of Carleton, the British commander. The body of Montgomery was searched for and

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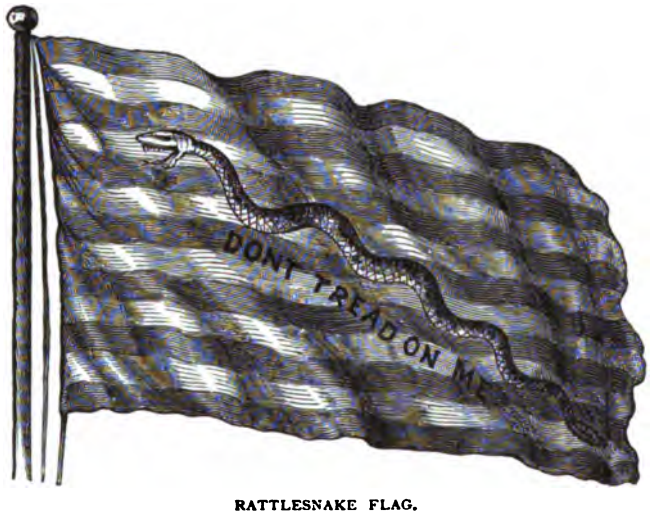
found in the snow, brought into the city, and buried with the honors of war. When the retreat of the Americans began, Carleton sent out many of his own men to search the woods for the suffering fugitives. All that were found were taken to the hospital and carefully nursed. Those that came forward voluntarily, were promised that when strong enough, they should be allowed to go to their homes. He cautioned his own soldiers to be considerate of the feelings of the prisoners, and to those who were in need Carleton gave money.

Long after the close of the Revolution and the War of 1812, the remains of General Richard Montgomery were brought to New York and placed beneath the monument in front of St. Paul's Church. As the boat bearing the ashes of the brave sol-



RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

dier moved down the Hudson, past Rhinebeck, the aged widow sat alone on the porch of her house and watched the sad pageant.

"At length," she said, "they came by, with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return? However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe; when the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the dead march from the muffled drum, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crape and crowned with plumes, you may conceive my anguish. I can not describe it."

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

1776. THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

KING GEORGE III.

WASHINGTON faced every possible discouragement while pressing the siege of Boston. Ammunition was scarce and the thousands of men, as has already been remarked, were little more than a vast crowd, with considerable patriotism. There was no discipline, and troops were continually going away because the period of

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their enlistment was ended. The behavior of some of them was so bad that Washington declared that had he been warned he never would have accepted the command. But he brought into play his splendid genius and, guided as he always was by the highest patriotism, gradually wrought from the disorganized mass a powerful and moderately well-disciplined army. He received the support of congress and of the various colonies, and the confidence in his wisdom and ability was universal.

You must know that in the early days of 1776, many of the most devoted patriots doubted the final separation of the colonies from the mother country. They looked upon the English ministry as the cause of all the trouble, and professed a love for George III. —never suspecting that that sour, and often insane, king was the worst enemy they had. It was hoped that the resistance offered would compel England to give the colonies justice; but, as you can well see, every day was widening the breach between the countries. The sentiment of independence was growing. Washington saw with a clear vision what was coming, and declared that it must come.

You have probably heard of Thomas Paine. He was a man of very great ability and a warm friend of the patriot cause. He wrote an essay clearly showing the relations between England and America. The Pennsylvania legislature ordered its publication, circulated it, and presented Paine with £500.

Paine began by saying that government by kings had been begun by heathen nations contrary to the will of God, as shown by Gideon and the prophet Samuel. Hereditary succession had made the evil worse. England, since the conquest, had had very few good monarchs but plenty of bad ones. The history of that nation proved that monarchies instead of protecting against civil wars were often the cause of them.

He said that the time for argument had gone by, and the king having appealed to arms, the continent had accepted the challenge. Great Britain, only on her own account, had protected the colonies from enemies. They would have flourished far better had they been entirely independent of every European power. France and Spain had fought the colonies simply because they were the subjects of Great Britain: had they not been such subjects, they would have been spared the dreadful colonial wars through which they had passed. If the connection were broken, France and Spain would never again molest them.

This was sound argument on the part of Paine, who also insisted that it was wrong to call England our mother country; Europe was the parent country, for America had been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of the continent. He defied any one to show a single advantage that would be gained by remaining subject to Great Britain.

"It is repugnant to reason and the universal order of things," wrote Paine, "to suppose that this continent can long remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain do not think so. The authority of Great Britain, sooner or later, must have an end, and the event can not be far off. The business of this continent, from its rapid progress to maturity, will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed, with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us. There is something absurd in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island: in no instance hath Nature made the satellite larger than the primary

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE READ TO THE ARMY.
Pen drawing by W. L. Jumel.

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planet. They belong to different systems; England to Europe, America to itself. Every thing short of independence is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would render this continent the glory of the earth. Admitting that matters were now made up, the king will have a negative over the whole legislation of this continent. And he will suffer no law to be made here but such as suits his purpose. We may be as effectually enslaved by the want of laws in America as by submitting to laws made for us in England. Reconciliation and ruin are nearly related. The best terms which we can expect to obtain can amount to no more than a guardianship, which can last no longer than till the colonies come of age. Emigrants of property will not come to a country whose form of government hangs but by a thread. Nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration of independence. It is unreasonable to suppose that France or Spain will give us assistance, if we mean only to use that assistance for the purpose of repairing the breach. While we profess ourselves the subjects of Britain, we must, in the eyes of foreign nations, be considered as rebels. A manifesto, published and dispatched to foreign courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and declaring that we have been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connection with her, at the same time assuring all such courts of our desire of entering into trade with them, would produce more good effects to this continent than if a ship were freighted with petitions to Britain."

Such language was convincing, and, as I have said, it did a vast deal toward showing the colonies their true relations to the mother country, as England was called. The Continental congress in Philadelphia was beginning to feel impatient with Washington. You will find that in times of war those people who are the furthest away from the battle field, and who are unwilling to go there, are often those who think they know the most. They are very ready to criticise campaigns, and to show where the leading generals could have done much better. Washington called a council of his officers on the 18th of October to consider the proposal of an assault on Boston. Every officer agreed that it would not do to make such an attack. By his term of enlistment, scarcely one soldier could be held after the first of the year. Congress sent a committee to Cambridge to help form some scheme to save the army from melting away like snow in the sun. The difficulties were great, and there was no end to the plans and changes which the united wisdom of commissioners and officers made to unify the army. It was in fact a campaign of itself. The delicate task was managed with such skill that the result was an army smaller in numbers than at first, but well officered and disciplined.

You know that soldiers must have a flag under which to fight. The first one hoisted over the American troops in Boston, contained thirteen stripes like the Star Spangled Banner, but instead of the white stars in a blue field, it had a union of the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. Previous to this, there had been what were called "Union Flags," which were simply variations of the British Standard. It is not certain that the Americans had any flag at the battle of Bunker Hill, though there is a tradition that one floated over Prescott's redoubt with the words, "Come if you Dare." Connecticut

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sent General Putnam a red flag bearing the words "An Appeal to Heaven," and "Qui transtulit, sustinet," which means "He that brought us over upholds us." The Massachusetts flag was white, with a pine tree in the middle and also the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." Gadsen of South Carolina, on the 10th of February, presented the colonial assembly with a flag of the American navy, showing a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles and the motto, "Don't tread on me." There were other variations, but the first recog-

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

nized Continental standard was the one that Washington raised on the 2nd of January, 1776. By resolution of congress, June 14, 1777, this was replaced by the flag just as it is to day, excepting that it then had only thirteen stars. Whenever a new state is admitted into the Union, another star is added, on the 4th of July following, to those in the field.

General Howe still held out in Boston, though his situation was growing worse every day. He found it hard to provide his troops with barracks for the winter, and

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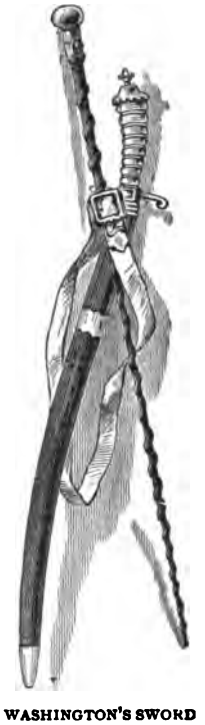
wrote home that he could not leave the city as he had not enough transports to carry his troops. To while away the time, the soldiers had balls and theatricals. Burgoyne wrote a play called "The Siege of Boston," which certainly ought to have been interesting, though it can not be supposed that it represented the siege as it actually took place.

WASHINGTON'S BOOK-MARK.

Washington meant to cross on the ice as soon as the Charles River should freeze over. The weather, however, was so mild that no such chance was offered until the middle of February. Then when he called a council and submitted his plan, he found to his chagrin that the majority opposed the scheme as too hazardous.

The commander-in-chief now formed the plan of occupying Dorchester Heights, so as to gain command of the city, and to a large extent of the harbor. A number of cannon were brought by General Knox, who had them dragged from Ticonderoga over the Green Mountains. They were drawn on forty-two sleds by oxen, and although the task was very difficult, it was executed with much skill. The arrival of the artillery was welcome indeed to the Continentals, and aroused great enthusiasm. The army numbered about fourteen thousand, and, in addition, Washington called six thousand of the Massachusetts militia into service.


WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND STAFF.

On the nights of March 2d, 3d and 4th, Washington kept up a heavy bombardment of the British lines, so as to divert attention from his real purpose. On the last night, General Thomas with twelve hundred men moved from Roxbury. Four hundred oxen drew the materials for the works undiscovered by the British sentinels. The Americans took possession of the higher hill commanding Nook's Hill nearer the city. They worked as hard by the light of the wintry moon as they did in that warm evening of the previous June.

At daylight, General Howe was astounded to see a line of fortifications where he had not suspected the presence of a single enemy. Strong redoubts had been raised on each of the two hills; the foot of the ridge was protected by an abattis of trees, and at the top barrels filled with earth and stones were placed to be rolled down on the lines of an attacking foe.

The British general was not only amazed, he was alarmed. He said that the Americans had done more in a single night than his men could have accomplished in a month. He called a council of war, and it was decided to attack the patriots without

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delay. Admiral Shuldham, commanding the fleet, declared that unless they were dislodged he could not keep a vessel in the harbor. Howe reported that his men were eager to assail the besiegers, whom they were confident they could drive out of their entrenchments. Two thousand four hundred soldiers under Earl Percy prepared to enter the boats which were to carry them across. The Americans were enthusiastic over the prospect of a battle. Washington had purposely fixed on the 5th of March, which, as you will recall, was the anniversary of the Boston Massacre.

Percy delayed moving until nightfall, by which time such a violent wind was blowing that the embarkation could not be made. The wind swept over the water like a tornado all night, and, in the morning the rain was falling in torrents. The Americans spent the whole time in strengthening their works. Howe called another council on the 6th, and it was agreed that they could not expel the Continentals from their entrenchments. The veteran English commander had been out-generaled by the same Virginian who saved the army of Braddock a score of years before.

Only one thing remained to be done — the British must evacuate Boston. Washington advanced steadily. He meant to occupy Nook's Hill, in which event Howe's army would have been at his mercy, but on the 8th of March a flag of truce approached the American lines. With it came a note from the selectmen of Boston, saying that General Howe had decided to withdraw from the town, which he would not destroy if the Americans would allow him to leave unmolested. As this communication was not directly from General Howe, Washington sent back no answer, as he could take no official notice of it; but, after all, it served the object intended.

Washington continued the bombardment on the nights of the 9th, 10th and 11th, Howe replying. Then the cannonading ceased, and all of Saturday night the explosions in the city showed that the British were destroying a great deal of what they could not take away. Early the next morning the embarkation began, and by noon the whole army was under sail. They took with them more than a thousand loyalists who dared not stay behind to meet their angry countrymen.

General Putnam marched into Charlestown and occupied the English fort on Bunker Hill. Everywhere he saw signs of the hurried flight of the enemy. Not only guns and powder, but considerable wheat, barley and oats, more than a hundred cavalry-horses, and bedding and clothing for soldiers were left behind. These were most welcome to the needy Continentals. Washington himself entered the place on the 19th, the main body following the next day. The great man was not averse to ceremony and his entry into the town was impressive. The street over which he rode at the head of his men still bears his name.

The thanks of both branches of the Massachusetts legislature were voted to Washington, and congress ordered a commemorative medal in gold and bronze to be struck. It bore the words "HOSTIBUS PRIMO FUGATIS," and is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Howe and his troops sailed not to New York, as his intention was some weeks before, but to Halifax. There he awaited promised re-enforcements, and settled the details of his plan for conquering the southern colonies. The expedition was to be in

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charge of General Clinton, who, on arriving on the ground was to offer pardon to all except the ringleaders, to dissolve the provincial congresses and committees of safety, to restore the regular administration of justice, and to arrest the persons and destroy the property of all who did not give proof of their loyalty. Clinton's operations were to include North and South Carolina, and Virginia, and as a preface to the fall of Savannah, he was to direct special effort against Charleston. The squadron to carry the re-enforcements was to be under the command of Sir Peter Parker.

One of the most shameful means used by England to conquer America was that of hiring other people to do her fighting. We can understand why a British soldier should feel a pride in risking his life in defense of his flag, and in doing his utmost to subdue the rebellion in America, but there is something revolting in the thought of employing persons with no personal interest in the question, to shoot and kill those that were struggling to gain their liberty.

The disgraceful feature of the business was that the Hessians, as they were called (because nearly all of them came from Hesse-Cassel, in Germany), really had nothing to do with the bargain. Their rulers sold their services to the king of England, and they had to leave families and homes, many never to return, simply because their masters ordered them to do so. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, whose conscience did not often trouble him, was indignant over the traffic. Nevertheless, the contract was made and the whole number of German troops sent to America was little short of thirty thousand.

The resistance thus far offered by the colonies only roused England to greater efforts to conquer them. It was clear that the capture of any single point would not complete the conquest. A grand campaign was arranged, one portion of which, as you have been told, was Clinton's expedition against the southern colonies. It was decided to increase the British army to about forty thousand men, with a fleet manned by more than twenty thousand seamen.

On entering Boston, Washington immediately sent six of his best regiments to New York, where there was reason to fear an attack, while he made ready to repel any movement against Boston itself by fortifying Fort Hill and strengthening the defenses on Boston Neck. General Washington believed that New York was the destination of Howe, and before the evacuation of Boston, General Lee had been stationed at the mouth of the Hudson. It was the intention of the commander-in-chief to follow and take charge of the operations.

You can see how important it was for the British army to capture New York. The harbor and town gave great advantages as a base of operations, while the location between New England and the Middle States, as they are now called, would enable the invaders to break the connection between the two, and to overrun the country in all directions.

Thus far the fighting had been mainly confined to Massachusetts, but the tide of war now began to roll southward. New York partook of the excitement. In the general overturning of governments, the conduct of affairs fell into the hands of a committee of one hundred. A number of these were so timid that they were classed as Tories.

But within this committee were the Sons of Liberty. Ready for any enterprise,

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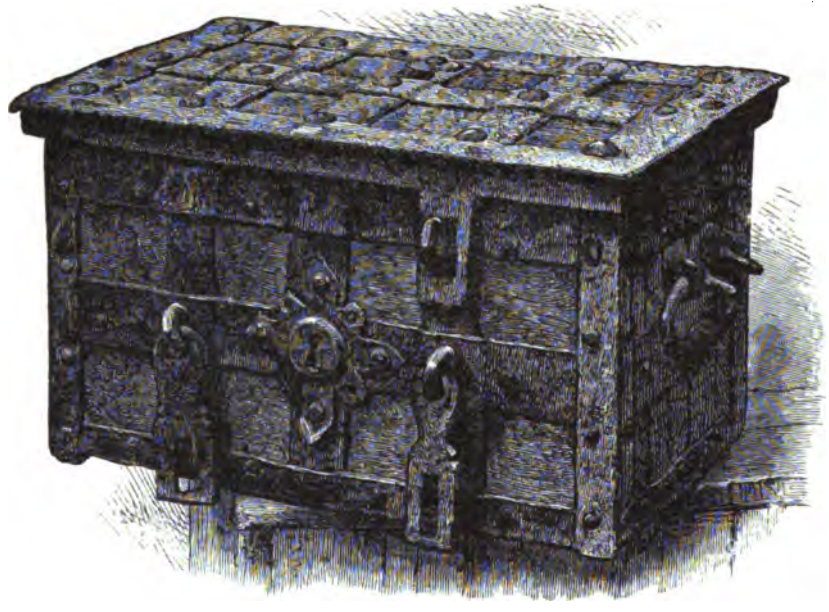
no matter how desperate, there was nothing timid in their nature. As soon as news reached New York of the breaking out of hostilities in Massachusetts, preparations were set on foot to meet the danger which was sure to beset that city before long. A meeting of the citizens was called in the city hall, and the arms and munitions of war in the arsenal, which was a part of that building, were secured. All the vessels in the port that were about to sail for Boston were detained. A military company was speedily formed, and cannon collected. It was almost as unsafe at that time to express a feeling of loyalty to England as it was in the north in 1861 to speak favorably of secession.

A number of the Sons of Liberty surprised the guard one night and captured a quantity of valuable arms belonging to the king, kept at Turtle Bay, on the East River.



WASHINGTON'S TREASURE-CHEST. (*From a Photograph.*)

When the British garrison received orders to join the army in Boston, the Sons of Liberty were opposed to giving them permission. With some reason, they insisted that it being well known that the soldiers were going to fight against the Americans, every thing ought to be done to prevent it. The impetuous patriots, however, were outvoted, and it was agreed that the garrison should go away unmolested, provided they took no weapons with them, except those in their hands. This agreement perhaps was prudent, for, if a collision had taken place, the British men-of-war in the harbor could have bombarded the town.

In the middle of the day, the troops were marching down Broad Street, with several loads of arms rumbling in front of them, when they met a Son of Liberty named Marinus Willett, whose wrath boiled over. Running out from the sidewalk, he caught the bridle of the first horse, and, checking him, brought the whole line to a halt. A crowd immedi-

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ately gathered, and, when the alarmed driver asked the cause of the trouble, the angered Son of Liberty replied that permission had been given the soldiers to leave with the weapons in their hands, but not to carry away guns by the wagon load.

"And you shan't do it!" exclaimed Willett, springing up on the wagon and taking the reins from the hands of the driver.

Some of the crowd thought the American rash, but there were other Sons of Liberty

GENERAL C. LEE.

among them, and they encouraged Willett, though he did not seem to be in need of encouragement. He drove the wagon into a by-street, the troops making no resistance.

General Lee saw the great danger of New York, which, standing on an island, could be approached from so many directions. While he did not believe that it could be made impregnable, he did every thing to strengthen the defenses. An intrenched camp with strong redoubts was laid out on Columbia Heights, on the Brooklyn side of the East River, to protect the city against attack from the sea. Another intrenched

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camp with redoubts was placed opposite a point between the Fulton and Wall Street ferries. This position, which was called Fort Stirling, was of great importance, for it enabled the batteries to sweep the channel, or in case an enemy occupied New York, they could bombard the city. To guard against an approach by way of the Sound, a fort was built opposite Hell Gate. Works were erected below Canal Street to protect the river, but the Jersey shore was left unfortified.

I have told you that the excitement was great in the city. Although there were a few who would have been content to live all their lives under the rule of England, the majority were ardent patriots. The Sons of Liberty, as you have learned, were among the most daring, and it would have taken a great deal of courage for any single man or even a few men to array themselves against them. Isaac Sears went over to Connecticut and recruited a party of horsemen for service in New York. He also rifled the office of Rivington's New York Gazetteer, an offensive Tory newspaper, as a hint that the views of the editor were not agreeable to the patriots. He offered to give Rivington in return an order on Lord Dunmore, of Virginia, he having confiscated a Whig printing office in Virginia.

Sears's act of bringing the Connecticut volunteers into New York was so high handed (for you will see that it was really the invasion of one colony by another), that the authorities were offended. Sears, however, went to Cambridge and made such a strong argument to Washington that he gave consent to the course. He said that the expected bombardment of New York by the British had made the Tories dangerously bold, and that the Connecticut volunteers were very willing to come into the province and to help disarm them.

Before the plan could be carried out, the New York convention had asked the Continental congress to authorize the colonial committees to take away the weapons of all who were suspected of being unfriendly to independence. This was done, and those who had voted against sending deputies to the Continental congress were treated in the same manner.

The enthusiastic Sears had persuaded General Lee that the Connecticut men should be brought to New York. In short, Lee became so much in love with the plan that he undertook to carry it out himself. He went into Connecticut, and in a brief while secured the services of two regiments amounting to about fifteen hundred men. Of course, Sears was at his right hand, and he was rewarded with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Washington probably would not have consented to the plan had not leading patriots in whom he had confidence convinced him that self-defense made it necessary. He ordered Lee to communicate with the committee of safety, in New York, but that officer neglected to do so, and while on his way to the city he sent no notice to the authorities of his coming. Naturally they were indignant and dispatched a messenger to Lee asking him not to allow the Connecticut men to cross the frontier until the purpose of their coming should be made known.

Lee, in reply, declared that if any of the British ships of war in the harbor made his advance a pretext for firing upon the town, he would instantly hang a hundred royalists. Lee had a rather magnified idea of his position, and it was clear that he and

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Portrait of George Washington
Original Painting by Gilbert Stuart, N. A.

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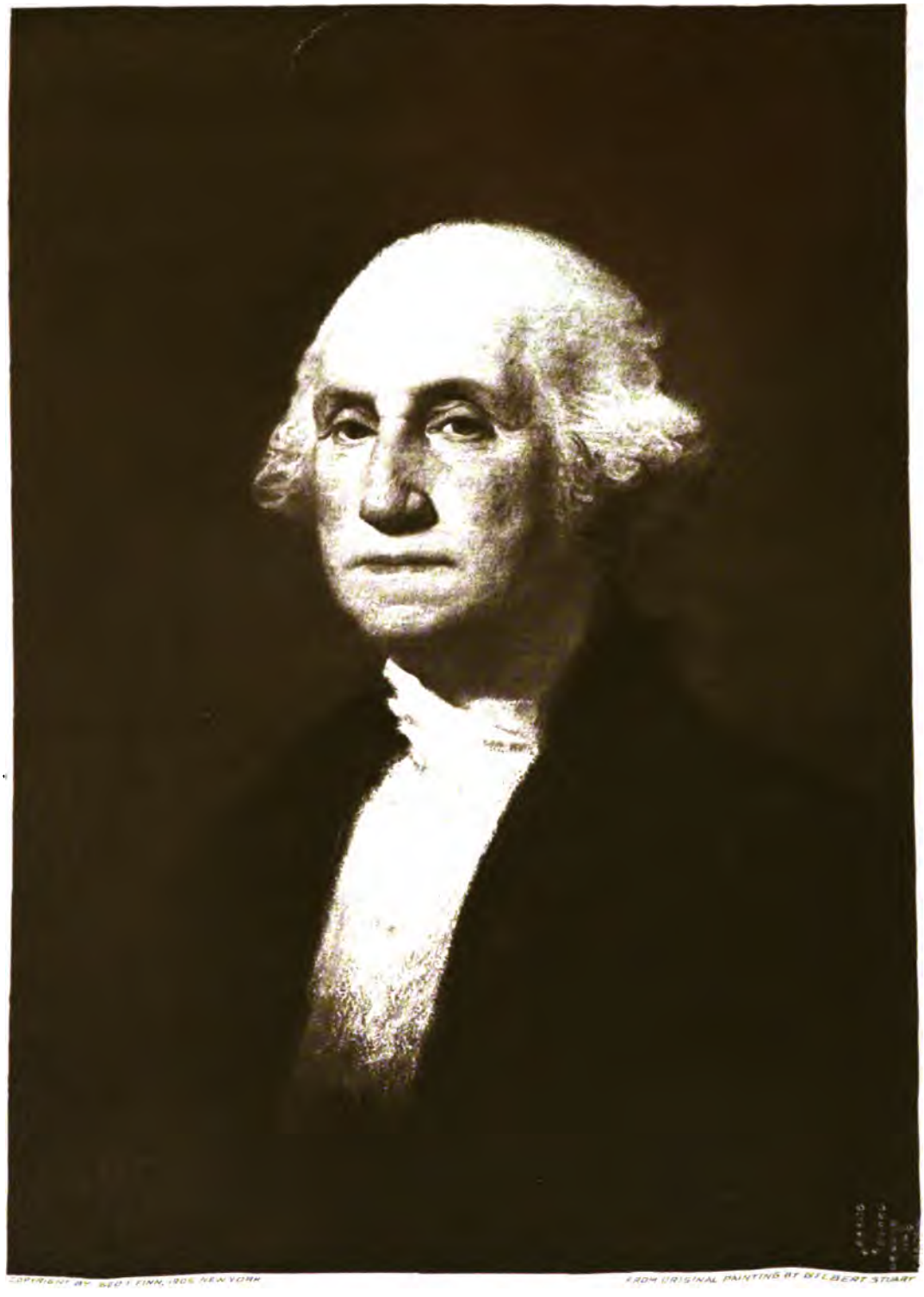

GEORGE WASHINGTON

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the New York authorities could not get along with each other. Both appealed to the Continental congress which sent commissioners to adjust matters. They convinced the authorities that the troops would be under the direction of congress, which assurance was all that was wanted.

The dispute having been settled, New York was occupied by volunteers from Connecticut and New Jersey. It was hardly done when a British transport, with soldiers on board, came up to the dock. Their coming caused a panic in the city. Nearly every one seemed to think that the only way to save the lives of the women and children was by sending them out of the city as quickly as possible. For several days the streets and roads were blocked with wagons carrying away household goods. It was in winter, the weather was very cold, and great suffering followed.

But the British had no intention of bombarding the city — at least for the time. Clinton said he would send no more troops and that he was on his way to North Carolina. The commissioners sent by the Continental congress prevented Lee from going to extreme measures. Such a man was likely to do harm by his impulsive course, and it was fortunate that he was subjected to a restraining power. He devoted himself to preparations for defending the city against an attack which he was sure would be made sooner or later. You have already been told something about the character of the defenses he erected.

I shall have more to say about General Lee, who at one time was the idol of many of the leaders of the Revolution. Lee was so puffed up that when the British ships were removed down the bay, he urged a refusal of all terms of accommodation, unless the whole British ministry were properly punished and King George beheaded, or at least dethroned. This language was unworthy of a school boy.

But Lee seemed to be so powerful in New York and was so advanced in his views that, as I have said, he was extremely popular with the revolutionary party. There were many who rated him above Washington, who also held a high opinion of his abilities. Not only Washington, but Franklin and John Adams wrote to him in complimentary terms. In one of these letters Lee was told that it would be a good thing for the country, if he could be in New York, Cambridge, Canada, and Virginia at the same hour; but, inasmuch as there was no way of distributing him in that fashion, it was finally decided that the next best thing was to give him command of all the Continental forces south of the Potomac.

The southern and northern colonies were divided into two military departments, Lee, as I have said, being placed in charge of the southern department. He stayed in New York until the middle of March. His rigor was kept up to the last. He made many arrests and was harsh toward those suspected of being unfriendly to the colonists in their struggle for freedom. He prescribed a test oath that gave great offense, but as he had the power to enforce his wishes and he possessed the unlimited confidence of congress, it was idle for any one to dispute him.

Lord Stirling succeeded Lee in command at New York. He showed the same energy as his predecessor. The orders of Washington were that no time should be lost in putting the city in the best possible condition for defense. That wise commander

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